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THE
WORKS
OF
ALEXANDER POPE, Esq.
IN VERSE AND PROSE.

WITH
A SELECTION OF EXPLANATORY NOTES,
AND
THE ACCOUNT OF HIS LIFE
BY DR. JOHNSON.

IN EIGHT VOLUMES

VOL. IV.



LONDON:

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CONTENTS

OF

THE FOURTH VOLUME.

<u>THE DUNCIAD.</u>	<u>Page</u>
A LETTER to the PUBLISHER, occasioned by the first correct Edition of the DUNCIAD -	3
MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS's Prolegomena and Illustrations to the DUNCIAD, with the Hypercritics of ARISTARCHUS - - - - -	II
 <u>The DUNCIAD, in FOUR BOOKS:</u>	
Book I. - - - - -	61
Book II. - - - - -	99
Book III. - - - - -	139
Book IV. - - - - -	169

APPENDIX.

I. A Preface prefixed to the five first imperfect Editions of the DUNCIAD - - - - -	223
II. A List of Books, Papers, and Verses in which our Author was abused - - - - -	229
III. Advertisement to the first Edition with NOTES, in quarto - - - - -	235
IV. Advertisement to the first Edition of the FOURTH BOOK when printed separately -	237

	Page
V. Advertisement to the complete Edition of 1743 -	239
VI. Advertisement printed in the Journals, 1730 -	241
VII. A Parallel of the Characters of Mr. DRYDEN	
and Mr. POPE - - -	242
Index of Persons celebrated in this Poem - -	251

The DUNCIAD, as it stood in the quarto Edition, 1728.

Book I. - - -	257
Book II. - - -	269
Book III. - - -	287

GUARDIANS.

N ^o 4. March 16, 1713 - -	305
N ^o 11. March 24, 1713 - -	310
N ^o 40. April 27, 1713 - -	315
N ^o 61. May 21, 1713 - -	323
N ^o 78. June 10, 1713 - -	330
N ^o 91. June 25, 1713 - -	335
N ^o 92. June 26, 1713 - -	339
N ^o 173. September 29, 1713 - -	343

Preface to the Works of Shakespear - -	347
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THE
D U N C I A D,
IN FOUR BOOKS;
WITH THE
PROLEGOMENA OF SCRIBLERUS,
THE
HYPERCRITICS OF ARISTARCHUS,
AND
NOTES VARIORUM.

A

LETTER TO THE PUBLISHER,

OCCASIONED BY

THE FIRST CORRECT EDITION

OF THE

D U N C I A D.

IT is with pleasure I hear, that you have procured a correct copy of the *DUNCIAD*, which the many surreptitious ones have rendered so necessary; and it is yet with more, that I am informed it will be attended with a *COMMENTARY*: A work so requisite, that I cannot think the author himself would have omitted it, had he approved of the first appearance of this poem.

Such notes as have occurred to me I herewith send you: You will oblige me by inserting them amongst those which are, or will be, transmitted to you by others; since not only the author's friends, but even strangers, appear engaged by humanity, to take some care of an orphan of so much genius and spirit, which its parent seems to have abandoned from the very beginning, and suffered to step into the world naked, unguarded, and unattended.

It was upon reading some of the abusive papers lately published, that my great regard to a person, whose friendship I esteem as one of the chief honours of my life, and a much greater respect to truth, than

to him or any man living, engaged me in enquiries, of which the enclosed notes are the fruit.

I perceived that most of these authors had been (doubtless very wisely) the first aggressors. They had tried, till they were weary, what was to be got by railing at each other : nobody was either concerned or surprised if this or that scribler was proved a dunce : but every one was curious to read what could be said to prove Mr. Pope one, and was ready to pay something for such a discovery : a stratagem, which, would they fairly own, it might not only reconcile them to me, but screen them from the resentment of their lawful superiors, whom they daily abuse, only (as I charitably hope) to get that *by* them, which they cannot get *from* them.

I found this was not all : Ill success in that had transported them to personal abuse, either of himself, or (what I think he could less forgive) of his friends. They had called men of virtue and honour bad men, long before he had either leisure or inclination to call them bad writers : and some had been such old offenders, that he had quite forgotten their persons as well as their slanders, till they were pleased to revive them.

Now what had Mr. POPE done before, to incense them ? He had published those works which are in the hands of every body, in which not the least mention is made of any of them. And what has he done since ? He has laughed, and written the DUNCIAD. What has that said of them ? A very serious truth, which the public had said before, that they were dull : and what it had no sooner said, but they themselves were at great pains to procure, or even purchase room in the prints, to testify under their hands to the truth of it.

I should still have been silent, if either I had seen any inclination in my friend to be serious with such accusers, or if they had only meddled with his writings ; since whoever publishes, puts himself on his

trial by his country. But when his moral character was attacked, and in a manner from which neither truth nor virtue can secure the most innocent ; in a manner, which, though it annihilates the credit of the accusation with the just and impartial, yet aggravates very much the guilt of the accusers ; I mean by authors without names ; then I thought, since the danger was common to all, the concern ought to be so ; and that it was an act of justice to detect the authors, not only of this account, but as many of them are the same who for several years past have made free with the greatest names in church and state, exposed to the world the private misfortunes of families, abused all, even to women, and whose prostituted papers (for one or other party, in the unhappy divisions of their country) have insulted the fallen, the friendless, the exil'd, and the dead.

Besides this, which I take to be a public concern, I have already confessed I had a private one. I am one of that number, who have long loved and esteemed Mr. POPE ; and had often declared it was not his capacity or writings (which we ever thought the least valuable part of his character) but the honest, open, and beneficent man, that we most esteemed, and loved in him. Now, if what these people say were believed, I must appear to all my friends either a fool, or a knave ; either imposed on myself, or imposing on them ; so that I am as much interested in the confutation of these calumnies, as he is himself.

I am no author, and consequently not to be suspected either of jealousy or resentment against any of the men, of whom scarce one is known to me by sight ; and as for their writings, I have sought them (on this one occasion) in vain, in the closets and libraries of all my acquaintance. I had still been in the dark, if a gentleman had not procured me (I suppose from some of themselves, for they are generally much more dangerous friends than enemies) the passages I send

you. I solemnly protest I have added nothing to the malice or absurdity of them ; which it behoves me to declare, since the vouchers themselves will be so soon and so irrecoverably lost. You may in some measure prevent it, by preserving at least their titles , and discovering (as far as you can depend on the truth of your information) the names of the concealed authors.

The first objection I have heard made to the poem is, that the persons are too *obscure* for satire. The persons themselves, rather than allow the objection, would forgive the satire ; and if one could be tempted to afford it a serious answer, were not all assassinations, popular insurrections, the insolence of the rabble without doors, and of domestics within, most wrongfully chastised, if the meanness of offenders indemnified them from punishment ? On the contrary, obscurity renders them more dangerous, as less thought of : law can pronounce judgment only on open facts ; morality alone can pass censure on intentions of mischief ; so that for secret calumny, or the arrow flying in the dark, there is no public punishment left, but what a good writer inflicts.

The next objection is, that these sort of authors are *poor*. That might be pleaded as an excuse at the Old Bailey, for lesser crimes than defamation, (for 'tis the case of almost all who are tried there,) but sure it can be none here : for who will pretend that the robbing another of his reputation, supplies the want of it in himself ? I question not but such authors are poor, and heartily wish the objection were removed by any honest livelihood. But poverty is here the accident, not the subject : He who describes malice and villany to be pale and meagre, expresses not the least anger against paleness or leanness, but against malice and villany. The apothecary in *Romeo and Juliet* is poor ; but is he therefore justified in vending poison ? Not but poverty itself becomes a just subject

* See a list of them printed in the Appendix.

of satire, when it is the consequence of vice, prodigality, or neglect of one's lawful calling; for then it increases the public burden, fills the streets and highways with robbers, and the garrets with clippers, coiners, and weekly journalists.

But admitting that two or three of these offend less in their morals, than in their writings; must poverty make nonsense sacred? If so, the fame of bad authors would be much better consulted than that of all the good ones in the world; and not one of an hundred had ever been called by his right name.

They mistake the whole matter: it is not charity to encourage them in the way they follow, but to get them out of it; for men are not bunglers because they are poor, but they are poor because they are bunglers.

Is it not pleasant enough, to hear our authors crying out on the one hand, as if their persons and characters were too sacred for satire; and the public objecting on the other, that they are too mean even for ridicule? But whether bread or fame be their end, it must be allowed, our author, by and in this poem, has mercifully given them a little of both.

There are two or three, who by their rank and fortune have no benefit from the former objections, supposing them good, and these I was sorry to see in such company. But if, without any provocation, two or three gentlemen will fall upon one, in an affair wherein his interest and reputation are equally embarked; they cannot certainly, after they have been content to print themselves his enemies, complain of being put into the number of them.

Others, I am told, pretend to have been once his friends. Surely they are their enemies who say so, since nothing can be more odious than to treat a friend as they have done. But of this I cannot persuade myself, when I consider the constant and eternal aversion of all bad writers to a good one.

Such as claim a merit from being his admirers, I would gladly ask, if it lays him under a personal obligation? At that rate he would be the most obliged humble servant in the world. I dare swear for these in particular, he never desired them to be his admirers, nor promised in return to be theirs: that had truly been a sign he was of their acquaintance; but would not the malicious world have suspected such an approbation of some motive worse than ignorance, in the author of the *Essay on Criticism*? Be it as it will, the reasons of their admiration and of his contempt are equally subsisting, for his works and theirs are the very same that they were.

One, therefore, of their assertions I believe may be true, "That he has a contempt for their writings." And there is another, which would probably be sooner allowed by himself than by any good judge beside, "That his own have found too much success with the public." But as it cannot consist with his modesty to claim this as a justice, it lies not on him, but entirely on the public, to defend its own judgment.

There remains what in my opinion might seem a better plea for these people, than any they have made use of. If obscurity or poverty were to exempt a man from satire, much more should folly or dulness, which are still more involuntary; nay, as much so as personal deformity. But even this will not help them: deformity becomes an object of ridicule when a man sets up for being handsome; and so must dulness when he sets up for a wit. They are not ridiculed because ridicule in itself is, or ought to be, a pleasure; but because it is just to undeceive and vindicate the honest and unpretending part of mankind from imposition, because particular interest ought to yield to general, and a great number who are not naturally fools, ought never to be made so, in complaisance to those who are. Accordingly we find that in all ages, all vain pretenders, were they ever so poor, or ever so

dull, have been constantly the topics of the most candid satirists, from the Codrus of JUVENAL to the Damon of BOILEAU.

Having mentioned BOILEAU, the greatest poet and most judicious critic of his age and country, admirable for his talents, and yet perhaps more admirable for his judgment in the proper application of them ; I cannot help remarking the resemblance betwixt him and our author, in qualities, fame, and fortune ; in the distinctions shewn them by their superiors, in the general esteem of their equals, and in their extended reputation amongst foreigners ; in the latter of which ours has met with the better fate, as he has had for his translators persons of the most eminent rank and abilities in their respective nations. But the resemblance holds in nothing more, than in their being equally abused by the ignorant pretenders to poetry of their times ; of which not the least memory will remain but in their own writings, and in the notes made upon them. What BOILEAU has done in almost all his poems, our author has only in this : I dare answer for him he will do it in no more ; and on this principle, of attacking few but who had slandered him, he could not have done it at all, had he been confined from censuring obscure and worthless persons, for scarce any others were his enemies. However, as the parity is so remarkable, I hope it will continue to the last ; and if ever he should give us an edition of this poem himself, I may see some of them treated as gently, on their repentance or better merit, as Perrault or Quinault were at last by BOILEAU.

In one point I must be allowed to think the character of our English poet the more amiable. He has not been a follower of fortune or success ; he has lived with the great without flattery ; been a friend to men in power, without pensions, from whom, as he asked, so he received, no favour, but what was done him in his friends. As his satires were the more just for

being delayed, so were his panegyrics; bestowed only on such persons as he had familiarly known, only for such virtues as he had long observed in them, and only in such times as others cease to praise, if not begin to calumniate them, I mean when out of power, or out of fashion. A satire, therefore, on writers so notorious for the contrary practice, became no man so well as himself; as none, it is plain, was so little in their friendships, or so much in that of those whom they had most abused, namely, the greatest and best of all parties. Let me add a further reason, that, though engaged in their friendships, he never espoused their animosities; and can almost singly challenge this honour, not to have written a line of any man, which, through guilt, through shame, or through fear, through variety of fortune, or change of interests, he was ever unwilling to own.

I shall conclude with remarking what a pleasure it must be to every reader of humanity, to see all along that our author in his very laughter is not indulging his own ill-nature, but only punishing that of others. As to his poem, those alone are capable of doing it justice, who, to use the words of a great writer, know how hard it is (with regard both to his subject and his manner) *VETUSTIS DARE NOVITATEM, OBSOLETIS NITOREM, OBSCURIS LUCEM, FASTIDITIS GRATIAM.*

I am,

Your most humble servant,

WILLIAM CLELAND^b.

St. James's,
Dec. 22, 1728.

^b This gentleman was of Scotland, and bred at the University of Utrecht, with the Earl of Mar. He served in Spain under Earl Rivers. After the peace, he was made one of the Commissioners of the Customs in Scotland, and then of Taxes in England; in which, having shewn himself for twenty years diligent, punctual, and incorruptible, though without any other assistance of fortune, he was suddenly displaced by the minister, in the sixty-eighth year of his age; and died two months after, in 1741.

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS
HIS PROLEGOMENA, AND ILLUSTRATIONS
TO THE
D U N C I A D :
WITH THE
HYPER-CRITICS OF ARISTARCHUS.



Dennis, Remarks on Pr. Arthur.

I CANNOT but think it the most reasonable thing in the world, to distinguish good writers, by discouraging the bad. Nor is it an ill-natured thing, in relation even to the very persons upon whom the reflections are made. It is true, it may deprive them, a little the sooner, of a short profit and a transitory reputation; but then it may have a good effect, and oblige them (before it be too late) to decline that for which they are so very unfit, and to have recourse to something in which they may be more successful.

Character of Mr. P. 1716.

The persons whom Boileau has attacked in his writings, have been for the most part authors, and most of those authors, poets: and the censures he hath passed upon them have been confirmed by all Europe.

Gildon, Pref. to his New Rehearsal.

It is the common cry of the poetasters of the town, and their fautors, that it is an ill-natured thing to expose the pretenders to wit and poetry. The judges and magistrates may with full as good reason be reproached with ill-nature for putting the laws in execution against a thief or impostor. The same will hold in the republic of letters, if the critics and judges will let every ignorant pretender to scribbling pass on the world.

Theobald, Lett. to Mist, June 22, 1728.

Attacks may be levelled, either against failures in genius, or against the pretensions of writing without one.

Concanen, Ded. to the Author of the Dunciad.

A satire upon dulness is a thing that has been used and allowed in all ages.

Out of thine own mouth will I judge thee, wicked scribbler.

TESTIMONIES OF AUTHORS
 CONCERNING
 OUR POET AND HIS WORKS.

M. SCRIBLERUS Lectori S.

BEFORE we present thee with our exercitations on this most delectable poem (drawn from the many volumes of our *Adversaria* on modern Authors) we shall here, according to the laudable usage of editors, collect the various judgments of the learned concerning our poet: various indeed, not only of different authors, but of the same author at different seasons. Nor shall we gather only the testimonies of such eminent wits, as would of course descend to posterity, and consequently be read without our collection; but we shall likewise, with incredible labour, seek out for divers others, which, but for this our diligence, could never at the distance of a few months appear to the eye of the most curious. Hereby thou may'st not only receive the delectation of variety, but also arrive at a more certain judgment, by a grave and circumspect comparison of the witnesses with each other, or of each with himself. Hence also thou wilt be enabled to draw reflections, not only of a critical,

but a moral nature, by being let into many particulars of the person as well as genius, and of the fortune as well as merit, of our author: in which if I relate some things of little concern peradventure to thee, and some of as little even to him; I entreat thee to consider how minutely all true critics and commentators are wont to insist upon such, and how material they seem to themselves, if to none other. Forgive me, gentle reader, if (following learned example) I ever and anon become tedious: allow me to take the same pains to find whether my author were good or bad, well or ill-natured, modest or arrogant; as another, whether his author was fair or brown, short or tall, or whether he wore a coat or a cassock.

We purposed to begin with his life, parentage, and education: but as to these, even his contemporaries do exceedingly differ. One saith^a, he was educated at home; another^b, that he was bred at St. Omer's by Jesuits; a third^c, not at St. Omer's, but at Oxford; a fourth^d, that he had no university education at all. Those who allow him to be bred at home, differ as much concerning his tutor: one saith^e, he was kept by his father on purpose; a second^f, that he was an itinerant priest; a third^g, that he was a parson; one^h calleth him a secular clergyman of the church of Rome; anotherⁱ, a monk. As little do they agree about his father, whom one^k supposeth, like the father of Hesiod, a tradesman or merchant; another^l, a husbandman; another^m, a hatterⁿ, &c.

Nor

^a Giles Jacob's *Lives of Poets*, vol. ii. in his life.

^b Dennis's *Reflections on the Essay on Criticism*, p. 4.

^c *Dunciad dissected*, p. 4.

^d *Guardian*, No. 40.

^e Jacob's *Lives*, &c. vol. ii.

^f *Dunciad dissected*, p. 4.

^g *Farmer P. and his Son*.

^h *Dunciad dissected*.

ⁱ *Characters of the Times*, p. 45.

^k *Female Dunciad*, p. ult.

^l *Dunciad dissected*.

^m Roome, *Paraphrase on the ivth of Genesis*, printed 1729.

ⁿ His father was a hatter.

Nor has an author been wanting to give our poet such a father, as Apuleius hath to Plato, Jamblichus to Pythagoras, and divers to Homer, namely a demon : For thus Mr. Gildon^o : “ Certain it is, that his original is not from Adam, but the Devil ; and that he wanted nothing but horns and tail to be the exact resemblance of his infernal father.” Finding therefore such contrariety of opinions, and (whatever be ours of this sort of generation) not being fond to enter into controversy, we shall defer writing the life of our poet, till authors can determine among themselves what parents or education he had, or whether he had any education or parents at all.

Proceed we to what is more certain, his works, though not less uncertain the judgments concerning them ; beginning with his *Essay on Criticism*, of which hear first the most ancient of critics,

MR. JOHN DENNIS.

“ His precepts are false or trivial, or both ; his thoughts are crude and abortive, his expressions absurd, his numbers harsh and unmusical, his rhymes trivial and common :—instead of majesty, we have something that is very mean ; instead of gravity, something that is very boyish ; and instead of perspicuity and lucid order, we have but too often obscurity and confusion.” And in another place : “ What rare numbers are here ! Would not one swear that this youngster had espoused some antiquated muse, who had sued out a divorce from some superannuated sinner, upon

^o Character of Mr. P. and his Writings, in a Letter to a Friend, printed for S. Popping, 1716, p. 10. Curl, in his *Key to the Dunciad* (first edit. said to be printed for A. Dodd), in the 10th page, declared Gildon to be author of that libel ; though in the subsequent editions of his *Key* he left out this assertion, and affirmed (in the *Curliad*, p. 4. and 8.) that it was written by Dennis only.

upon account of impotence, and who being poxed by her former spouse, has got the gout in her decrepid age, which makes her hobble so damnably^p."

No less peremptory is the censure of our hypercritical historian,

Mr. OLDMIXON.

"I dare not say any thing of the Essay on Criticism in verse; but if any more curious reader has discovered in it something new which is not in Dryden's prefaces, dedications, and his Essay on Dramatic Poetry, not to mention the French critics, I should be very glad to have the benefit of the discovery^q."

He is followed (as in fame, so in judgment) by the modest and simple-minded

Mr. LEONARD WELSTED;

who, out of great respect to our Poet not naming him, doth yet glance at his Essay, together with the Duke of Buckingham's, and the Criticisms of Dryden, and of Horace, which he more openly taxeth^r: "As to the numerous treatises, essays, arts, &c. both in verse and prose, that have been written by the moderns on this ground-work, they do but hackney the same thoughts over again, making them still more trite. Most of their pieces are nothing but a pert, insipid heap of common-place. Horace has even in his Art of Poetry thrown out several things which plainly shew he thought an Art of Poetry was of no use, even while he was writing one."

To all which great authorities, we can only oppose that of

Mr.

^p Reflections critical and satirical on a Rhapsody, called an Essay on Criticism. Printed for Bernard Lintot, octavo.

^q Essay on Criticism in prose, octavo, 1728, by the author of the Critical History of England.

^r Preface to his Poems, p. 18. 53.

Mr. ADDISON.

“ ‘The Art of Criticism (saith he) which was published some months since, is a master-piece in its kind. The observations follow one another, like those in Horace’s Art of Poetry, without that methodical regularity which would have been requisite in a prose writer. They are some of them uncommon, but such as the reader must assent to, when he sees them explained with that ease and perspicuity in which they are delivered. As for those which are the most known and the most received, they are placed in so beautiful a light, and illustrated with such apt allusions, that they have in them all the graces of novelty; and make the reader, who was before acquainted with them, still more convinced of their truth and solidity. And here give me leave to mention what Monsieur Boileau has so well enlarged upon in the preface to his works: that wit and fine writing doth not consist so much in advancing things that are new, as in giving things that are known an agreeable turn. It is impossible for us who live in the latter ages of the world, to make observations in criticism, morality, or any art or science, which have not been touched upon by others; we have little else left us, but to represent the common sense of mankind in more strong, more beautiful, or more uncommon lights. If a reader examines Horace’s Art of Poetry, he will find but few precepts in it which he may not meet with in Aristotle, and which were not commonly known by all the poets of the Augustan age. His way of expressing and applying them, not his invention of them, is what we are chiefly to admire.

“ Longinus, in his reflections, has given us the same kind of sublime, which he observes in the several passages that occasioned them: I cannot but take

take notice that our English author has after the same manner exemplified several of the precepts in the very precepts themselves." He then produces some instances of particular beauty in the numbers, and concludes with saying, that "there are three poems in our tongue of the same nature, and each a masterpiece in its kind; the Essay on Translated Verse; the Essay on the Art of Poetry; and the Essay on Criticism."

Of Windsor Forest, positive is the judgment of the affirmative

Mr. JOHN DENNIS.

"That it is a wretched rhapsody, impudently writ in emulation of the Cooper's Hill of Sir John Denham: the author of it is obscure, is ambiguous, is affected, is temerarious, is barbarous."

But the author of the Dispensary,

Dr. GARTH,

in the preface to his poem of Claremont¹, differs from this opinion: Those who have seen these two excellent poems of Cooper's Hill, and Windsor Forest, the one written by Sir John Denham, the other by Mr. Pope, will shew a great deal of candour if they approve of this."

Of the Epistle of Eloisa, we are told by the obscure writer of a poem called Sawney, "That because Prior's Henry and Emma charmed the finest tastes, our author writ his Eloise in opposition to it; but forgot innocence and virtue: if you take away her tender thoughts, and her fierce desires, all the rest is of no value." In which, methinks, his judgment resembles that of a French taylor on a villa and gardens
by

¹ Letter to B. B. at the end of the Remarks on Pope's Homer, 1717.

² Printed 1728, p. 12.

by the Thames: "All this is very fine, but take away the river, and it is good for nothing."

But very contrary hereunto was the opinion of

Mr. PRIOR

himself, saying in his *Alma**,

"O Abelard! ill-fated youth,
Thy tale will justify this truth.
But well I weet, thy cruel wrong
Adorns a nobler poet's song:
Dan Pope, for thy misfortune griev'd,
With kind concern and skill has weav'd
A silken web; and ne'er shall fade
Its colours: gently has he laid
The mantle o'er thy sad distress,
And Venus shall the texture bless, &c.

Come we now to his translation of the *Iliad*, celebrated by numerous pens, yet shall it suffice to mention the indefatigable

Sir RICHARD BLACKMORE, Kt.

Who (though otherwise a severe censurer of our author) yet styleth this a "laudable translation".

That ready writer

Mr. OLDMIXON,

in his forementioned essay, frequently commends the same. And the painful

Mr. LEWIS THEOBALD

thus extols it: "The spirit of Homer breathes all through this translation.—I am in doubt, whether I should most admire the justness to the original, or the force and beauty of the language, or the sounding variety of the numbers: but when I find all these meet,

* *Alma*, Cant. ii.

In his *Essays*, vol. i. printed for E. Curl.

† *Censor*, vol. ii. No. 33.

meet, it puts me in mind of what the poet says of one of his heroes, that he alone raised and flung with ease a weighty stone, that two common men could not lift from the ground; just so, one single person has performed in this translation, what I once despaired to have seen done by the force of several masterly hands." Indeed the same gentleman appears to have changed his sentiment in his *Essay on the Art of Sinking in Reputation* (printed in *Mist's Journal*, March 30, 1728), where he says thus: "In order to sink in reputation, let him take it into his head to descend into Homer (let the world wonder, as it will, how the devil he got there) and pretend to do him into English, so his version denote his neglect of the manner how." Strange variation! We are told in

MIST'S JOURNAL, June 8.

"That this translation of the *Iliad* was not in all respects conformable to the fine taste of his friend Mr. Addison; insomuch that he employed a younger muse, in an undertaking of this kind, which he supervised himself." Whether Mr. Addison did find it conformable to his taste, or not, best appears from his own testimony the year following its publication, in these words:

MR. ADDISON, *Freeholder*, N^o. 40.

"When I consider myself as a British freeholder, I am in a particular manner pleased with the labours of those who have improved our language with the translations of old Greek and Latin authors.—We have already most of their historians in our own tongue; and what is more for the honour of our language, it has been taught to express with elegance the greatest of their poets in each nation. The illiterate among our own countrymen may learn to judge from Dryden's *Virgil* of the most perfect epic performance. And those parts of Homer which have
been

been published already by Mr. Pope, give us reason to think that the Iliad will appear in English with as little disadvantage to that immortal poem."

As to the rest, there is a slight mistake, for this younger muse was an elder: nor was the gentleman (who is a friend of our author) employed by Mr. Addison to translate it after him, since he saith himself that he did it before². Contrariwise that Mr. Addison engaged our author in this work appeareth by declaration thereof in the preface to the Iliad, printed some time before his death, and by his own letters of October 26 and November 2, 1713. Where he declares it is his opinion, that no other person was equal to it.

Next comes his Shakespear on the stage: "Let him (quoth one, whom I take to be Mr. Theobald, *Mist's Journal*, June 8, 1728) publish such an author as he has least studied, and forget to discharge even the dull duty of an editor. In this project let him lend the bookseller his name (for a competent sum of money) to promote the credit of an exorbitant subscription." Gentle reader, be pleased to cast thine eye on the proposal below quoted, and on what follows (some months after the former assertion) in the same *Journalist* of June 8: "The bookseller proposed the book by subscription, and raised some thousands of pounds for the same: I believe the gentleman did not share in the profits of this extravagant subscription.

"After the Iliad, he undertook (saith

MIST'S JOURNAL, June 8, 1728)

the sequel of that work, the Odyssey; and having secured the success by a numerous subscription, he employed some underlings to perform what, according to

² Vid. pref. to Mr. Tickel's translation of the first book of the Iliad, 4to.

to his proposals, should come from his own hands." To which heavy charge we can in truth oppose nothing but the words of

Mr. POPE'S PROPOSAL for the ODYSSEY,
(printed for J. Watts, Jan. 10, 1724.)

"I take this occasion to declare that the subscription for Shakespear belongs wholly to Mr. Tonson: and that the benefit of this proposal is not solely for my own use, but for that of two of my friends, who have assisted me in this work." But these very gentlemen are extolled above our Poet himself in another of *Mist's Journals*, March 30, 1728, saying, "That he would not advise Mr. Pope to try the experiment again of getting a great part of a book done by assistants, lest those extraneous parts should unhappily ascend to the sublime, and retard the declension of the whole." Behold! these underlings are become good writers!

If any say, that before the said proposals were printed, the subscription was begun without declaration of such assistance; verily those who set it on foot, or (as the term is) secured it, to wit, the Right Honourable the Lord Viscount HARCOURT, were he living, would testify, and the Right Honourable the Lord BATHURST, now living, doth testify, the same is a falsehood.

Sorry I am, that persons professing to be learned, or of whatever rank of authors, should either falsely tax, or be falsely taxed. Yet let us, who are only reporters, be impartial in our citations, and proceed.

MIST'S JOURNAL, June 8, 1728.

"Mr. Addison raised this author from obscurity, obtained him the acquaintance and friendship of the whole body of our nobility, and transferred his powerful interests with those great men to this rising bard,

who frequently levied by that means unusual contributions on the public ;” which surely cannot be, if, as the author of the *Dunciad* dissected reporteth, “ Mr. Wycherley had before introduced him into a familiar acquaintance with the greatest peers and brightest wits then living.”

“ No sooner (saith the same Journalist) was his body lifeless, but this author, reviving his resentment, libelled the memory of his departed friend ; and, what was still more heinous, made the scandal public.” Grievous the accusation ! unknown the accuser ! the person accused no witness in his own cause ; the person, in whose regard accused, dead ! But if there be living any one nobleman whose friendship, yea any one gentleman whose subscription Mr. Addison procured to our author, let him stand forth, that truth may appear ! “ *Amicus Plato, amicus Socrates, sed magis amica veritas.*” In verity the whole story of the libel is a lie ; witness those persons of integrity, who, several years before Mr. Addison’s decease, did see and approve of the said verses, in no wise a libel, but a friendly rebuke, sent privately in our author’s own hand to Mr. Addison himself, and never made public till after their own Journals and Curl had printed the same. One name alone, which I am here authorised to declare, will sufficiently evince the truth, that of the Right Honourable the Earl of Burlington.

Next is he taxed with a crime (in the opinion of some authors, I doubt, more heinous than any in morality), to wit, plagiarism, from the inventive and quaint-conceited

JAMES MOORE SMITH, Gent.

“ “ Upon reading the third volume of Pope’s *Miscellanies*, I found five lines which I thought excellent ;

* *Daily Journal*, March 18, 1728.

lent ; and happening to praise them, a gentleman procured a modern comedy (the Rival Modes), published last year, where were the same verses to a tittle.

“ These gentlemen are undoubtedly the first plagiarists, that pretend to make a reputation by stealing from a man’s works in his own life-time, and out of a public print.” Let us join to this what is written by the author of the Rival Modes, the said Mr. James Moore Smith, in a letter to our author himself, who had informed him, a month before that play was acted, Jan. 27, 1726-7, that “ These verses, which he had before given him leave to insert in it, would be known for his, some copies being got abroad. He desires, nevertheless, that since the lines had been read in his comedy to several, Mr. P. would not deprive it of them,” &c. Surely if we add the testimonies of the Lord Bolingbroke, of the lady to whom the said verses were originally addressed, of Hugh Bethel, Esq. and others who knew them as our author’s long before the said gentleman composed his play ; it is hoped, the ingenious that affect not error, will rectify their opinion by the suffrage of so honourable personages.

And yet followeth another charge, insinuating no less than his enmity both to church and state, which could come from no other informer than the said

Mr. JAMES MOORE SMITH.

“ ^b The Memoirs of a Parish Clerk was a very dull and unjust abuse of a person who wrote in defence of our religion and constitution, and who has been dead many years.” This seemeth also most untrue ; it being known to divers that these memoirs were written at the seat of the Lord Harcourt in Oxfordshire, before that excellent person (Bishop Burnet’s) death, and many years before the appearance of that history,
of

^b Daily Journal, April 3, 1728.

of which they are pretended to be an abuse. Most true it is that Mr. Moore had such a design, and was himself the man who prest Dr. Arbuthnot and Mr. Pope to assist him therein; and that he borrowed those memoirs of our author, when that history came forth, with intent to turn them to such abuse. But being able to obtain from our author but one single hint, and either changing his mind, or having more mind than ability, he contented himself to keep the said memoirs, and read them as his own to all his acquaintance. A noble person there is, into whose company Mr. Pope once chanced to introduce him, who well remembereth the conversation of Mr. Moore to have turned upon the "contempt he had for the work of that reverend prelate, and how full he was of a design he declared himself to have of exposing it." This noble person is the Earl of Peterborough.

Here in truth should we crave pardon of all the foresaid right honourable and worthy personages, for having mentioned them in the same page with such weekly riff-raff railers and rhymers; but that we had their ever-honoured commands for the same; and that they are introduced not as witnesses in the controversy, but as witnesses that cannot be controverted; not to dispute, but to decide.

Certain it is, that dividing our writers into two classes, of such who were acquaintance, and of such who were strangers to our author; the former are those who speak well, and the other those who speak evil of him. Of the first class, the most noble

JOHN Duke of BUCKINGHAM

sums up his character in these lines:

" And yet so wond'rous, so sublime a thing,
As the great Iliad, scarce could make me sing;
Unless

^c Verses to Mr. P. on his translation of Homer.

Unless I justly could at once commend
 A good companion, and as firm a friend.
 One moral, or a mere well-natur'd deed,
 Can all desert in sciences exceed."

So also is he decyphered by the honourable

SIMON HARCOURT.

" " Say, wond'rous youth, what column wilt thou
 chuse,
 What laurel'd arch for thy triumphant muse?
 Tho' each great Ancient court thee to his shrine,
 Tho' ev'ry laurel through the dome be thine,
 Go to the good and just, an awful train!
Thy soul's delight."——

Recorded in like manner for his virtuous disposition,
 and gentle bearing, by the ingenious

Mr. WALTER HART,

in this apostrophe :

" " O ! ever worthy, ever crown'd with praise !
 Blest in thy life, and blest in all thy lays.
 Add, that the Sisters ev'ry thought refine,
 And ev'n thy life be faultless as thy line.
 Yet envy still with fiercer rage pursues,
 Obscures the virtue, and defames the muse.
 A soul like thine, in pain, in grief, resign'd,
 Views with just scorn the malice of mankind."

The witty and moral satirist

Dr. EDWARD YOUNG,

wishing some check to the corruption and evil manners of the times, calleth out upon our Poet to undertake a task so worthy of his virtue :

" " Why slumbers Pope, who leads the muses' train,
 Nor hears that virtue, which he loves, complain?"

Mr.

^d Poem prefixed to his works.

^e In his Poems, printed for B. Lintot.

^f Universal Passion, Sat. I.

Mr. MALLET,

in his Epistle on Verbal Criticism :

“ Whose life severely scan'd, transcends his lays ;
For wit supreme, is but his second praise.”

Mr. HAMMOND,

that delicate and correct imitator of Tibullus, in his Love Elegies, Elegy xiv.

“ Now, fir'd by Pope and Virtue, leave the age,
In low pursuit of self-undoing wrong,
And trace the author through his moral page,
Whose blameless life still answers to his song.”

Mr. THOMSON,

in his elegant and philosophical poem of the Seasons :

“ Altho' not sweeter his own Homer sings,
Yet is his life the more endearing song.”

To the same tune also singeth that learned clerk of Suffolk

Mr. WILLIAM BROOME.

“ Thus, nobly rising in fair Virtue's cause,
From thy own life transcribe th' unerring laws.”
And, to close all, hear the reverend Dean of St. Patrick's :

“ A soul with ev'ry virtue fraught,
By patriots, priests, and poets taught.
Whose filial piety excells
Whatever Grecian story tells.
A genius for each bus'ness fit,
Whose meanest talent is his wit,” &c.

Let us now recreate thee by turning to the other side, and shewing his character drawn by those with whom he never conversed, and whose countenances he could not know, though turned against him : First again commencing with the high voiced and never enough quoted

Mr.

* In his poems, and at the end of the Odyssey.

Mr. JOHN DENNIS;

who, in his *Reflections on the Essay on Criticism*, thus describeth him: "A little affected hypocrite, who has nothing in his mouth but candour, truth, friendship, good-nature, humanity, and magnanimity. He is so great a lover of falsehood, that whenever he has a mind to calumniate his cotemporaries, he brands them with some defect which is just *contrary to some good quality*, for which all their *friends and their acquaintance* commend them. He seems to have a particular pique to *people of quality*, and authors of that rank. He must derive his religion from St. Omer's." —But in the character of Mr. P. and his writings (printed by S. Popping, 1716), he saith, "Though he is a professor of the worst religion, yet he *laughs at it*;" but that, "nevertheless, he is a *virulent papist*; and yet a *pillar for the church of England*."

Of both which opinions

Mr. LEWIS THEOBALD

seems also to be; declaring, in *Mist's Journal* of June 22, 1718, "That if he is not shrewdly abused, he made it his business to cackle to both parties in their own sentiments." But, as to his *pique against people of quality*, the same Journalist doth not agree, but saith (May 8, 1728), "He had, by some means or other, the *acquaintance and friendship of the whole body of our nobility*."

However contradictory this may appear, Mr. Dennis and Gildon, in the character last cited, make it all plain, by assuring us, "That he is a creature that reconciles all contradictions; he is a beast, and a man; a Whig and a Tory; a writer (at one and the same time) of ^h *Guardians* and *Examiners*; an asserter of liberty, and of the dispensing power of kings; a Jesuitical professor of truth; a base and a foul pretender to

^h The names of two weekly papers.

to candour:" So that, upon the whole account, we must conclude him either to have been a great hypocrite, or a very honest man; a terrible imposer upon both parties, or very moderate to either.

Be it as to the judicious reader shall seem good. Sure it is, he is little favoured of certain authors, whose wrath is perilous: for one declares he ought to have a *price set on his head*, and to be hunted down as a *wild beast*¹. Another protests that he does not know *what may happen*; advises him to *insure his person*; says he has *bitter enemies*, and expressly declares it will be well if he *escapes with his life*². One desires he would *cut his own throat, or hang himself*³. But Pasquin seemed rather inclined it should be done by the government, representing him engaged in grievous designs with a lord of parliament, then under prosecution^m. Mr. Dennis himself hath written to a *minister*, that he is one of the most *dangerous persons in this kingdom*ⁿ; and assureth the public, that he is an *open and mortal enemy* to his country; a monster, that *will*, one day, shew as *daring a soul* as a *mad Indian*, who runs a *muck* to kill the first Christian he meets^o. Another gives information of *treason* discovered in his poem^p. Mr. Curl boldly supplies an imperfect verse with *kings and princesses*^q. And one Matthew Concanen, yet more impudent, publishes at length the two most SACRED NAMES in this nation, as members of the Dunciad^r!

This

¹ Theobald, Letter in Mist's Journal, June 22, 1728.

² Smedley, Pref. to Gulliveriana, p. 14. 16.

³ Gulliveriana, p. 332. ^m Anno 1723. ⁿ Anno 1729.

^o Pref. to Rem. on the Rape of the Lock, p. 12. and in the last page of that treatise.

^p Page 6, 7. of the Preface, by Concanen, to a book intit'ed, A Collection of all the Letters, Essays, Verses, and Advertisements, occasioned by Pope and Swift's Miscellanies. Printed for A. Moore, octavo, 1712.

^q Key to the Dunciad, 3d edit. p. 18.

^r A list of persons, &c. at the end of the forementioned Collection of all the Letters, Essays, &c.

This is prodigious ! yet it is almost as strange, that in the midst of these invectives his greatest enemies have (I know not how) born testimony to some merit in him.

Mr. THEOBALD,

in censuring his Shakespear, declares, " He has so great an *esteem* for Mr. Pope, and so high an *opinion* of his *genius* and *excellences*, that notwithstanding he professes a *veneration almost rising to idolatry* for the writings of this inimitable poet, he would be very loth even to do *him* justice, at the expence of that *other gentleman's* character'."

Mr. CHARLES GILDON,

after having violently attacked him in many pieces, at last came to wish from his heart, " That Mr. Pope would be prevailed upon to give us Ovid's Epistles by his hand, for it is certain we see the original of Sappho to Phaon with much more life and likeness in his version, than in that of Sir Car Scrope. And this (he adds) is the more to be wished, because in the English tongue we have scarce any thing truly and naturally written upon love'." He also, in taxing Sir Richard Blackmore for his heterodox opinions of Homer, challengeth him to answer what Mr. Pope hath said in his preface to that poet.

Mr. OLDMIXON

calls him a great master of our tongue ; declares " the purity and perfection of the English language to be found in his Homer ; and saying there are more good verses in Dryden's Virgil than in any other work, except this of our author only'."

The

* Introduction to his Shakespear restored, in quarto, p. 3.

* Commentary on the Duke of Buckingham's Essay, octavo, 1721, p. 97, 98.

u In his Prose Essay on Criticism.

The author of a Letter to Mr. CIBBER says,
 “^x.Pope *was* so good a versifier [*once*] that his predecessor Mr. Dryden, and his cotemporary Mr. Prior excepted, the harmony of his numbers *is* equal to any body’s. And, that he *had* all the merit that a man can have that way.” And

Mr. THOMAS COOKE,

after much blemishing our author’s Homer, crieth out,

“ But in his other works what beauties shine,
 While sweetest music dwells in ev’ry line !
 These he admir’d, on these he stamp’d his praise,
 And bade them live to brighten future days’.”

So also one who takes the name of

H. STANHOPE,

the maker of certain verses to Duncan Campbell^z, in that poem, which is wholly a satire on Mr. Pope, confesseth,

“ ’Tis true, if finest notes alone could show
 (Tun’d justly high, or regularly low)
 That we should fame to these mere vocals give ;
 Pope more than we can offer should receive :
 For when some gliding river is his theme,
 His lines run smoother than the smoothest
 stream,” &c.

MIST’S JOURNAL, June 8, 1728.

Although he says, “ The smooth numbers of the Dunciad are all that recommend it, nor has it any other

^x Printed by J. Roberts, 1742, p. 11.

^y Battle of Poets, folio, p. 15.

^z Printed under the title of the Progress of Dulness, duodecimo, 1728.

other merit ;" yet that same paper bath these words :
 " The author is allowed to be a perfect master of
 an easy and elegant versification. *In all his works*
 we find the most *happy turns* and *natural similies*, won-
 derfully short and thick sown."

The Essay on the Dunciad also owns, p. 25. it is
 very full of *beautiful images*. But the panegyric,
 which crowns all that can be said on this poem, is
 bestowed by our Laureate,

MR. COLLEY CIBBER,

who " grants it to be a better poem of its kind than
 ever was writ : " but adds, " it was a victory over a
 parcel of poor wretches, whom it was almost cowardice
 to conquer.—A man might as well triumph for
 having killed so many silly flies that offended him.
 Could he have let them alone, by this time, poor
 souls ! they had been buried in oblivion '." Here
 we see our excellent Laureate allows the justice of
 the satire on every man in it, but *himself* ; as the
 great Mr. Dennis did before him.

The said

MR. DENNIS and GILDON,

in the most furious of all their works, the fore-cited
 character (p. 5.) do in concert ^b confess, " That some
 men

^a Cibber's Letter to Mr. Pope, p. 9. 12.

^b *in concert*] Hear how Mr. Dennis hath proved our mistake
 in this place : " As to my writing in *concert* with Mr. Gildon, I
 declare, upon the honour and word of a gentleman, that I never
 wrote so much as one line in *concert* with any one man whatsoever.
 And these two letters from Gildon will plainly shew that we are
 not writers in *concert* with each other.

" Sir,

— " The height of my ambition is to please men of the best
 judgment ; and finding that I have entertained my master agree-
 ably, I have the extent of the reward of my labour."

" Sir

men of *good understanding* value him for his rhymes." And (p. 17.) "That he has got, like Mr. Bays in the *Rehearsal*, (that is, like Mr. Dryden) a notable knack at rhyming, and writing smooth verse."

Of his *Essay on Man*, numerous were the praises bestowed by his avowed enemies, in the imagination that the same was not written by him, as it was printed anonymously.

Thus sang of it even

BEZALEEL MORRIS.

"Auspicious bard! while all admire thy strain,
All but the selfish, ignorant, and vain;
I, whom no bribe to servile flatt'ry drew,
Must pay the tribute to thy merit due:
Thy muse sublime, significant, and clear,
Alike informs the soul, and charms the ear."

And

Mr. LEONARD WELSTED

thus wrote ' to the unknown author on the first publication of the said *Essay*: "I must own, after the reception which the vilest and most immoral ribaldry hath lately met with, I was surprised to see what I had long despaired, a performance deserving the name of a poet. Such, Sir, is your work. It is, indeed, above all commendation, and ought to have been published in an age and country more worthy of it.
If

"Sir,

"I had not the opportunity of hearing of your excellent pamphlet till this day. I am infinitely satisfied and pleased with it, and hope you will meet with that encouragement your admirable performance deserves, &c.

"CH. GILDON."

"Now is it not plain, that any one who sends such compliments to another, has not been used to write in partnership with him to whom he sends them?" Dennis, *Rem. on the Dunc.* p. 50. Mr. Dennis is therefore welcome to take this piece to himself.

' In a letter under his hand, dated March 12, 1733.

If my testimony be of weight any where, you are sure to have it in the amplest manner," &c. &c. &c.

Thus we see every one of his works hath been extolled by one or other of his most inveterate enemies; and to the success of them all they do unanimously give testimony. But it is sufficient, *instar omnium*, to behold the great critic, Mr. Dennis, sorely lamenting it, even from the Essay on Criticism to this day of the Dunciad! "A most notorious instance (quoth he) of the depravity of genius and taste, the *approbation* this Essay meets with".—I can safely affirm, that I never attacked any of these writings, unless they had *success* infinitely beyond their merit.—This, though an empty, has been a *popular* scribbler. The epidemic madness of the times has given him *reputation*".—If, after the cruel treatment so many extraordinary men (Spenser, Lord Bacon, Ben Jonson, Milton, Butler, Otway, and others) have received from this country, for these last hundred years, I should shift the scene, and shew all that penury changed at once to riot and profuseness; and more squandered away upon *one object*, than would have satisfied the greater part of those extraordinary men; the reader to whom this one creature should be unknown, would fancy him a prodigy of art and nature, would believe that all the great qualities of these persons were centered in him alone:—But if I should venture to assure him, that the PEOPLE of ENGLAND had made such a choice—the reader would either believe me a *malicious enemy* and *slanderer*; or that the reign of the last (Queen Anne's) *ministry* was designed by fate to encourage *fools*".

But it happens, that this our Poet never had any place, pension, or gratuity, in any shape, from the said glorious Queen, or any of her ministers. All he owed,

^d Dennis, Pref. to his Reflect. on the Essay on Criticism.

^e Pref. to his Rem. on Homer.

^f Rem. on Hom. p. 8, 9.

owed, in the whole course of his life, to any court, was a subscription for his *Homer* of 200*l.* from King George I. and 100*l.* from the Prince and Princess.

However, lest we imagine our Author's success was constant and universal, they acquaint us of certain works in a less degree of repute, whereof, although owned by others, yet do they assure us he is the writer. Of this sort Mr. DENNIS^a ascribes to him *two farces*^b, whose names he does not tell, but assures us that *there is not one jest in them*: and an imitation of Horace, whose title he does not mention, but assures us *it is much more execrable than all his works*. The DAILY JOURNAL, May 11, 1728, assures us, "He is below Tom Durfey^c in the drama, because (as that writer thinks) the Marriage-Hater matched, and the Boarding-School, are better than the What-d'ye-call-it;" which is not Mr. P.'s, but Mr. Gay's. Mr. GILDON assures us, in his New Rehearsal, p. 48. "That he was writing a *Play* of the Lady Jane Grey;" but it afterwards proved to be Mr. Rowe's. We are assured by another, "He wrote a pamphlet called Dr. Andrew Tripe^d:" which proved to be one Dr. Wagstaff's. Mr. THEOBALD assures us, in *Mist* of the 27th of April, "That the treatise of the *Profound* is very dull, and that Mr. Pope is the author of it." The writer of *Gulliveriana* is of another opinion; and says, "the whole, or greatest part, of the merit of this treatise must and can only be ascribed to Gulliver^e." [Here, gentle reader! cannot I but smile at the strange blindness and positiveness of men; knowing the said treatise to appertain to none other but to me, Martinus Scriblerus.]

We

^a Rem. on Homer, p. 8.

^b The two farces were, the "Three Hours after Marriage," and the "What d'ye call it?"

^c Character of Mr. Pope, p. 7.

^d Character of Mr. Pope, p. 6.

^e Gulliv. p. 356.

We are assured in *Mist* of June 8, "That his own *Plays* and *Farces* would better have adorned the *Dunciad*, than those of Mr. Theobald; for he had neither genius for tragedy nor comedy." Which, whether true or not, it is not easy to judge, in as much as he had attempted neither; unless we will take it for granted, with Mr. Cibber, that his being once very angry at hearing a friend's play abused, was an infallible proof the play was his own; the said Mr. Cibber thinking it impossible for a man to be much concerned for any but himself: "Now let any man judge (saith he) by this concern, who was the true mother of the child^m."

But from all that hath been said, the discerning reader will collect, that it little availed our Author to have any candour, since, when he declared he did not write for others, it was not credited; as little to have any modesty, since, when he declined writing in any way himself, the presumption of others was imputed to him. If he singly enterprized one great work, he was taxed of boldness and madness to a prodigyⁿ: If he took assistants in another, it was complained of, and represented as a great injury to the publicⁿ. The loftiest heroics, the lowest ballads, treatises against the state or church, satires on lords and ladies, raillery on wits and authors, squabbles with booksellers, and even full and true accounts of monsters, poisons, and murders; of any hereof was there nothing so good, nothing so bad, which had not at one or other season been to him ascribed. If it bore no author's name, then lay he concealed; if it did, he fathered it upon that author to be yet better concealed: If it resembled any of his styles, then it was

^m Cibber's Letter to Mr. P. p. 19.

ⁿ Burnet's *Homerides*, p. 1. of his translation of the *Iliad*.

^o The *London* and *Mist's Journals*, on his undertaking the *Odyssey*.

was evident ; if it did not, then disguised he it on set purpose. Yea, even direct oppositions in religion, principles, and politics, have equally been supposed in him inherent. Surely a most rare and singular character ! Of which let the reader make what he can.

Doubtless most commentators would hence take occasion to turn all to their author's advantage, and from the testimony of his very enemies would affirm, That his capacity was boundless, as well as his imagination ; that he was a perfect master of all styles, and all arguments ; and that there was in those times no other writer, in any kind, of any degree of excellence, save he himself. But as this is not our own sentiment, we shall determine on nothing, but leave thee, gentle reader, to steer thy judgment equally between various opinions, and to chuse whether thou wilt incline to the Testimonies of Authors avowed, or of Authors concealed ; of those who knew him, or of those who knew him not.

POPE.



MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS

OF THE POEM.*

THIS Poem, as it celebrateth the most grave and ancient of things, chaos, night, and dulness ; so is it of the most grave and ancient kind. Homer (saith Aristotle) was the first who gave the *form*, and (saith Horace) who adapted the *measure*, to heroic poesy. But even before this, may be rationally presumed from what the ancients have left written, was a piece by Homer composed, of like nature and matter with this of our poet. For of epic sort it appeareth to have been, yet of matter surely not unpleasant, witness what is reported of it by the learned archbishop Eustathius, in Odyss. x. And accordingly Aristotle, in his Poetic, chap. iv. doth further set forth, that as the Iliad and Odyssey gave example to tragedy, so did this poem to comedy its first idea.

From these authors also it should seem, that the hero, or chief personage of it, was no less *obscure*, and his understanding and sentiments no less quaint and strange (if indeed not more so), than any of the actors of our poem. MARGITES was the name of this personage, whom antiquity recordeth to have been *Dunce the first* ; and surely from what we hear of him, not unworthy to be the root of so spreading a tree, and so numerous a posterity. The poem therefore celebrating him was properly and absolutely a *Dunciad* ; which though now unhappily lost, yet is its nature

* Written by Pope.

sufficiently known by the infallible tokens aforesaid. And thus it doth appear, that the first Dunciad was the first epic poem, written by Homer himself, and anterior even to the Iliad or Odyssey.

Now, forasmuch as our poet hath translated those two famous works of Homer which are yet left, he did conceive it in some sort his duty to imitate that also which was lost; and was therefore induced to bestow on it the same form which Homer's is reported to have had, namely that of epic poem; with a title also framed after the ancient Greek manner, to wit, that of *Dunciad*.

Wonderful it is, that so few of the moderns have been stimulated to attempt some Dunciad! since, in the opinion of the multitude, it might cost less pain and toil than an imitation of the greater epic. But possible it is also, that, on due reflection, the maker might find it easier to paint a Charlemagne, a Brute, or a Godfrey, with just pomp and dignity heroic, than a Margites, a Codrus, or a Fleckno.

We shall next declare the occasion and the cause which moved our poet to this particular work. He lived in those days, when (after Providence had permitted the invention of printing as a scourge for the sins of the learned) paper also became so cheap, and printers so numerous, that a deluge of authors covered the land: whereby not only the peace of the honest unwriting subject was daily molested, but unmerciful demands were made of his applause, yea of his money, by such as would neither earn the one, nor deserve the other. At the same time, the licence of the press was such, that it grew dangerous to refuse them either: for they would forthwith publish slanders unpunished, the authors being anonymous, and skulking under the wings of publishers, a set of men who never scrupled to vend either calumny or blasphemy, as long as the town would call for it.

Now our author, living in those times, did conceive it an endeavour well worthy an honest satirist, to dissuade the dull, and punish the wicked, *the only way that was left*. In that public-spirited view he laid the plan of this poem, as the greatest service he was capable (without much hurt or being slain) to render his dear country. First taking things from their original, he considereth the causes creative of such authors, namely *dulness* and *poverty*; the one born with them, the other contracted by neglect of their proper talents, through self-conceit of greater abilities. This truth he wrappeth in an *allegory*^b (as the construction of epic poesy requireth) and feigns that one of these goddesses had taken up her abode with the other, and that they jointly inspired all such writers and such works^c. He proceedeth to shew the *qualities* they bestow on these authors, and the *effects* they produce^d; then the *materials*, or *stock*, with which they furnish them^e; and (above all) that *self-opinion*^f which causeth it to seem to themselves vastly greater than it is, and is the prime motive of their setting up in this sad and sorry merchandise. The great power of these goddesses acting in alliance (whereof as the one is the mother of industry, so is the other of plodding) was to be exemplified in some *one, great and remarkable action*^g: and none could be more so than that which our poet hath chosen, *viz.* the restoration^{*} of the reign of chaos and night, by the ministry of Dulness their daughter, in the removal of her imperial seat from the city to the polite world; as the action of the *Æneid* is the restoration of the empire of Troy, by the removal of the race from thence to Latium. But as Homer singing only the

^a Vide Bossu, Du Poeme Epique, ch. viii.

^b Bossu, ch. vii.

^c Book I. ver. 32, &c.

^d Ver. 45 to 54.

^e Ver. 57 to 77.

^f Ver. 80.

^g Ibid. chap. vii. viii.

^{*} Altered from the edition 1729.

wrath of Achilles, yet includes in his poem the whole history of the Trojan war ; in like manner our author hath drawn into this *single action* the whole history of Dulness and her children.

A *person* must next be fixed upon to support this action. This *phantom* in the poet's mind must have a *name* : he finds it to be — ; and he becomes of course the hero of the poem.

The *fable* being thus, according to the best example, one and entire, as contained in the proposition ; the *machinery* is a continued chain of allegories, setting forth the whole power, ministry, and empire of Dulness, extended through her subordinate instruments, in all her various operations.

This is branched into *Episodes*, each of which hath its moral apart, though all conducive to the main end. The crowd assembled in the second book, demonstrates the design to be more extensive than to bad poets only, and that we may expect other episodes of the patrons, encouragers, or paymasters of such authors, as occasion shall bring them forth. And the third book, if well considered, seemeth to embrace the whole world. Each of the games relateth to some or other vile class of writers : The first concerneth the plagiary, to whom he giveth the name of More ; the second the libellous novelist, whom he styleth Eliza ; the third, the flattering dedicator ; the fourth, the bawling critic, or noisy poet ; the fifth, the dark and dirty party-writer ; and so of the rest ; assigning to each some *proper name* or other, such as he could find.

As for the *characters*, the public hath already acknowledged how justly they are drawn : The manners are so depicted, and the sentiments so peculiar to those to whom applied, that surely to transfer them to any other or wiser personages, would be exceeding difficult : and certain it is, that every person concerned, being consulted apart, hath readily owned the

resemblance of every portrait, his own excepted. So Mr. Cibber calls them, "a parcel of *poor wretches*, so many *silly flies*:" but adds, "our author's wit is remarkably more bare and barren, whenever it would fall foul on *Cibber*, than upon any other person whatever."

The *descriptions* are singular, the *comparisons* very quaint, the *narration* various, yet of one colour: the purity and chastity of *diction* is so preserved, that in the places most suspicious, not the *words* but only the *images* have been censured, and yet are those images no other than have been sanctified by ancient and classical authority, (though, as was the manner of those good times, not so curiously wrapped up), yea, and commented upon by the most grave doctors, and approved critics.

As it beareth the name of *epic*, it is thereby subjected to such severe indispensable rules as are laid on all Neoterics, a strict imitation of the ancients; inso-much that any deviation, accompanied with whatever poetic beauties, hath always been censured by the sound critic. How exact that imitation hath been in this piece, appeareth not only by its general structure, but by particular allusions infinite, many whereof have escaped both the commentator and poet himself, yea divers by his exceeding diligence are so altered and interwoven with the rest, that several have already been, and more will be, by the ignorant abused, as altogether and originally his own.

In a word, the whole poem proveth itself to be the work of our author, when his faculties were in full vigour and perfection; at that exact time when years have ripened the judgment, without diminishing the imagination: which, by good critics, is held to be punctually at *forty*. For at that season it was that Virgil finished his *Georgics*; and Sir Richard Black-

^a Cibber's Letter to Mr. P. p. 9, 12, 41.

more, at the like age composing his Arthurs, declared the same to be the very *acme* and pitch of life for epic poesy : though since he hath altered it to *sixty*, the year in which he published his Alfred¹. True it is, that the talents for *criticism*, namely smartness, quick censure, vivacity of remark, certainty of asseveration, indeed all but acerbity, seem rather the gifts of youth than of riper age : but it is far otherwise in *poetry* ; witness the works of Mr. Rymer and Mr. Dennis, who beginning with criticism, became afterwards such poets as no age hath paralleled. With good reason therefore did our author chuse to write his essay on that subject at twenty, and reserve for his maturer years this great and wonderful work of the Dunciad.

POPE.

¹ See his Essays.

RICHARDUS ARISTARCHUS

OF THE

HERO OF THE POEM.

OF the nature of DUNCIAD in general, whence derived, and on what authority founded, as well as of the art and conduct of this our poem in particular, the learned and laborious Scriblerus hath, according to his manner, and with tolerable share of judgment, dissertated. But when he cometh to speak of the PERSON of the hero fitted for such poem, in truth he miserably halts and hallucinates. For, misled by one Monsieur Bossu, a Gallic critic, he prateth of I cannot tell what phantom of a hero, only raised up to support the fable. A putid conceit ! As if Homer and Virgil, like modern undertakers, who first build their house, and then seek out for a tenant, had contrived the story of a war and a wandering, before they once thought either of Achilles or Æneas. We shall therefore set our good brother and the world also right in this particular, by assuring them, that, in the greater epic, the prime intention of the muse is to exalt heroic virtue, in order to propagate the love of it among the *children* of men ; and consequently that the poet's first thought must needs be turned upon a real subject meet for laud and celebration ; not one whom he is to make, but one whom he may find, truly illustrious. This is the *primum mobile* of his poetic world, whence every thing is to receive life and motion. For, this subject being found, he is imme-

diately ordained, or rather acknowledged, an *hero*, and put upon such action as befitteth the dignity of his character.

But the muse ceaseth not here her eagle-flight. For sometimes, satiated with the contemplation of these *suns of glory*, she turneth downward on her wing, and darts, with Jove's lightning, on the *goose* and *serpent* kind. For we apply to the muse in her various moods, what an ancient master of wisdom affirmeth of the Gods in general: "Si Dii non irascuntur impiis et injustis, nec pios utique justosque diligunt. In rebus enim diversis, ut in utramque partem moveri necesse est, aut in neutram. Itaque qui bonos diligit, et malos odit; et qui malos non odit, nec bonos diligit. Quia et diligere bonos ex odio malorum venit; et malos odisse ex bonorum caritate descendit." Which in our vernacular idiom may be thus interpreted: "If the gods be not provoked at evil men, neither are they delighted with the good and just. For contrary objects must either excite contrary affections, or no affections at all. So that he who loveth good men, must at the same time hate the bad; and he who hateth not bad men, cannot love the good; because to love good men proceedeth from an aversion to evil; and to hate evil men, from a tenderness to the good." From this delicacy of the muse arose the *little epic*, more lively and cholerick than her elder sister, (whose bulk and complexion incline her to the flegmatic.) And for this, some notorious vehicle of vice and folly was sought out, to make thereof an **EXAMPLE**. An early instance of which (nor could it escape the accurate Scriblerus) the father himself of epic-poem, affordeth us. From him the practice descended to the Greek dramatic poets, his offspring; who in the composition of their *Tetralogy*, or set of four pieces, were wont to make the last a *satiric tragedy*. Happily one of these ancient *Dunciads* (as we may well term it) is come down unto us, amongst the

tragedies of the poet Euripides. And what doth the reader suppose may be the subject thereof? Why in truth, and it is worthy observation, the unequal contest of an *old dull, debauched buffoon Cyclops*, with the heaven-directed *favourite of Minerva*: who, after having quietly borne all the monster's obscene and impious ribaldry, endeth the farce in punishing him with the mark of an indelible brand in his *forehead*. May we not then be excused, if for the future we consider the epics of Homer, Virgil, and Milton, together with this our poem, as a complete *tetralogy*; in which, the last worthily holdeth the place or station of the *satiric piece*?

Proceed we therefore in our subject. It hath been long, and, alas for pity! still remaineth a question, whether the hero of the *greater epic* should be an *honest man*; or, as the French critics express it, *un honnête homme*^a: but it never admitted of any doubt, but that the hero of the *little epic* should be his very opposite. Hence, to the advantage of our Dunciad, we may observe, how much juster the *moral* of that poem must needs be, where so important a question is previously decided.

But then it is not every knave, nor (let me add) every fool, that is a fit subject for a Dunciad. There must still exist some analogy, if not resemblance of qualities, between the heroes of the two poems; and this, in order to admit what neoteric critics call the *parody*, one of the liveliest graces of the little epic. Thus it being agreed, that the constituent qualities of the greater epic hero, are *wisdom, bravery, and love*, from whence springeth *heroic virtue*; it followeth, that those of the lesser epic hero should be *vanity, assurance, and debauchery*, from which happy assemblage resulteth *heroic dulness*, the never-dying subject of this our poem.

^a Si un Heros Poétique doit être un honnête homme. Bossu du Poème Epique, liv. v. ch. 5.

This being settled, come we now to particulars. It is the character of true *wisdom*, to seek its chief support and confidence within itself; and to place that support in the resources which proceed from a conscious rectitude of will.—And are the advantages of *vanity*, when arising to the heroic standard, at all short of this self-complacence? Nay, are they not, in the opinion of the enamoured owner, far beyond it? “Let the world (will such a one say) impute to me what *folly* or weakness they please; but till *wisdom* can give me something that will make me more heartily happy, I am content to be GAZED AT^b.” This, we see, is *vanity* according to the *heroic* gage or measure; not that low and ignoble species which pretendeth to *virtues* we *have not*; but the laudable ambition of being *gazed at* for glorying in those *vices*, which every body knows *we have*. “The world may ask (says he) why I make my follies public? Why not? I have passed my time very pleasantly with them.” In short there is no sort of vanity such a hero would scruple to exult in, but that which might go near to degrade him from his high station in this our Dunciad; namely, “Whether it would not be *vanity* in him, to take shame to himself *for not being a wise man*?”

Bravery, the second attribute of the true hero, is courage, manifesting itself in every limb; while its correspondent virtue in the mock hero, is, that same courage all collected into the *FACE*. And as power, when drawn together, must needs have more force and spirit than when dispersed, we generally find this kind of courage in so high and heroic a degree, that it insults not only men, but gods. Mezentius is, without doubt, the bravest character in all the *Aeneis*: But how? His bravery, we know, was an high courage of blasphemy. And can we say less of this brave man’s, who having told us that he placed “his *sumum*

^b Dedication to the Life of COLLY CIBBER.

^c Life, p. 2, octavo edition.

^d Ibid.

bonum in those follies, which he was not content barely to possess, but would likewise glory in," adds, "*If I am misguided, 'TIS NATURE'S FAULT, and I follow HER*." Nor can we be mistaken in making this happy quality a species of *courage*, when we consider those illustrious marks of it, which made his *FACE* "more known (as he justly boasteth) than most in the kingdom;" and his *language* to consist of what we must allow to be the most *daring* figure of speech, that which is taken from the *name of God*.

Gentle love, the next ingredient in the true hero's composition, is a mere bird of passage, or (as Shakespeare calls it) *Summer-teeming lust*, and evaporates in the heat of *youth*; doubtless by that refinement it suffers in passing through those *certain strainers* which our poet somewhere speaketh of. But when it is let alone to work upon the *lees*, it acquireth strength by *old age*; and becometh a lasting ornament to the little epic. It is true, indeed, there is one objection to its fitness for such an use: for not only the ignorant may think it *common*, but it is admitted to be so, even by him who best knoweth its value. "Don't you think (argueth he), to say only *a man has his whore*, ought to go for little or nothing? Because *defendit numerus*, take the first ten thousand men you meet, and, I believe you would be no loser if you betted ten to one, that every single sinner of them, one with another, had been guilty of the same frailty." But here he seemeth not to have done justice to himself; the man is sure enough a hero, who hath his lady at fourscore. How doth his modesty herein lessen the merit of a *whole well-spent* life: not taking to himself the commendation (which *Horace* accounted the greatest in a theatrical character) of continuing to the very *dregs*, the same he was from the beginning,

———— " *Servetur ad IMUM*
Qualis ab incepto processerat." ———

* *Life*, p. 23, octavo.

† *C. Cibber's Letter to Mr. P.* p. 46.

But here, in justice both to the poet and the hero, let us farther remark, that the calling her *his* whore, implieth she was *his own*, and not his *neighbour's*. Truly a commendable continence! and such as Scipio himself must have applauded. For how much self-denial was exerted not to covet his neighbour's whore? and what disorders must the coveting her have occasioned in that society, where (according to this political calculator) *nine in ten* of all ages have their *concupines*!

We have now, as briefly as we could devise, gone through the three constituent qualities of either hero. But it is not in any, nor in all of these, that heroism properly or essentially resideth. It is a lucky result rather from the collision of these lively qualities against one another. Thus, as from wisdom, bravery, and love, ariseth *magnanimity* the object of *admiration*, which is the aim of the greater epic; so from vanity, impudence, and debauchery, springeth *buffoonry*, the source of *ridicule*, that "laughing ornament," as the owner well termeth it², of the little epic.

He is not ashamed (God forbid he ever should be ashamed!) of this character; who deemeth, that not *reason* but *risibility* distinguisheth the human species from the brutal. "As nature (saith this profound philosopher) distinguished our species from the mute creation by our risibility, her design must have been by that faculty as evidently to raise our *happiness*, as by *our os sublime*, OUR ERECTED FACES, to lift the dignity of our *form* above them¹." All this considered, how complete a hero must he be, as well as how happy a man, whose risibility lieth not barely in his *muscles*, as in the common sort, but (as himself informeth us) in his very *spirits*? And whose *os sublime* is not simply an ERECT FACE, but a *brazen head*;

¹ Colly Cibber's Letter to Mr. P. p. 31.

² Cibber's Life, p. 23, 24.

as should seem by his preferring it to one of *iron*, said to belong to the late king of Sweden¹.

But whatever personal qualities a hero may have, the examples of Achilles and Æneas shew us, that all these are of small avail, without the constant *assistance of the Gods*: for the subversion and erection of empires have never been adjudged the work of man. How greatly soever then we may esteem of his high talents, we can hardly conceive his personal prowess alone sufficient to restore the decayed empire of DULNESS. So weighty an achievement must require the particular favour and protection of the GREAT; who being the natural patrons and supporters of *letters*, as the ancient Gods were of *Troy*, must first be drawn off, and engaged in another interest, before the total subversion of them can be accomplished. To surmount, therefore; this last and greatest difficulty, we have, in this excellent man, a professed favourite and intimado of the GREAT. And look, of what force ancient piety was to draw the Gods into the party of Æneas, that, and much stronger is modern incense, to engage the great in the party of Dulness.

Thus have we essayed to pourtray or shadow out this noble imp of fame. But now the impatient reader will be apt to say, if so many and various graces go to the making up a hero, what mortal shall suffice to bear his character? Ill hath he read, who seeth not, in every trace of this picture, that *individual ALL-ACCOMPLISHED PERSON*, in whom these rare virtues and lucky circumstances have agreed to meet and concentre, with the strongest lustre and fullest harmony.

The good Scriblerus indeed, nay the world itself, might be imposed on, in the late spurious editions, by I can't tell what *sham hero*, or *phantom*: but it was not so easy to impose on HIM whom this egregious error most of all concerned. For no sooner had the

¹ Letter, page 8.

fourth book laid open the high and swelling scene, but he recognized his own heroic acts : and when he came to the words,

Soft on her lap her laureat son reclines,

(though *laureat* imply no more than *one crown'd with laurel*, as befitteth any associate or consort in empire) he loudly resented this indignity to violated majesty. Indeed not without cause, he being there represented as *fast asleep* ; so misbeseeming the eye of empire, which, like that of Jove, should never doze nor slumber. " Hah ! (saith he) *fast asleep*, it seems ! that's a little too strong. Pert and dull at least you might have allowed me, but as seldom asleep as any fool ." However, the injured laureat may comfort himself with this reflection, that tho' it be a *sleep*, yet it is not the *sleep of death*, but of *immortality*. Here he will *live* at least, tho' not *awake* ; and in no worse condition than many an enchanted hero before him. The famous *Durandarte*, for instance, was, like him, cast into a long slumber by *Merlin the British bard* and necromancer : and his example, for submitting to it with a good grace, might be of service to our hero. For that disastrous knight being sorely pressed or driven to make his answer by several *persons of quality* ^m, only replied with a sigh, *Patience, and shuffle the cards* ⁿ.

But now, as nothing in this world, no not the most sacred or perfect things either of religion or government, can escape the stings of envy, methinks I already hear these carpers objecting to the clearness of our hero's title.

It would never (say they) have been esteemed sufficient to make an hero for the *Iliad* or *Æneis*, that

* Colly Cibber's Letter to Mr. P. p. 53.

¹ Ibid. p. 1.

^m See Cibber's Letter to Mr. P.

ⁿ Don Quixotte, part ii. book ii. chap. 22.

Achilles was brave enough to overturn one empire, or Æneas pious enough to raise another, had they not been goddess-born, and princes-bred. What then did this author mean, by erecting a player instead of one of his patrons (a person, "never a hero even on the stage") to this dignity of colleague in the empire of Dulness; and atchiever of a work that neither old Omar, Attila, nor John of Leiden, could entirely bring to pass.

To all this we have, as we conceive, a sufficient answer from the Roman historian, *Fabrum esse suamque fortunam*: *That every man is the carver of his own fortune*. The politic Florentine, Nicholas Machiavel, goeth still further, and affirmeth that a man needeth but to *believe himself a hero* to be one of the worthiest that ever breathed. "Let him (saith he) but fancy himself capable of high things, and he will of course be able to atchieve the highest." From this principle it followeth, that nothing can exceed our hero's prowess; as nothing ever equalled the greatness of his conceptions. Hear how he constantly paragoneth himself; at one time, to ALEXANDER the Great and CHARLES the XII. of Sweden, for the excess and delicacy of his ambition^p; to HENRY the IV. of FRANCE, for honest policy^q; to the first BRUTUS, for love of liberty^r; to Sir ROBERT WALPOLE, for good government while in power^s; at another time, to the godlike SOCRATES, for his diversions and amusements^t; to HORACE MONTAIGNE, and Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE, for an elegant vanity that maketh them for ever read and admired^u; to TWO Lord CHANCELLORS, for law, from whom, when confederate against him at the bar, he carried away the prize of eloquence^x; and, to say all in a word, to the

^o See Cibber's Life, p. 148.

^p Ibid. p. 149.

^q Ibid. p. 424.

^r Ibid. p. 366.

^s Ibid. p. 457.

^t Ibid. p. 18.

^u Ibid. p. 425.

^x Ibid. p. 436, 437.

right reverend the Lord BISHOP of LONDON himself, in the art of writing *pastoral letters* ^y.

Nor did his *actions* fall short of the sublimity of his conceit. In his early youth, he *met the revolution* ^z face to face in Nottingham; at a time when other patriots contented themselves to *follow* her. It was here he got acquainted with *Old Battle-array*, of whom he hath made so honourable mention in one of his immortal odes. But he shone in courts as well as camps: he was *called up* when *the nation fell in labour* of this *revolution* ^a: and was a gossip at her christening, with the Bishop and the ladies ^b.

As to his *birth*, it is true he pretendeth no relation either to heathen god or goddess; but what is as good, he was descended from a *maker* of both ^c. And that he did not pass himself on the world for a hero, as well by birth as education, was his own fault: for, his lineage he bringeth into his life as an anecdote, and is sensible he had it in his power *to be thought nobody's son at all* ^d: And what is that, I pray you, but coming into the world a hero?

But be it (the punctilious laws of epic poesy so requiring) that a hero of more than mortal birth must needs be procured for this atchievement: even for this we have a resource. We can easily derive our hero's pedigree from a goddess of no small power and authority amongst men; and legitimate and install him after the right classical and authentic fashion: for, like as the ancient sages found a son of Mars in a mighty warrior; a son of Neptune in a skilful seaman; a son of Phœbus in a harmonious poet; so have we here, if need be, a son of FORTUNE in an artful *gamester*. And who, I pray you, fitter than the offspring of *Chance*, to assist in restoring the empire of *night* and *chaos*?

^y See Cibber's Life, p. 52.

^z Ibid. 47.

^a Ibid. p. 57.

^b Ibid. 58, 59

^c A statutory.

^d Cibber's Life, p. 6.

There is in truth another objection of greater weight, namely, "That this hero still existeth, and hath not yet finished his earthly course. For if Solon said well, that no man could be called happy till his death, surely much less can any one, till then, be pronounced a hero: the species of men being far more subject than others to the caprices of fortune and humour." But to this also we have an answer, which will (we hope) be deemed decisive. It cometh from *himself*; who, to cut this matter short, hath solemnly protested that HE WILL NEVER CHANGE OR AMEND.

With regard to his *vanity*, he declareth that nothing shall ever part them. "Nature (saith he) hath amply supplied me in *vanity*; a pleasure which neither the pertness of wit, nor the gravity of wisdom, will ever persuade me to part with." Our poet had charitably endeavoured to administer a cure to it: but he telleth us plainly, "My superiors perhaps may be mended by him; but for my part I own myself incorrigible. I look upon my *follies* as the best part of my fortune." And with good reason: we see to what they have brought him!

Secondly, as to *buffoonry*, "Is it (saith he) a time of day for me to leave off these fooleries, and set up a new character? I can no more put off my *follies* than my skin; I have often tried, but they stick too close to me; nor am I sure my friends are displeased with them, for in this light I afford them frequent matter of mirth, &c. &c." Having then so publicly declared himself INCORRIGIBLE, he is become *dead in law*, (I mean the *law Epopœian*) and devolveth upon the poet; is now his property; and may be taken and dealt with like an old Egyptian hero; that is to say, *emboweled* and *embalmed* for posterity.

Nothing therefore (we conceive) remaineth to hinder his own prophecy of himself from taking imme-

* Cibber's Life, p. 424.

† Ibid. p. 19.

‡ Ibid. p. 17.

diate effect. A rare felicity ! and what few prophets have had the satisfaction to see, alive ! Nor can we conclude better than with that extraordinary ône of his, which is conceived in these oraculous words, MY DULNESS WILL FIND SOMEBODY TO DO IT RIGHT ^h.

*Tandem PHŒBUS adest, morsusque inferre parentem
Congelat, et patulos, ut erant, INDURAT hiatus* ⁱ.

WARBURTON.

^h Cibber's Life, p. 243. octavo edition.

ⁱ Ovid, of the serpent biting at Orpheus's head.



By AUTHORITY.

By virtue of the Authority in Us vested by the Act for subjecting Poets to the Power of a Licenser, we have revised this Piece; where finding the style and appellation of KING to have been given to a certain Pretender, Pseudo-Poet, or Phantom, of the name of TIBBALD; and apprehending the same may be deemed in some sort a Reflection on Majesty, or at least an insult on that Legal Authority which has bestowed on another Person the Crown of Poesy: We have ordered the said Pretender, Pseudo-Poet, or Phantom, utterly to vanish and evaporate out of this work: And do declare the said Throne of Poesy from henceforth to be abdicated and vacant, unless duly and lawfully supplied by the LAUREATE himself. And it is hereby enacted, that no other person do presume to fill the same.

CC Ch.

THE
D U N C I A D:
TO
DR. JONATHAN SWIFT.
BOOK THE FIRST.

VOL. IV.

G

ARGUMENT OF THE FIRST BOOK.

THE Proposition, the Invocation, and the Inscription. Then the Original of the great Empire of Dulness, and cause of the continuance thereof. The College of the Goddess in the City, with her private Academy for Poets in particular; the Governors of it, and the four Cardinal Virtues. Then the Poem hastes into the midst of things, presenting her on the evening of a Lord Mayor's day, revolving the long succession of her Sons, and the glories past and to come. She fixes her eye on Bays to be the instrument of that great Event which is the Subject of the Poem. He is described pensive among his Books, giving up the Cause, and apprehending the Period of her Empire: After debating whether to betake himself to the Church, or to Gaming, or to Party-writing, he raises an Altar of proper books, and (making first his solemn prayer and declaration) purposes thereon to sacrifice all his unsuccessful writings. As the pile is kindled, the Goddess, beholding the flame from her seat, flies and puts it out by casting upon it the poem of Thulé. She forthwith reveals herself to him, transports him to her Temple, unfolds her Arts, and initiates him into her mysteries; then announcing the death of Eusden the Poet Laureate, anoints him, carries him to court, and proclaims him Successor.

BOOK I.

THE mighty mother, and her son, who brings
 The Smithfield muses to the ear of kings,
 I sing. Say you, her instruments the great !
 Call'd to this work by Dulness, Jove, and Fate ;
 Your

VER. 1. *The mighty mother, &c.*] In the first edit. it was thus,
 Books and the man I sing, the first who brings
 The Smithfield muses to the ear of kings.
 Say, great patricians! since yourselves inspire
 These wond'rous works (so Jove and Fate require)
 Say, for what cause, in vain decry'd and curst,
 Still——

The DUNCIAD, sic MS. It may well be disputed whether this be a right reading: Ought it not rather to be spelled *Dunceiad*, as the etymology evidently demands? *Dunce* with an *e*, therefore *Dunceiad* with an *e*. That accurate and punctual man of letters, the restorer of *Shakspeare*, constantly observes the preservation of this very letter *e*, in spelling the name of his beloved author, and not like his common careless editors, with the omission of one, nay sometimes of two *ee*'s (as *Shakspear*) which is utterly unpardonable. "Nor is the neglect of a *single letter* so trivial as to some it may appear: the alteration whereof in a learned language is an achievement that brings honour to the critic who advances it; and Dr. Bentley will be remembered to posterity for his performances of this sort, as long as the world shall have any esteem for the remains of Menander and Philemon." THEOBALD.

This poem was written in the year 1726. In the next year an imperfect edition was published at Dublin, and reprinted at London in twelves; another at Dublin, and another at London in octavo; and three others in twelves the same year. But there was no perfect edition before that of London in quarto; which was attended with

You by whose care, in vain decry'd, and curst, 5
Still Duncce the second reigns like Duncce the first ;
Say,

with notes. We are willing to acquaint posterity, that this poem was presented to King George the Second and his Queen, by the hands of Sir Robert Walpole, on the 12th of March 1728-9.

SCHOL. VET.

It was expressly confessed in the preface to the first edition, that this poem was not published by the author himself. It was printed originally in a foreign country. And what foreign country ? Why, one notorious for blunders ; where finding blanks only instead of proper names, these blunderers filled them up at their pleasure.

The very *hero* of the poem hath been mistaken to this hour ; so that we are obliged to open our notes with a discovery who he really was. We learn from the former editor, that this piece was presented by the hands of Sir Robert Walpole to King George II. Now the author directly tells us, his hero is the man

—————“ who brings

The Smithfield muses to the ear of kings.”

And it is notorious who was the person on whom this prince conferred the honour of the *laurel*.

It appears as plainly from the *apostrophe* to the *great* in the third verse, that Tibbald could not be the person, who was never an author in fashion, or caressed by the great : whereas this single characteristic is sufficient to point out the true hero ; who, above all other poets of his time, was the *peculiar delight* and *chosen companion* of the nobility of England ; and wrote, as he himself tells us, certain of his works at the *earnest desire of persons of quality*.

Lastly, The sixth verse affords full proof ; this poet being the only one who was universally known to have had a *son* so exactly like him, in his political, theatrical, political, and moral capacities, that it could justly be said of him,

“ Still Duncce the second reigns like Duncce the first.”

BENTLEY.

VER. I. *The mighty mother and her son, &c.*] The reader ought here to be cautioned, that the *mother*, and not the *son*, is the principal agent in this poem : the latter of them is only chosen as her colleague, (as was anciently the custom in Rome before some great expedition,) the main action of the poem being by no means the coronation of the laureate, which is performed in the very first book, but the restoration of the empire of Dulness in Britain, which is not accomplished till the last.

WARBURTON.

Say, how the goddess bade Britannia sleep,
And pour'd her spirit o'er the land and deep.

In eldest time, ere mortals writ or read,
Ere Pallas issu'd from the thund'rer's head, 10
Dulness

VER. 1. *her son, who brings, &c.*] Wonderful is the stupidity of all the former critics and commentators on this work! It breaks forth at the very first line. The author of the critique prefixed to *Sowney*, a poem, p. 5. hath been so dull as to explain *the man who brings, &c.* not of the hero of the piece, but of our poet himself, as if he vaunted that *kings* were to be his readers; an honour, which, though this poem hath had, yet knoweth he how to receive it with more modesty.

We remit this ignorant to the first lines of the *Æneid*, assuring him that Virgil there speaketh not of himself, but of *Æneis* :

"Arma virumque cano, Trojæ qui primus ab oris
Italiam, fato profugus, Lavinaque venit
Littora: multum ille et terris jactatus et alto," &c.

I cite the whole three verses, that I may by the way offer a *conjectural emendation*, purely my own, upon each: First, *oris* should be read *aris*, it being, as we see, *Æn.* ii. 513. from the altar of *Jupiter Herceus* that *Æneas* fled as soon as he saw *Priam* slain. In the second line I would read *statu* for *fato*, since it is most clear it was by *winds* that he arrived at the *shore* of Italy. *Jactatus*, in the third, is surely as improperly applied to *terris* as proper to *alto*; to say a man is *tost on land*, is much at one with saying *he walks at sea*: *Risum teneatis, amici?* Correct it, as I doubt not it ought to be, *vexatus*. SCRIBLERUS.

VER. 2. *The Smithfield muses*] *Smithfield* is the place where Bartholomew fair was kept, whose shews, machines, and dramatical entertainments, formerly agreeable only to the taste of the rabble, were, by the hero of this poem, and others of equal genius, brought to the theatres of Covent Garden, Lincoln's-inn-fields, and the Haymarket, to be the reigning pleasures of the court and town. This happened in the reigns of King George I. and II. See Book iii.

WARBURTON.

VER. 6.] Alluding to a verse of Mr. Dryden, not in *MacFleckno* (as is said ignorantly in the Key to the *Dunciad*, p. 1.) but in his verses to Mr. Congreve,

"And Tom the second reigns like Tom the first."

Dulness o'er all possess'd her ancient right,
 Daughter of Chaos and eternal Night :
 Fate in their dotage this fair idiot gave,
 Gross as her sire, and as her mother grave,
 Laborious, heavy, busy, bold, and blind, 15
 She rul'd, in native anarchy, the mind.

Still her old empire to restore she tries,
 For, born a goddess, Dulness never dies.

O thou ! whatever title please thine ear,
 Dean, Drapier, Bickerstaff, or Gulliver ! 20
 Whether thou chuse Cervantes' serious air,
 Or laugh and shake in Rab'lais' easy chair,
 Or praise the court, or magnify mankind,
 Or thy griev'd country's copper chains unbind ;
 From thy Bæotia tho' her pow'r retires, 25
 Mourn not, my SWIFT ! at ought our realm acquires.

Here

VER. 12. *Daughter of Chaos, &c.*] The beauty of the whole allegory being purely of the poetical kind, we think it not our proper business, as a scholiast, to meddle with it : but leave it (as we shall in general all such) to the reader; remarking only that *Chaos* (according to *Hesiod's* *Θεογονία*) was the progenitor of all the Gods.

SCRIBLERUS.

After ver. 22. in the MS.

Or in the graver gown instruct mankind,
 Or silent let thy morals tell thy mind.

But this was to be understood, as the poet says, *ironicè*, like the 23d verse

VER. 23. *Or praise the court, or magnify mankind,*] *Ironicè*, alluding to *Gulliver's* representations of both.—The next line relates to the papers of the *Drapier* against the currency of *Wood's* copper coin in *Ireland*, which, upon the great discontent of the people, His Majesty was graciously pleased to recal.

WARBURTON.

Here pleas'd behold her mighty wings outspread
To hatch a new Saturnian age of lead.

Close to those walls where folly holds her throne,
And laughs to think Monroe would take her down,
Where o'er the gates, by his fam'd father's hand, 31
Great Cibber's brazen, brainless brothers stand ;
One cell there is, conceal'd from vulgar eye,
The cave of Poverty and Poetry.
Keen, hollow winds howl thro' the bleak recess,
Emblem of music caus'd by emptiness. 36

Hence

VER. 29. *Close to those walls, &c.*] In the former edit. thus,

Where wave the tatter'd ensigns of Rag-fair,
A yawning ruin hangs and nods in air ;
Keen, hollow winds howl through the bleak recess,
Emblem of music caus'd by emptiness ;
Here in one bed two shiv'ring sisters lie,
The cave of poverty and poetry.

Var. *Where wave the tatter'd ensigns of Rag-fair,*] *Rag-fair* is a place near the *Tower of London*, where old clothes and frippery are sold.

WARBURTON.

VER. 31. *By his fam'd father's hand,*] Mr. Caius-Gabriel Cibber, father of the poet laureate. The two statues of the lunatics over the gates of Bedlam-hospital were done by him, and (as the son justly says of them) are no ill monuments of his fame as an artist.

WARBURTON.

VER. 34. *Poverty and Poetry.*] I cannot here omit a remark that will greatly endear our author to every one, who shall attentively observe that humanity and candor, which every where appears in him towards those unhappy objects of the ridicule of all mankind, the bad poets. He here imputes all scandalous rhymes, scurrilous weekly papers, base flatteries, wretched elegies, songs, and verses, (even from those sung at court, to ballads in the streets,) not so much to malice or servility, as to dulness ; and not so much to dulness, as to necessity. And thus, at the very commencement of his satire, makes an apology for all that are to be satirized.

WARBURTON.

Hence bards, like Proteus long in vain ty'd down,
Escape in monsters, and amaze the town.

Hence miscellanies spring, the weekly boast
Of Curl's chaste press, and Lintot's rubric post :

Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lines, 41

Hence Journals, Medleys, Merc'ries, MAGAZINES :
Sepulchral lies, our holy walls to grace,

And New-year odes, and all the Grub-street race.

In

VER. 40. *Curl's chaste press, and Lintot's rubric post :*] Two booksellers, of whom see Book ii. The former was fined by the Court of King's Bench for publishing obscene books; the latter usually adorned his shop with titles in red letters. WARBURTON.

VER. 41. In the former edit.

Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lay,
Hence the soft sing-song on Cecilia's day.

VER. 41. *Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lines,*] It is an ancient English custom, for the malefactors to sing a psalm at their execution at Tyburn; and no less customary to print elegies on their deaths, at the same time, or before. WARBURTON.

VER. 42. Alludes to the annual songs composed to music on St. Cecilia's feast. WARBURTON.

VER. 42. *MAGAZINES :*] The common names of those monstrous collections in prose and verse; where dulness assumes all the various shapes of folly to draw in and cajole the rabble. The eruption of every miserable scribbler; the dirty scum of every stagnant newspaper; the rags of worn-out nonsense and scandal, picked up from every dunghill; under the title of *Essays, Reflections, Queries, Songs, Epigrams, Riddles, &c.* equally the disgrace of wit, morality, and common sense. POPE. *

VER. 43. *Sepulchral lies,*] Is a just satire on the flatteries and falsehoods admitted to be inscribed on the walls of churches, in epitaphs; which occasioned the following epigram :

" FRIEND ! in your epitaphs, I'm griev'd
So very much is said :
One half will never be believ'd,
The other never read."

In clouded majesty here Dulness shone ; 45
 Four guardian virtues, round, support her throne :
 Fierce champion Fortitude, that knows no fears
 Of hisses, blows, or want, or loss of ears :
 Calm Temperance, whose blessings those partake
 Who hunger and who thirst for scribbling sake : 50
 Prudence, whose glass presents th' approaching jail :
 Poetic justice, with her lifted scale,
 Where, in nice balance, truth with gold she weighs,
 And solid pudding against empty praise.
 Here she beholds the chaos dark and deep, 55
 Where nameless somethings in their causes sleep,
 Till genial Jacob, or a warm third day,
 Call forth each mass, a poem, or a play :

How

VER. 44. *New-year odes,*] Made by the Poet Laureate for the time being, to be sung at court on every New-year's day, the words of which are happily drowned in the voices and instruments.

WARBURTON.

VER. 50. *Who hunger and who thirst, &c.*] "This is an allusion to a text in scripture, which shews, in Mr. Pope, a deligit in prophaneness," said Curl upon this place. But it is very familiar with Shakespear to allude to passages of scripture. Out of a great number I will select a few, in which he not only alludes to, but quotes, the very text from holy writ. In All's well that ends well, *I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, I have not much skill in grass.* Ibid. *They are for the flowery way that leads to the broad gate and the great fire,* Matt. vii. 13. In Much ado about nothing, *All, all, and moreover God saw him when he was bid in the garden,* Gen. iii. 8. (in a very jocose scene). In Love's Labour lost, he talks of Sampson carrying the gates on his back ; in the Merry Wives of Windsor, of Goliath and the weaver's beam ; and in Henry IV. Falstaff's soldiers are compared to Lazarus and the prodigal son — The first part of this note is Mr. CURL's, the rest is Mr. Theobald's, Appendix to Shakespear restor'd, p. 144.

WARBURTON.

How hints, like spawn, scarce quick in embryo lie,
 How new-born nonsense first is taught to cry, 60
 Maggots half-form'd in rhyme exactly meet,
 And learn to crawl upon poetic feet.
 Here one poor word an hundred clenches makes,
 And ductile Dulness new meanders takes ;
 There motley images her fancy strike, 65
 Figures ill pair'd, and similies unlike.
 She sees a mob of metaphors advance,
 Pleas'd with the madness of the mazy dance !

How

VER. 55. *Here she beholds the chaos dark and deep,
 Where nameless somethings, &c.*

That is to say, unform'd things, which are either made into poems or plays, as the booksellers or the players bid most. These lines allude to the following in Garth's *Dispensary*, Cant. vi.

" Within the chambers of the globe they spy
 The beds where sleeping vegetables lie,
 Till the glad summons of a genial ray
 Unbinds the glebe, and calls them out to day."

WARBURTON.

VER 63. *Here one poor word an hundred clenches makes.*] It may not be amiss to give an instance or two of these operations of *Dulness* out of the works of her sons, celebrated in the poem. A great critic formerly held these clenches in such abhorrence, that he declared, " he that would pun, would pick a pocket." Yet Mr. Dennis's works afford us notable examples in this kind ; " *Alexander Pope* hath sent abroad into the world as many *bulls* as his namesake *Pope Alexander*.—Let us take the initial and final letters of his name, *A. P—E*, and they give you the idea of an *Ape*.—*Pope* comes from the Latin word *Popa*, which signifies a little wart : or from *poppysma*, because he was continually *popping* out squibs of wit, or rather *Popysmata* or *Popysmus*."—DENNIS on *Hom.* and *Daily Journal*, June 11, 1728. POPE.

VER. 64. *And ductile Dulness, &c.*] A parody on a verse in Garth, Cant. i.

" How ductile matter new meanders takes."

WARBURTON.

How Tragedy and Comedy embrace ;
 How Farce and Epic get a 'umbled race ; 70
 How Time himself stands still at her command,
 Realms shift their place, and Ocean turns to land.
 Here gay Description Egypt glads with show'rs,
 Or gives to Zembla fruits, to Barca flow'rs ;
 Glitt'ring with ice here hoary hills are seen, 75
 There painted vallies of eternal green,
 In cold December fragrant chaplets blow,
 And heavy harvests nod beneath the snow.

All these, and more, the cloud-compelling queen
 Beholds thro' fogs, that magnify the scene. 80
 She, tinsel'd o'er in robes of varying hues,
 With self-applause her wild creation views ;
 Sees momentary monsters rise and fall,
 And with her own fools-colours gilds them all.

'Twas

VER. 70, &c. *How Farce and Epic—How Time himself, &c.*] Allude to the transgressions of the *Unities* in the plays of such poets. For the miracles wrought upon *Time* and *Place*, and the mixture of Tragedy and Comedy, Farce and Epic, see Pluto and Proserpine, Penelope, &c. if yet extant. WARBURTON.

VER. 73. *Egypt glads with show'rs,*] In the Lower Egypt rain is of no use, the overflowing of the Nile being sufficient to impregnate the soil.—These six verses represent the inconsistencies in the descriptions of poets, who heap together all glittering and gaudy images, though incompatible in one season, or in one scene.

See the Guardian, No. 40. parag. 6. See also *Eusden's* whole works, if to be found. It would not have been unpleasant to have given examples of all these species of bad writing from these authors, but that it is already done in our Treatise of the *Batbos*.

SCRIBLERUS.

VER. 79. *The cloud-compelling Queen*] From Homer's epithet of Jupiter, *νεφελιγιστέρα Ζεύς*. WARBURTON.

'Twas on the day, when * * rich and grave, 85
 Like Cimon, triumph'd both on land and wave :
 (Pomps without guilt, of bloodless swords and maces,
 Glad chains, warm furs, broad banners, and broad
 faces)

Now night descending, the proud scene was o'er,
 But liv'd in Settle's numbers, one day more. 90

Nov*

VER. 85 in the former editions,

'Twas on the day when Thorold, rich and grave.

Sir George Thorold, Lord Mayor of London in the year 1720.

WARBURTON.

VER. 85, 86. *'Twas on the day when * * rich and grave, like Cimon triumph'd]* Viz. a Lord Mayor's Day, his name the author had left in blanks, but most certainly could never be that which the Editor foisted in formerly, and which no way agrees with the chronology of the poem.

BENTLEY.

The procession of a Lord Mayor is made partly by land, and partly by water.—Cimon, the famous Athenian general, obtained a victory by sea, and another by land, on the same day, over the Persians and Barbarians.

WARBURTON.

VER. 88. *Glad chains,*] The ignorance of these moderns! This was altered in one edition to *gold chains*, shewing more regard to the metal of which the chains of aldermen are made, than to the beauty of the Latinism and Græcism, nay of figurative speech itself: *Latas segetes*, glad, for making glad, &c.

SCRIBLERUS.

VER. 90. *But liv'd, in Settle's numbers, one day more.]* A beautiful manner of speaking, usual with poets in praise of poetry, in which kind nothing is finer than those lines of Mr. Addison :

" Sometimes, misguided by the tuneful throng,
 I look for streams immortaliz'd in song,
 That lost in silence and oblivion lie,
 Dumb are their fountains, and their channels dry;
 Yet run for ever by the Muses' skill,
 And in the smooth description murmur still."

WARBURTON.

Ibid. *But liv'd, in Settle's numbers, one day more.]* Settle was poet to the city of London. His office was to compose yearly panegyrics

Now may'rs and shrieves all hush'd and satiate lay,
Yet eat, in dreams, the custard of the day ;

While pensive poets painful vigils keep,
Sleepless themselves to give their readers sleep.

Much to the mindful queen the feast recalls 95

What city swans once sung within the walls ;

Much she revolves their arts, their ancient praise,
And sure succession down from Heywood's days.

She saw, with joy, the line immortal run,

Each sire imprest and glaring in his son : 100

So watchful Bruin forms, with plastic care,

Each growing lump, and brings it to a bear.

She saw old Pryn in restless Daniel shine,

And Eusden eke out Blackmore's endless line ;

She

panegyrics upon the Lord Mayors, and verses to be spoken in the Pageants : but that part of the shows being at length frugally abolished, the employment of City-poet ceased ; so that upon Settle's demise there was no successor to that place.

WARBURTON.

VER. 98. *John Heywood*, whose Interludes were printed in the time of Henry VIII.

WARBURTON.

VER. 104. *And Eusden eke out, &c.*] Laurence Eusden, Poet Laureate. Mr. Jacob gives a catalogue of some few only of his works, which were very numerous. Mr. Cook, in his *Battle of Poets*, saith of him,

“ Eusden, a laurel'd bard, by fortune rais'd,

By very few was read, by fewer prais'd.”

Mr. Oldmixon, in his *Arts of Logic and Rhetoric*, p. 413, 414, affirms, “ That of all the Galimatias he ever met with, none comes up to some verses of this poet, which have as much of the Ridiculum and the Fustian in them as can well be jumbled together, and are of that sort of nonsense, which so perfectly confounds all ideas, that there is no distinct one left in the mind.” Further he says

She saw slow Philips creep like Tate's poor page,
And all the mighty mad in Dennis rage. 106

In each she marks her image full exprest,
But chief in BAYS's monster-breeding breast ;

Bays

says of him, " That he hath prophesied his own poetry shall be sweeter than Catullus, Ovid, and Tibullus; but we have little hope of the accomplishment of it, from what he hath lately published." Upon which Mr. Oldmixon has not spared a reflection, " That the putting the laurel on the head of one who writ such verses, will give futurity a very lively idea of the judgment and justice of those who bestow'd it." Ibid. p. 417. But the well-known learning of that noble person, who was then Lord Chamberlain, might have screen'd him from this unmannerly reflection. Nor ought Mr. Oldmixon to complain, so long after, that the laurel would have better become his own brows, or any others: it were more decent to acquiesce in the opinion of the Duke of *Buckingham* upon this matter:

—" In rush'd Eusden, and cry'd, Who shall have it,
But I, the true Laureate, to whom the King gave it?
Apollo begg'd pardon, and granted his claim,
But vow'd that til then he ne'er heard of his name.

Session of Poets.

The same plea might also serve for his successor, Mr. Cibber; and is further strengthened in the following Epigram, made on that occasion:

" In merry Old England it once was a rule,
The King had his poet, and also his fool:
But now we're so frugal, I'd have you to know it,
That Cibber can serve both for fool and for poet."

Of Blackmore, see Book ii. Of Philips, Book i. ver. 262. and Book iii. *prope fin.*

Nahum Tate was Poet Laureate, a cold writer, of no invention; but sometimes translated tolerably, when befriended by Mr. Dryden. In his second part of *Absalom* and *Achitophel* are above two hundred admirable lines together of that great hand, which strongly shew through the insipidity of the rest. Something parallel may be observed of another author here mentioned.

WARBURTON.

VER. 106. *And all the mighty mad in Dennis rage.*] Mr. Theobald, in the *Censor*, vol. ii. N. 33. calls Mr. Dennis by the name of

Bays, form'd by nature stage and town to bless,
And act, and be, a coxcomb with success. 110

Dulness

of Furius. "The modern Furius is to be looked upon as more an object of pity, than of that which he daily provokes, laughter and contempt. Did we really know how much this *poor man* [*I wish that reflection on poverty had been spared*] suffers by being contradicted, or, which is the same thing in effect, by hearing another praised; we should, in compassion, sometimes attend to him with a silent nod, and let him go away with the triumphs of his ill-nature.—*Poor Furius* [*again*] when any of his cotemporaries are spoken well of, quitting the ground of the present dispute, steps back a thousand years to call in the succour of the ancients. His very panegyric is spiteful, and he uses it for the same reason as some ladies do their commendations of a dead beauty, who would never have had their good word, but that a living one happened to be mentioned in their company. His applause is not the tribute of his *heart*, but the sacrifice of his *revenge*," &c. Indeed his pieces against our poet are somewhat of an angry character, and as they are now scarce extant, a taste of his style may be satisfactory to the curious. "A young, squab, short gentleman, whose outward form, though it should be that of downright monkey, would not differ so much from human shape as his unthinking immaterial part does from human understanding.—He is as stupid and as venomous as a hunch-back'd toad.—A book through which folly and ignorance, those brethren so lame and impotent, do ridiculously look very big and very dull, and strut and hobble, cheek by jowl, with their arms on kimbo, being led and supported, and bully-back'd by that blind Hector, Impudence." *Reflect. on the Essay on Criticism*, p. 26. 29, 30.

It would be unjust not to add his reasons for this fury, they are so strong and so coercive: "I regard him (saith he) as an *enemy*, not so much to me, as to my king, to my country, to my religion, and to that liberty which has been the sole felicity of my life. A vagary of fortune, who is sometimes pleased to be frolicksome, and the epidemic *madness of the times* have given him *reputation*, and reputation (as Hobbes says) is *power*, and *that has made him dangerous*. Therefore I look on it as my duty to *King George*, whose faithful subject I am; to my *country*, of which I have appeared a constant lover; to the *laws*, under whose protection I have so long lived; and to the *liberty* of my *country*, more dear to me than life, of which I have now for forty years been a constant assertor, &c. I look upon it as my duty, I say, to do—you shall

Dulness with transport eyes the lively dunce,
Rememb'ring she herself was pertness once.

Now

see what—to pull the lion's skin from this little ass, which popular error has thrown round him; and to shew that this author, who has been lately so much in vogue, has neither sense in his thoughts, nor English in his expressions." DENNIS, Rem. on Hom. p. 2. 91, &c.

Besides these public-spirited reasons, Mr. D. had a private one; which, by his manner of expressing it in p. 92, appears to have been equally strong. He was even in bodily fear of his life from the machinations of the said Mr. P. "The story (says he) is too long to be told, but who would be acquainted with it, may hear it from Mr. Curl, my bookseller.—However, what my reason has suggested to me, that I have with a just confidence said, in defiance of his two clandestine weapons, his *slander* and his *poison*." Which last words of his book plainly discover Mr. D.'s suspicion was that of being *poisoned*, in like manner as Mr. Curl had been before him; of which fact see *A full and true account of a horrid and barbarous revenge, by poison, on the body of Edmund Curl*, printed in 1716, the year antecedent to that wherein these Remarks of Mr. Dennis were published. But what puts it beyond all question, is a passage in a very warm treatise, in which Mr. Dennis was also concerned, price two-pence, called *A true Character of Mr. Pope and his Writings*, printed for S. Popping, 1716: in the tenth page whereof he is said "to have insulted people on those calamities and diseases which he himself gave them, by administering *poison* to them:" and is called (p. 4) "a lurking way-laying coward, and a stabber in the dark." Which (with many other things most lively set forth in that piece) must have rendered him a terror, not to Mr. Dennis only, but to all Christian people. This charitable warning only provoked our incorrigible Poet to write the following Epigram:

Should Dennis publish, you had stabb'd your brother,
Lampoon'd your monarch, or debauch'd your mother;
Say, what revenge on Dennis can be had?
Too dull for laughter, for reply too mad:
On one so poor you cannot take the law;
On one so old your sword you scorn to draw.
Uncag'd then let the harmless monster rage,
Secure in dulness, madness, want, and age.

For the rest; Mr. John Dennis was the son of a sadler, in London, born in 1657. He paid court to Mr. Dryden; and having obtained

Now (shame to Fortune!) an ill run at play
Blank'd his bold visage, and a thin third day:

Swearing

obtained some correspondence with Mr. Wycherley and Mr. Congreve, he immediately obliged the public with their letters. He made himself known to the government by many admirable schemes and projects; which the ministry, for reasons best known to themselves, constantly kept private. For his character, as a writer, it is given us as follows: "Mr. Dennis is *excellent* at Pindaric writings, *perfectly regular* in all his performances, and a person of *sound learning*. That he is master of a great deal of *penetration* and *judgment*, his criticisms (particularly on *Prince Arthur*) do sufficiently demonstrate." From the same account it also appears that he writ Plays "more to get *reputation* than *money*." DENNIS of himself. See Giles Jacob's *Lives of Dram. Poets*, p. 68, 69. compared with p. 286. WARBURTON.

VER. 108. *But chief in Bays's, &c.*] In the former Editions thus:

But chief, in Tibbald's monster-breeding-breast;
Sees Gods with Demons in strange league engage,
And earth, and heav'n, and hell, her battles wage.
She ey'd the Bard, where supperless he sate,
And pin'd, unconscious of his rising fate;
Studious he sate, with all his books around,
Sinking from thought to thought, &c.

Var. *Tibbald*] Author of a pamphlet intitled, *Shakespear restor'd*. During two whole years, while Mr. Pope was preparing his edition of Shakespear, he published advertisements, requesting assistance and promising satisfaction to any who could contribute to its greater perfection. But this Restorer, who was at that time soliciting favours of him by letters, did wholly conceal his design, till after its publication: (which he was since not ashamed to own, in a *Daily Journal* of Nov. 26, 1728.) And then an outcry was made in the prints, that our Author had joined with the Bookseller to raise an *extravagant subscription*; in which he had no share, of which he had no knowledge, and against which he had publicly advertised in his own proposals for *Homer*. Probably that proceeding elevated *Tibbald* to the dignity he holds in this Poem, which he seems to deserve no other way better than his brethren; unless we impute it to the share he had in the Journals, cited among the *Testimonies of Authors* prefixed to this work.

WARBURTON.

Swearing and supperless the hero sate, 115
 Blasphem'd his gods, the dice, and damn'd his fate.
 Then gnaw'd his pen, then dash'd it on the ground,
 Sinking from thought to thought, a vast profound!
 Plung'd for his sense, but found no bottom there,
 Yet wrote and flounder'd on, in mere despair. 120
 Round him much embryo, much abortion lay,
 Much future ode, and abdicated play ;

Nonsense

VER. 109. *Bay's, form'd by nature, &c.*] It is hoped the Poet here hath done full justice to his hero's character, which it were a great mistake to imagine was wholly sunk in stupidity: he is allowed to have supported it with a wonderful mixture of vivacity. This character is heightened according to his own desire, in a letter he wrote to our author: "Pert and dull at least you might have allowed me. What! am I only to be dull, and dull still, and again, and for ever?" He then solemnly appealed to his own conscience, "that he could not think himself so, nor believe that our Poet did; but that he spoke worse of him than he could possibly think; and concluded it must be merely to show his *wit*, or for some *profit* or *lucre* to himself." Life of C. C. chap. vii. and Letter to Mr. P. pag. 15. 40. 53. And to show his claim to what the Poet was so unwilling to allow him, of being *pert* as well as *dull*, he declares he will have the *last word*: which occasioned the following Epigram:

Quoth Cibber to Pope, Tho' in verse you foreclose,
 I'll have the last word; for, by G—, I'll write prose.
 Poor Colly, thy reas'ning is none of the strongest,
 For know, the last word is the word that lasts longest.

WARBURTON.

VER. 121. *Round him much embryo, &c.*] In the former editions thus,

He roll'd his eyes that witness'd huge dismay,
 Where yet unpawn'd, much learned lumber lay;
 Volumes, whose size the space exactly fill'd,
 Or which fond authors were so good to gild,
 Or where, by sculpture made for ever known,
 The page admires new beauties not its own.
 Here swells the shelf, &c. —

WARBURTON.

Var.

Nonsense precipitate, like running lead,
 That slipp'd thro' cracks and zig-zags of the head;
 All that on folly frenzy could beget, 125
 Fruits of dull heat, and sooterkins of wit.
 Next, o'er his books his eyes began to roll,
 In pleasing memory of all he stole,
 How here he sipp'd, how there he plunder'd snug,
 And suck'd all o'er, like an industrious bug. 130
 Here lay poor Fletcher's half-eat scenes; and here
 The frippery of crucify'd Moliere;
 There hapless Shakespear, yet of Tibbald sore,
 Wish'd he had blotted for himself before.

The

Var. *He roll'd his eyes that witness'd huge dismay,*

———"round he throws his eyes,

That witness'd huge affliction and dismay." MILT. b. i.

The progress of a bad poet in his thoughts being (like the progress of the devil in Milton) through a *Cbaos*, might probably suggest this imitation. WARBURTON.

VER. 131. *poor Fletcher's half-eat scenes,*] A great number of them taken out to patch up his plays. WARBURTON.

VER. 132. *The frippery*] "When I fitted up an old play, it was as a good housewife will mend old linen, when she has not better employment." Life, p. 217, octavo. WARBURTON.

VER. 133. *hapless Shakespear, &c.*] It is not to be doubted but Bays was a subscriber to Tibbald's Shakespear. He was frequently liberal this way: and, as he tells us, "subscribed to Mr. Pope's Homer, out of pure generosity and civility; but when Mr. Pope did so to his Nonjuror, he concluded it could be nothing but a joke." Letter to Mr. P. p. 24.

This Tibbald, or Theobald, published an edition of Shakespear, of which he was so proud himself as to say, in one of *Mist's Journals*, June 8, "That to expose any errors in it was impracticable." And in another, April 27, "That whatever care might for the future be taken by any other Editor, he would still give above five hundred emendations, that *shall* escape them all."

WARBURTON.

The rest on out-side merit but presume, 135
 Or serve (like other fools) to fill a room ;
 Such with their shelves as due proportion hold,
 Or their fond parents drest in red and gold ;
 Or where the pictures for the page atone,
 And Quarles is sav'd by beauties not his own. 140
 Here swells the shelf with Ogilby the great ;
 There, stamp'd with arms, Newcastle shines complete :
 Here all his suff'ring brotherhood retire,
 And 'scape the martyrdom of jakes and fire :
 A Gothic library ! of Greece and Rome 145
 Well purg'd, and worthy Settle, Banks, and Brome.
 But,

VER. 134. *Wish'd he had blotted*] It was a ridiculous praise which the players gave to Shakespear, "that he never blotted a line." Ben Johnson honestly wished he had blotted a thousand; and Shakespear would certainly have wished the same, if he had lived to see those alterations in his works, which, not the actors only (and especially the daring hero of this poem) have made on the stage, but the presumptuous critics of our days in their *editions*.

WARBURTON.

VER. 135. *The rest on out-side merit, &c.*] This library is divided into three parts; the first consists of those authors from whom he stole, and whose works he mangled; the second, of such as fitted the shelves, or were gilded for shew, or adorned with pictures; the third class our author calls solid learning, old bodies of divinity, old commentaries, old English printers, or old English translations; all very voluminous, and fit to erect altars to dulness.

WARBURTON.

VER. 141. *Ogilby the great*;) "John Ogilby was one who, from a late initiation into literature, made such a progress as might well style him the prodigy of his time! sending into the world so many *large volumes*! His translations of Homer and Virgil *done to the life*, and *with such excellent sculptures*: And (what added great grace to his works) he printed them all on *special good paper*, and in a *very good letter*." WINSTANLY, *Lives of Poets*.

WARBURTON.

But, high above, more solid learning shone,
 The classics of an age that heard of none ;
 There Caxton slept, with Wynkyn at his side,
 One clasp'd in wood, and one in strong cow-hide ;
There,

VER. 146. In the first edit. it was,

Well purg'd, and worthy W—y, W—s, and Bl—
 And in the following altered to Withers, Quarles, and Blome, on which was the following note :

It was printed in the surreptitious editions, *Westly, Watts*, who were persons eminent for good life: the one writ the life of Christ in verse, the other some valuable pieces in the lyric kind on pious subjects. The line is here restored according to its original.

"*George Withers* was a great pretender to poetical zeal against the vices of the times, and abused the greatest personages in power, which brought upon him frequent correction. *The Maribalsea* and *Newgate* were no strangers to him." WINSTANLY.

Quarles was as dull a writer, but an honest man. *Blome's* books are remarkable for their cuts.

VER. 146. *worthy Settle, Banks, and Broome.*] The poet has mentioned these three authors in particular, as they are parallel to our hero in his three capacities: 1. *Settle* was his brother laureate; only indeed upon half-pay, for the city instead of the court; but equally famous for unintelligible flights in his poems on public occasions, such as shows, birth-days, &c. 2. *Banks* was his rival in tragedy (tho' more successful) in one of his tragedies, the *Earl of Essex*, which is yet alive: *Anna Boleyn*, the *Queen of Scots*, and *Cyrus the Great*, are dead and gone. These he drest in a sort of *beggar's velvet*, or a happy mixture of the *thick fustian*, and *thin prosaic*; exactly imitated in *Perolla and Isidora*, *Cæsar in Egypt*, and the *Heroic Daughter*. 3. *Broome* was a serving man of Ben Jonson, who once picked up a comedy from his betters, or from some cast scenes of his master, not entirely contemptible.

WARBURTON.

VER. 149. *Caxton*] A printer in the time of Edw. IV. Rich. III. and Hen. VII. Wynkyn de Word, his successor, in that of Hen. VII. and VIII. The former, whom Bale intitles, *Vir non omnino stupidus*, translated into prose, Virgil's *Æneis*, as a history; of which he speaks, in his Proeme, in a very singular manner, as of a book hardly known. "Happened that to my hande cam a lytyl book in frenche, whiche late was translated out of latyn by some noble clerke of fraunce, whiche booke is named *Eneydos*, (made in latyne

There, sav'd by spice, like mummies, many a year,
 Dry bodies of divinity appear : 152
 De Lyra there a dreadful front extends,
 And here the groaning shelves Philemon bends.

Of these twelve volumes, twelve of amplest size,
 Redeem'd from tapers and defrauded pies, 156
 Inspir'd he seizes : These an altar raise :
 An hecatomb of pure, unsully'd lays
 That altar crowns : A folio common-place
 Founds the whole pile, of all his works the base :
 Quartos, octavos, shape the less'ning pyre ; 161
 A twisted birth-day ode completes the spire.

Then

latyne by that noble poete & grete clerk Vyrgyle): whiche booke I sawe over and redde therein, How after the generall destruccyon of the grete Troy, Eneas departed berynge his old fader anchises upon his sholdres, his lytyl son yolas on his hande, his wyfe with moche other people followynge, and how he shipped and departed ; wythe all thystorye of his adventures that he had er he came to the atchievement of his conquest of ytalie, as all alonge shall be shewed in this present booke. In which booke I had grete playsyr, by cause of the fayr and honest termes & wordes in frenche, whiche I never sawe to fore lyke, ne none so playsaunt ne so well ordred ; whiche booke as me semed sholde be moch requysite to noble men to see, as wel for the eloquence as the hystories. How wel that many hondred yerys passed was the sayd booke of Eneydos wyth other workes made and lerned dayly in scolis, especyally in ytalie and other places, whiche hystorye the sayd Vyrgyle made in metre." *Tibbald* quotes a rare passage from him in *Mist's Journal of March 16, 1728*, concerning a *straunge and meroylleuse beaste called Sagittarye*, which he would have *Shakespeare* to mean rather than *Teucer*, the archer celebrated by *Homer*. **WARBURTON.**

VER. 154.] *Philemon Holland*, Doctor in Physic. "He translated so many books, that a man would think he had done nothing else; insomuch that he might be called translator general of his age. The books alone of his turning into English are sufficient to make a country gentleman a complete library." **WINSTANLY.**

WARBURTON.

Then he : Great Tamer of all human art !
 First in my care, and ever at my heart ;
 Dulness ! whose good old cause I yet defend, 165
 With whom my muse began, with whom shall end,
 E'er since Sir Fopling's periwig was praise,
 To the last honours of the butt and bays :
 O thou ! of bus'ness the directing soul !
 To this our head like byass to the bowl, 170
 Which, as more pond'rous, made its aim more true,
 Obliquely wadling to the mark in view :
 O ! ever gracious to perplex'd mankind,
 Still spread a healing mist before the mind ;

And,

VER. 162. *A twisted, &c.*] In the former edit.

And last, a little Ajax tips the spire. WARBURTON.

. Var. *a little Ajax*] In *duodecimo*, translated from Sophocles by Tibbald. WARBURTON.

VER. 167. *E'er since Sir Fopling's periwig*] The first visible cause of the passion of the town for our hero, was a fair flaxen full-bottom'd periwig, which, he tells us, he wore in his first play of the *Fool in Fashion*. It attracted, in a particular manner, the friendship of Col. Brett, who wanted to purchase it. "Whatever contempt (says he) philosophers may have for a fine periwig, my friend, who was not to despise the world, but to live in it, knew very well that so material an article of dress upon the head of a man of sense, if it became him, could never fail of drawing to him a more partial regard and benevolence, than could possibly be hoped for in an ill-made one. This, perhaps, may soften the grave censure, which so youthful a purchase might otherwise have laid upon him. In a word, he made his attack upon this periwig, as your young fellows generally do upon a lady of pleasure, first by a few familiar praises of her person, and then a civil inquiry into the price of it ; and we finished our bargain that night over a bottle." See *Life*, octavo, p. 303. This remarkable periwig usually made its entrance upon the stage in a sedan, brought in by two chairmen, with infinite approbation of the audience. WARBURTON.

And, lest we err by wit's wild dancing light, 175
 Secure us kindly in our native night.
 Or, if to wit a coxcomb make pretence,
 Guard the sure barrier between that and sense ;
 Or quite unravel all the reas'ning thread,
 And hang some curious cobweb in its stead ! 180
 As,

VER. 177. *Or, if to wit, &c.*] In the former edit.

Ah! still o'er Britain stretch that peaceful wand,
 Which lulls th' Helvetian and Batavian land ;
 Where rebel to thy throne if science rise,
 She does but shew her coward face and dies :
 There thy good scholiasts with unweary'd pains,
 Make Horace flat, and humble Maro's strains :
 Here studious I unlucky modern save,
 Nor sleeps one error in its father's grave,
 Old puns restore, lost blunders nicely seek,
 And crucify poor Shakespear once a week.
 For thee supplying, in the worst of days,
 Notes to dull books, and prologues to dull plays ;
 Not that my quill to critics was confin'd,
 My verse gave ampler lessons to mankind :
 So gravest precepts may successful prove,
 But sad examples never fail to move.
 As, forc'd from wind-guns, &c.

WARBURTON.

Var. *And crucify poor Shakespear once a week.*] For some time, once a week or fortnight, he printed in *Mist's Journal* a single remark or poor conjecture on some *word* or *pointing* of *Shakespear*, either in his own name, or in letters to himself as from others without name. Upon these somebody made this epigram :

" 'Tis gen'rous, Tibbald! in thee and thy brothers,
 To help us thus to read the works of others :
 Never for this can just returns be shown ;
 For who will help us e'er to read thy own ?" WARBURTON.

Var. *Notes to dull books, and prologues to dull plays ;*] As to *Cook's Hesiod*, where sometimes a note, and sometimes even *half* a note, are carefully owned by him : and to *Moore's comedy* of the *Rival Modes*, and other authors of the same rank : These were people who writ about the year 1726.

WARBURTON

As, forc'd from wind-guns, lead itself can fly,
 And pond'rous slugs cut swiftly thro' the sky;
 As clocks to weight their nimble motion owe,
 The wheels above urg'd by the load below:
 Me emptiness, and dullness could inspire, 185
 And were my elasticity, and fire.
 Some demon stole my pen (forgive th' offence)
 And once betray'd me into common sense:
 Else all my prose and verse were much the same;
 This, prose on stilts; that, poetry fall'n lame. 190
 Did on the stage my fops appear confin'd?
 My life gave ampler lessons to mankind.
 Did the dead letter unsuccessful prove?
 The brisk example never fail'd to move.
 Yet sure, had Heav'n decreed to save the state, 195
 Heav'n had decreed these works a longer date.
 Could Troy be sav'd by any single hand,
 This grey-goose weapon must have made her stand.
 What can I now? my Fletcher cast aside,
 Take up the bible, once my better guide? 200
 Or

VER. 181. *As, forc'd from wind-guns, &c.*] The thought of these four verses is found in a poem of our author's of a very early date (namely written at fourteen years old, and soon after printed) to the author of a poem called *Successio*. WARBURTON.

VER. 195. *Yet sure, had Heav'n, &c.*] In the former edit.

Had Heav'n decreed such works a longer date,
 Heav'n had decreed to spare the Grubstreet-state.
 But see great Settle to the dust descend,
 And all thy cause and empire at an end!
 Could Troy be sav'd, &c.—

WARBURTON.

Or tread the path by vent'rous heroes trod,
 This box my thunder, this right-hand my God?
 Or chair'd at White's amidst the doctors sit,
 Teach oaths to gamesters, and to nobles wit?
 Or bidst thou rather party to embrace? 205
 (A friend to party thou, and all her race;
 'Tis the same rope at diff'rent ends they twist;
 To Dulness Ridpath is as dear as Mist.)

Shall

VER. 199. *my Fletcher*] A familiar manner of speaking, used by modern critics, of a favourite author. Bays might as justly speak thus of Fletcher, as a French wit did of Tully, seeing his works in a library, "Ah! mon cher Ciceron! je le connois bien; c'est le même que Marc Tulle." But he had a better title to call Fletcher *his own*, having made so free with him. WARBURTON.

VER. 200. *Take up the bible, once my better guide?*] When, according to his father's intention, he had been a *clergyman*, or (as he thinks himself) a *bishop* of the Church of England. Hear his own words: "At the time that the fate of K. James, the Prince of Orange, and myself, were on the anvil, Providence thought fit to postpone mine, 'till theirs were determined: but had my father carried me a month sooner to the university, who knows but that purer fountain might have washed my imperfections into a capacity of writing, instead of plays and annual *odes*, sermons and *pastoral letters*?" Apology for his life, chap. iii. WARBURTON.

VER. 203. *at White's amidst the doctors*] These doctors had a modest and upright appearance, no air of overbearing; but, like true masters of arts, were only habited in *black and white*: they were justly styld *subtiles* and *graves*, but not always *irrefragabiles*, being sometimes examined, and, by a nice distinction, divided and laid open. SCRIBLERUS.

This learned critic is to be understood allegorically: the DOCTORS in this place mean no more than *false dice*, a cant phrase used amongst gamesters. So the meaning of these four sonorous lines is only this, "Shall I play fair, or foul?" POPE.

VER. 208. *Ridpath — Mist.*] George Ridpath, author of a Whig paper, called the Flying Post; Nathaniel Mist, of a famous Tory journal. WARBURTON.

Shall I, like Curtius, desp'rate in my zeal, 209
 O'er head and ears plunge for the common-weal?
 Or rob Rome's ancient geese of all their glories,
 And cackling save the monarchy of tories?
 Hold—to the minister I more incline ;
 To serve his cause, O Queen ! is serving thine.
 And see ! thy very gazetteers give o'er, 215
 Even Ralph repents, and Henley writes no more.

What

VER. 211. *Or rob Rome's ancient geese of all their glories,*] Relates to the well-known story of the geese that saved the capitol; of which Virgil *Æneid.* viii.

" Atque hic auratis volitans argenteus anser
 Porticibus, Gallos in limine adesse canebat."

A passage I have always suspected. Who sees not the antithesis of *auratis* and *argenteus* to be unworthy the Virgilian majesty? And what absurdity to say a goose *sings*? *canebat*. Virgil gives a contrary character of the voice of this silly bird, in *Ecl.* ix.

—" argutos inter strepere anser olores."

Read it, therefore, *adesse strepebat*. And why *auratis porticibus*? does not the very verse preceding this inform us,

" Romuleoque recens horrebat regia culmo."

Is this *thatch* in one line, and *gold* in another, consistent? I scruple not (*repugnantibus omnibus manuscriptis*) to correct it *auritis*. Horace uses the same epithet in the same sense,

—" Auritas fidibus canoris
 Ducere quercus."

And to say that *walls have ears* is common even to a proverb.

SCRIBLERUS.

VER. 213. *Hold—to the minister—*] In the former edit.

Yes, to my country I my pen consign,

Yes, from this moment, mighty Mist ! am thine.

WARBURTON.

VER. 215. *Gazetteers*] A band of ministerial writers, hired at the price mentioned in the note on book ii. ver. 316. who, on the very day their patron quitted his post, laid down their paper, and declared they would never more meddle in politics. WARBURTON.

What then remains? Ourselves. Still, still remain
Cibberian forehead, and Cibberian brain.

This brazen brightness, to the 'squire so dear;
This polish'd hardness, that reflects the peer: 220
This arch absurd, that wit and fool delights;
This mess, toss'd up of Hockley-hole and White's;
Where dukes and butchers join to wreath my crown,
At once the bear and fiddle of the town.

O born in sin, and forth in folly brought! 225
Works damn'd, or to be damn'd! (your father's fault)
Go, purify'd by flames, ascend the sky,
My better and more christian progeny!
Unstain'd, untouch'd, and yet in maiden sheets;
While all your smutty sisters walk the streets. 230
Ye shall not beg, like gratis-given Bland,
Sent with a pass, and vagrant thro' the land;

Nor

VER. 225. *O born in sin, &c.*] In the former edit.

Adieu, my children! better thus expire
Unstall'd, unsold; thus glorious mount in fire,
Fair without spot; than greas'd by grocers hands,
Or shipp'd with Ward to ape-and-monkey lands,
Or wafting ginger, round the streets to run,
And visit ale-house, where ye first begun,
With that he lifted thrice the sparkling brand,
And thrice he dropp'd it, &c. ——— WARBURTON.

Var. *And visit ale-house,*] Waller on the navy,

"Those tow'rs of oak o'er fertile plains may go,
And visit mountains where they once did grow."

WARBURTON.

VER. 225. *O born in sin, &c.*] This is a tender passionate apostrophe to his own works, which he is going to sacrifice, agreeable to the nature of man in great affliction; and reflecting like a parent on the many miserable fates to which they would otherwise be subject.

WARBURTON.

Nor sail with Ward, to ape-and-monkey climes,
 Where vile Mundungus trucks for viler rhymes :
 Not sulphur-tipt, emblaze an alehouse fire ; 235
 Not wrap up oranges, to pelt your sire !
 O ! pass more innocent, in infant state,
 To the mild limbo of our father Tate :
 Or peaceably forgot, at once be blest
 In Shadwell's bosom with eternal rest ! 240
 Soon to that mass of nonsense to return,
 Where things destroy'd are swept to things unborn,
 With that, a tear (portentous sign of grace !)
 Stole from the master of the sev'nfold face :
 And thrice he lifted high the birth-day brand, 245
 And thrice he dropt it from his quiv'ring hand ;
 Then lights the structure with averted eyes :
 The rolling smoke involves the sacrifice.

The

VER. 231. *gratis-given Bland* — *Sent with a pass,*] It was a practice so to give the Daily Gazetteer and ministerial pamphlets (in which this B. was a writer), and to send them *post-free* to all the towns in the kingdom. WARTON.

VER. 233. — *with Ward, to ape-and-monkey climes,*] “ Edward Ward, a very voluminous poet in Hudibrastic verse, but best known by the London Spy, in prose. He has of late years kept a public house in the city, (but in a genteel way,) and with his wit, humour, and good liquor, (ale,) afforded his guests a pleasurable entertainment, especially those of the high-church party.” JACOB, *Lives of Poets*, vol. ii. p. 225. Great numbers of his works were yearly sold into the plantations. — Ward, in a book called *Apollo's Maggot*, declared this account to be a great falsity, protesting that his public house was not in the *city*, but in *Moorfields*.

WARBURTON.

VER. 238—240. *Tate* — *Shadwell*] Two of his predecessors in the laurel. WARBURTON.

The op'ning clouds disclose each work by turns,
 Now flames the Cid, and now Perolla burns; 250
 Great

VER. 250. *Now flames the Cid, &c.*] In the former edit.

Now flames old Memnon, now Rodrigo burns,
 In one quick flash see Proserpine expire,
 And last, his own cold Eschylus took fire.
 Then gush'd the tears, as from the Trojan's eyes,
 When the last blaze, &c.

Var. *Now flames old Memnon, now Rodrigo burns,
 In one quick flash see Proserpine expire.*]

Memnon, a hero in the *Persian Princess*, very apt to take fire, as appears by these lines, with which he begins the play,

"By Heav'n it fires my frozen blood with rage,
 And makes it scald my aged trunk."

Rodrigo, the chief personage of the *Perfidious Brother* (a play written between *Tibbald* and a watch-maker.) The *Rape of Proserpine*, one of the farces of this author, in which *Ceres* setting fire to a corn-field, endangered the burning of the play-house.

WARBURTON.

Var. *And last, his own cold Eschylus took fire.*] He had been (to use an expression of our poet) *about Eschylus* for ten years, and had received subscriptions for the same, but then went *about* other books. The character of this tragic poet is fire and boldness in a high degree, but our author supposes it very much cooled by the translation; upon sight of a specimen of which was made this epigram,

"Alas! poor *Eschylus*! unlucky dog!

Whom once a lobster kill'd, and now a log!"

But this is a grievous error, for *Eschylus* was not slain by the fall of a lobster on his head, but of a tortoise, teste Val. Max. l. ix. cap. 12.

SCRIBLERUS.

VER. 250. *Now flames the Cid, &c.*] In the first notes on the *Dunciad* it was said, that this author was particularly excellent at tragedy. "This (says he) is as unjust as to say I could dance on a rope." But certain it is that he had attempted to dance on this rope, and fell most shamefully, having produced no less than four tragedies, (the names of which the poet preserves in these few lines), the three first of them were fairly printed, acted, and damned; the fourth suppressed in fear of the like treatment.

WARBURTON.

Great Cæsar roars, and hisses in the fires :
 King John in silence modestly expires :
 No merit now the dear Nonjuror claims,
 Moliere's old stubble in a moment flames.
 Tears gush'd again, as from pale Priam's eyes, 255
 When the last blaze sent Ilion to the skies.

Rouz'd by the light, old Dulness heav'd the head,
 Then snatch'd a sheet of Thulè from her bed ;
 Sudden she flies, and whelms it o'er the pyre ;
 Down sink the flames, and with a hiss expire. 260

Her ample presence fills up all the place ;
 A veil of fogs dilates her awful face :
 Great in her charms ! as when on shrieves and may'rs
 She looks, and breathes herself into their airs.
 She bids him wait her to her sacred dome : 265
 Well-pleas'd he enter'd, and confess'd his home.

So,

VER. 253. *the dear Nonjuror—Moliere's old stubble*] A comedy threshed out of Moliere's *Tartuffe*, and so much the translator's favourite, that he assures us all our author's dislike to it could only arise from *disaffection to the government* :

“ Qui meprise Cotin, n'estime point son Roi,
 Et n'a, selon Cotin, ni Dieu, ni foi, ni loi.” BOIL.

He assures us, that “ when he had the honour to kiss His Majesty's hand upon presenting his dedication of it, he was graciously pleased, out of his royal bounty, to order him two hundred pounds for it. And this he doubts not *grieved Mr. P.*”

WARBURTON.

VER. 258. *Thulè*] An unfinished poem of that name, of which one sheet was printed many years ago, by Ambrose Philips, a northern author. It is an usual method of putting out a fire, to cast wet sheets upon it. Some critics have been of opinion that this sheet was of the nature of the asbestos, which cannot be consumed by fire : but I rather think it an allegorical allusion to the coldness and heaviness of the writing.

WARBURTON.

So, spirits ending their terrestrial race,
 Ascend, and recognize their native place.
 This the great mother dearer held than all 269
 The clubs of Quidnuncs, or her own Guildhall :
 Here stood her opium, here she nurs'd her owls,
 And here she plann'd th' imperial seat of fools.
 Here to her chosen all her works she shows ;
 Prose swell'd to verse, verse loit'ring into prose :
 How random thoughts now meaning chance to find,
 Now leave all memory of sense behind : 276
 How prologues into prefaces decay,
 And these to notes are fritter'd quite away :
 How index-learning turns no student pale,
 Yet holds the eel of science by the tail : 280
 How, with less reading than makes felons 'scape,
 Less human genius than God gives an ape,
 Small thanks to France, and none to Rome or Greece,
 A past, vamp'd, future, old, reviv'd, new piece,
 'Twixt Plautus, Fletcher, Shakespear, and Corneille,
 Can make a Cibber, Tibbald, or Ozell. 286
 The

After ver. 268. in the former edit. followed these two lines,

Raptur'd, he gazes round the dear retreat,
 And in sweet numbers celebrates the seat.

Var. *And in sweet numbers celebrates the seat.*] Tibbald writ a poem called the *Cave of Poverty*, which concludes with a very extraordinary wish, "That some great genius, or man of distinguished merit, may be *starved*, in order to celebrate her power, and describe her cave." It was printed in octavo, 1715.

WARBURTON.

VER. 286. *Tibbald,*] Lewis Tibbald (as pronounced), or Theobald (as written), was bred an attorney, and son to an attorney (says

The goddess then, o'er his anointed head,
 With mystic words, the sacred opium shed.
 And lo ! her bird (a monster of a fowl,
 Something betwixt a heideggre and owl)

290
 Perch'd

(says Mr. Jacob) of Sittenburn in Kent. He was author of some forgotten plays, translations, and other pieces. He was concerned in a paper called the Censor, and a translation of Ovid. "There is a notorious ideot, one hight Whachum, who, from an under spur-leather to the law, is become an under-strapper to the playhouse, who hath lately burlesqued the Metamorphoses of Ovid by a vile translation, &c. This fellow is concerned in an impertinent paper called the Censor." DENNIS, Rem. on Pope's Hom. p. 9, 10.

WARBURTON.

Ibid. Ozell.] "Mr. John Ozell (if we credit Mr. Jacob) did go to school in Leicestershire, where *somebody* left him *something* to live on, when he shall retire from business. He was designed to be sent to Cambridge, in order for priesthood; but he chose rather to be placed in an *office of accounts*, in the city, being qualified for the same by his skill in *arithmetic*, and writing the necessary *bands*. He has obliged the world with many translations of French plays." JACOB, *Lives of Dram. Poets*, p. 198.

Mr. Jacob's character of Mr. Ozell seems vastly short of his merits, and he ought to have further justice done him, having since fully confuted all sarcasms on his learning and genius, by an advertisement of Sept. 20, 1729, in a paper called The Weekly Medley, &c. "As to my *learning*, this envious wretch knew, and every body knows, that the *whole bench of Bishops*, not long ago, were pleased to give me a *purse of guineas*, for discovering the erroneous translations of the Common-prayer in Portuguese, Spanish, French, Italian, &c. As for my *genius*, let Mr. Cleland shew better verses in all Pope's works, than Ozell's version of Boileau's Lutrin, which the late Lord Halifax was so pleased with, that he complimented him with leave to dedicate it to him, &c. Let him shew better and truer poetry in the Rape of the Lock, than in Ozell's Rape of the Bucket (*la Secchia rapita*). And Mr. Toland and Mr. Gildon publicly declared Ozell's translation of Homer to be, as it was *prior*, so likewise *superior* to Pope's. Surely, surely, every man is free to deserve well of his country!" JOHN OZELL.

We cannot but subscribe to such reverend testimonies, as those of the *bench of Bishops*, Mr. Toland, and Mr. Gildon.

WARBURTON.

Perch'd on his crown. "All hail! and hail again,
 My son! the promis'd land expects thy reign.
 Know, Eusden thirsts no more for sack or praise;
 He sleeps among the dull of ancient days;
 Safe, where no critics damn, no duns molest, 295
 Where wretched Withers, Ward, and Gildon rest,
 And high-born Howard, more majestic sire,
 With Fool of Quality completes the quire.
 Thou,

VER. 293. *Know, Eusden, &c.*] In the former edit.

Know, Settle, cloy'd with custard and with praise,
 Is gather'd to the dull of ancient days,
 Safe where no critics damn, no duns molest,
 Where Gildon, Banks, and high-born Howard rest.
 I see a king! who leads my chosen sons
 To lands that flow with clenches and with puns:
 Till each fam'd theatre my empire own:
 Till Albion, as Hibernia, bless my throne!
 I see! I see!—Then rapt she spoke no more.
 God save king Tibbald! Grubstreet alleys roar.
 So when Jove's block, &c. WARBURTON.

VER. 290. *a beideggre*] A strange bird from Switzerland, and not (as some have supposed) the name of an eminent person who was a man of parts, and, as was said of Petronius, *Arbiter Elegantiarum*. WARBURTON.

VER. 296. *Withers,*] See on ver. 146.

Ibid. Gildon] Charles Gildon, a writer of criticisms and libels of the last age, bred at St. Omer's with the Jesuits; but renouncing popery, he published Blount's books against the Divinity of Christ, the Oracles of Reason, &c. He signalized himself as a critic, having written some very bad plays; abused Mr. P. very scandalously in an anonymous pamphlet of the life of Mr. Wycherley, printed by Curl; in another, called the New Rehearsal, printed in 1714; in a third, entitled the Complete Art of English Poetry, in two volumes; and others. WARBURTON.

VER. 297. *Howard,*] Hon. Edward Howard, author of the British Princes, and a great number of wonderful pieces, celebrated by the late Earls of Dorset and Rochester, Duke of Buckingham, Mr. Waller, &c. WARBURTON.

Thou, Cibber ! thou, his laurel shalt support,
 Folly, my son, has still a friend at court. 300
 Lift up your gates, ye princes, see him come !
 Sound, sound ye viols, be the cat-call dumb !
 Bring, bring the madding bay, the drunken vine ;
 The creeping, dirty, courtly ivy join.
 And thou, his aid-de-camp, lead on my sons, 305
 Light-arm'd with points, antitheses, and puns.
 Let Bawdry, Billingsgate, my daughters dear,
 Support his front, and Oaths bring up the rear :
 And under his, and under Archer's wing,
 Gaming and Grub-street skulk behind the king. 310
 O ! when shall rise a monarch all our own,
 And I, a nursing mother, rock the throne ;
 'Twixt prince and people close the curtain draw,
 Shade him from light, and cover him from law ;
 Fatten the courtier, starve the learned band, 315
 And suckle armies, and dry-nurse the land :
 Till

VER. 309, 310. *under Archer's wing*,—[Gaming, &c.] When the statute against gaming was drawn up, it was represented, that the King, by ancient custom, plays at hazard one night in the year ; and therefore a clause was inserted, with an exception as to that particular. Under this pretence, the groom-porter had a room appropriated to gaming all the summer the court was at Kensington, which His Majesty accidentally being acquainted of, with a just indignation prohibited. It is reported the same practice is yet continued wherever the court resides, and the hazard table there open to all the professed gamblers in town.

" *Greatest and justest SOV'REIGN*, know you this ?
 Alas ! no more, than *Thames'* calm *bead* can know
 Whose meads his *arms* drown, or whose corn o'erflow."

Donne to Queen Eliz.
 WARBURTON.

Till senates nod to lullabies divine,
And all be sleep, as at an ode of thine."

She ceas'd. Then swells the chapel-royal throat :
God save king Cibber ! mounts in ev'ry note. 320
Familiar White's, God save king Colley ! cries ;
God save king Colley ! Drury-lane replies :
To Needham's quick the voice triumphal rode,
But pious Needham dropt the name of God ;
Back to the Devil the last echoes roll, 325
And Coll ! each butcher roars at Hockley-hole.

So when Jove's block descended from on high,
(As sings thy great forefather Ogilby,)
Loud thunder to its bottom shook the bog, 329
And the hoarse nation croak'd, God save King Log !

VER. 319. *chapel-royal*] The voices and instruments used in the service of the chapel-royal being also employed in the performance of the Birth-day and New-year odes. WARBURTON.

VER. 324. *But pious Needham*] A matron of great fame, and very religious in her way ; whose constant prayer it was, that she might " get enough by her profession to leave it off in time, and make her peace with God." But her fate was not so happy ; for being convicted, and set in the pillory, she was (to the lasting shame of all her great friends and votaries) so ill used by the populace, that it put an end to her days. WARBURTON.

VER. 325. *Back to the Devil*] The Devil tavern in Fleet-street, where these odes are usually rehearsed before they are performed at court. Upon which a wit of those times made this epigram :

" When laureates make odes, do you ask of what sort ?

Do you ask if they're good, or are evil ?

You may judge—From the Devil they come to the court,

And go from the court to the Devil." WARBURTON.

VER. 328. *Ogilby—God save King Log !*] See Ogilby's *Esop's Fables*, where, in the story of the frogs and their king, this excellent hemistic is to be found.

Our

Our author manifests here, and elsewhere, a prodigious tenderness for the *bad writers*. We see he selects the only good passage, perhaps, in all that ever Ogilby writ; which shews how candid and patient a reader he must have been.

But how much all indulgence is lost upon these people may appear from the just reflection made on their constant conduct and constant fate, in the following epigram:

“ Ye little wits, that gleam’d a while,
When Pope vouchsaf’d a ray,
Alas! depriv’d of his kind smile,
How soon ye fade away!

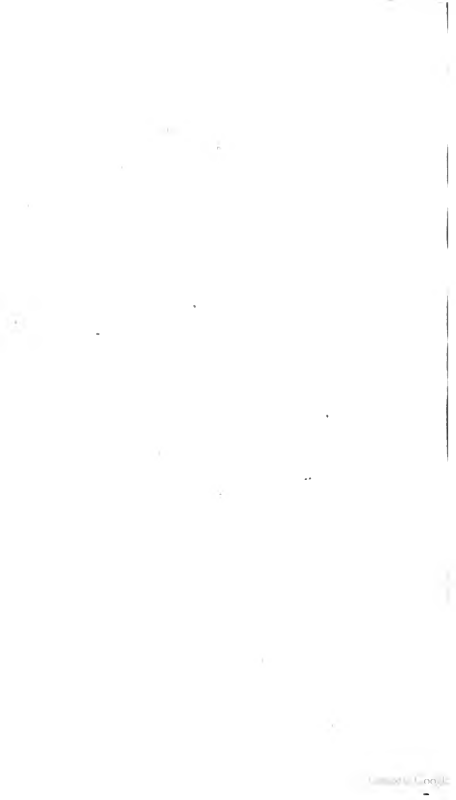
“ To compass Phœbus’ car about,
Thus empty vapours rise;
Each lends his cloud, to put him out,
That rear’d him to the skies.

“ Alas! those skies are not your sphere;
There he shall ever burn:

Weep, weep, and fall! for earth ye were,
And must to earth return.”

WARBURTON.

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK.



THE
D U N C I A D.

BOOK THE SECOND.

ARGUMENT OF THE SECOND BOOK.

THE King being proclaimed, the solemnity is graced with public Games and sports of various kinds ; not instituted by the Hero, as by Æneas in Virgil, but for greater honour by the Goddess in person (in like manner as the games Pythia, Isthmia, &c. were anciently said to be ordained by the Gods, and as Thetis herself appearing, according to Homer, Odys. xxiv. proposed the prizes in honour of her son Achilles). Hither flock the Poets and Critics, attended, as is but just, with their Patrons and Booksellers. The Goddess is first pleased, for her disport, to propose games to the Booksellers, and setteth up the phantom of a Poet, which they contend to overtake. The Races described, with their divers accidents. Next, the game for a Poetess. Then follow the exercises for the Poets, of tickling, vociferating, diving : The first holds forth the arts and practices of Dedicators, the second of Disputants and fustian Poets, the third of profound, dark, and dirty Party-writers. Lastly, for the Critics, the Goddess proposes (with great propriety) an exercise, not of their parts, but their patience, in hearing the works of two voluminous Authors, the one in verse, and the other in prose, deliberately read, without sleeping : The various effects of which, with the several degrees and manners of their operation, are here set forth ; till the whole number, not of Critics only, but of spectators, actors, and all present, fall fast asleep ; which naturally and necessarily ends the games.

B O O K II.

HIGH on a gorgeous seat, that far outshone
 Henley's gilt tub, or Fleckno's Irish throne,
 Or that where on her Curls the public pours,
 All-bounteous, fragrant grains and golden show'rs,
 Great

Two things there are, upon the supposition of which the very basis of all verbal criticism is founded and supported: The first, that an author could never fail to use the *best word* on every occasion; the second, that a critic cannot chuse but know *which that is*. This being granted, whenever any word doth not fully content us, we take upon us to conclude, first, that the author could *never have used it*; and, secondly, that he must have used *that very one*, which we conjecture, in its stead.

We cannot, therefore, enough admire the learned Scriblerus for his alteration of the text in the two last verses of the preceding book, which in all the former editions stood thus:

"Hoarse thunder to its bottom shook the bog,
 And the loud nation croak'd, God save king Log!"

He has, with great judgment, transposed these two epithets; putting *hoarse* to the nation, and *loud* to the thunder: and this being evidently the true reading, he vouchsafed not so much as to mention the former; for which assertion of the just right of a critic, he merits the acknowledgment of all sound commentators.

WARBURTON.

VER. 1. *High on a gorgeous seat,*] Parody of Milton, book ii.

"High on a throne of royal state, that far
 Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
 Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
 Show'rs on her kings Barbaric pearl and gold,
 Satan exalted sate."

WARBURTON.

VER. 2. *Henley's gilt tub,*] The pulpit of a dissenter is usually called a tub; but that of Mr. Orator Henley was covered with velvet,

Great Cibber sate : The proud Parnassian sneer, 5
 The conscious simper, and the jealous leer,
 Mix on his look : All eyes direct their rays
 On him, and crowds turn coxcombs as they gaze.
 His peers shine round him with reflected grace,
 New edge their dulness, and new bronze their face.
 So from the sun's broad beam, in shallow urns 11
 Heav'n's twinkling sparks draw light, and point their
 horns.

Not with more glee, with hands pontific crown'd,
 With scarlet hats wide-waving circled round,

Rome

velvet, and adorned with gold. He had also a fair altar, and over it this extraordinary inscription, *The Primitive Eucharist*. See the history of this person, book iii. WARBURTON.

Ibid. or Fleckno's Irish throne,] Richard Fleckno was an Irish priest, but had laid aside (as himself expressed it) the mechanic part of priesthood. He printed some plays, poems, letters, and travels. I doubt not, our Author took occasion to mention him in respect to the poem of Mr. Dryden, to which this bears some resemblance, though of a character more different from it than that of the *Æneid* from the *Iliad*, or the *Lutrin* of Boileau from the *Defait de Bouts rimées* of Sarazin. WARBURTON.

VER. 3. *Or that where on her Curls the public pours,*] Edmund Curl stood in the pillory at Charing-Cross, in March 1727-8. "This (saith Edmund Curl) is a false assertion—I had indeed the corporal punishment of what the gentlemen of the long robe are pleased jocosely to call *mounting the rostrum* for one hour. but that scene of action was not in the month of *March*, but in *February*." [*Curliad*, 12mo, p. 19.] And of the history of his being *tost in a blanket*, he saith, "Here *Scriblerus*! thou leeseth in what thou asserteth concerning the blanket: it was not a *blanket*, but a *rug*," p. 25. Much in the same manner Mr. *Cibber* remonstrated, that his brothers, at Bedlam, mentioned Book i. were not *brazen*, but *blocks*; yet our Author let it pass unaltered, as a trifle that no way altered the relationship. WARBURTON.

Rome in her Capitol saw Querno sit, 15
Thron'd on seven hills, the antichrist of wit.

And now the queen, to glad her sons, proclaims
By herald hawkers, high heroic games.

They summon all her race : An endless band
Pours forth, and leaves unpeopled half the land. 20

A motley mixture ! in long wigs, in bags,
In silks, in capes, in garters, and in rags,
From drawing-rooms, from colleges, from garrets,
On horse, on foot, in hacks, and gilded chariots :
All who true dunces in her cause appear'd, 25
And all who knew those dunces to reward.

Amid that area wide they took their stand,
Where the tall may-pole once o'erlook'd the Strand,
But now (so ANNE and piety ordain)

A church collects the saints of Drury-lane. 30

With authors, stationers obey'd the call
(The field of glory is a field for all).

Glory,

VER. 15. *Rome in her Capitol saw Querno sit,*] Camillo Querno was of Apulia, who hearing the great encouragement which Leo X. gave to poets, travelled to Rome with a harp in his hand, and sung to it twenty thousand verses of a poem called *Alexias*. He was introduced as a buffoon to Leo, and promoted to the honour of the *laurel*; a jest which the court of Rome and the Pope himself entered into so far, as to cause him to ride on an elephant to the Capitol, and to hold a solemn festival on his coronation; at which, it is recorded, the poet himself was so transported as to *weep for joy* *. He was ever after a constant frequenter of the Pope's table, drank abundantly, and poured forth verses without number. PAULUS JOVIUS, *Elog. Vir. doct. cap. lxxxii.* Some idea of his poetry is given by Fam. Strada, in his *Prolusions*. WARBURTON.

* See Life of C. C. chap. vi. p. 149.

Glory, and gain, th' industrious tribe provoke ;
 And gentle Dulness ever loves a joke.
 A poet's form she plac'd before their eyes, 35
 And bade the nimblest racer seize the prize ;
 No meagre, muse-rid mope, adust and thin,
 In a dun night-gown of his own loose skin ;
 But such a bulk as no twelve bards could raise,
 Twelve starv'ling bards of these degen'rate days.
 All as a partridge plump, full-fed, and fair, 41
 She form'd this image of well-body'd air ;
 With pert flat eyes she window'd well its head ;
 A brain of feathers, and a heart of lead ;
 And empty words she gave, and sounding strain, 45
 But senseless, lifeless ! idol void and vain !
 Never was dash'd out, at one lucky hit,
 A fool, so just a copy of a wit ;
 So like, that critics said, and courtiers swore,
 A wit it was, and call'd the phantom More. 50
 All

VER. 47. *Never was dash'd out, at one lucky bit,*] Our Author here seems willing to give some account of the possibility of *dulness* making a wit (which could be done no other way than by *chance*). The fiction is the more reconciled to probability, by the known story of Apelles, who being at a loss to express the form of Alexander's horse, dashed his pencil in despair at the picture, and happened to do it by that fortunate stroke. WARBURTON.

VER. 50. *and call'd the phantom More.*] CURL, in his Key to the Dunciad, affirm'd this to be James-Moore Smith, Esq. and it is probable (considering what is said of him in the *Testimonies*) that some might fancy our Author obliged to represent this gentleman as a plagiarist, or to pass for one himself. His case indeed was like that

All gaze with ardour : Some a poet's name,
Others a sword-knot and lac'd suit inflame.

But

that of a man I have heard of, who, as he was sitting in company, perceived his next neighbour had stolen his handkerchief. " Sir, (said the thief, finding himself detected), do not expose me, I did it for mere want ; be so good but to take it privately out of my pocket again, and say nothing." The honest man did so, but the other cry'd out, " See, gentlemen, what a thief we have among us ! look, he is stealing my handkerchief !"

Some time before he had borrowed of Dr. *Arbutnot* a paper called an Historico-physical account of the *South-Sea* ; and of Mr. *Pope* the Memoirs of a Parish Clerk, which for two years he kept, and read to the Rev. Dr. *Young*,—*F. Billers*, Esq. and many others, as his own. Being applied to for them, he pretended they were lost ; but there happening to be another copy of the latter, it came out in *Swift* and *Pope*'s Miscellanies. Upon this, it seems, he was so far mistaken as to confess his proceeding by an endeavour to hide it : unguardedly printing (in the *Daily Journal* of April 3, 1728), " That the contempt which he and others had for those pieces," (which only himself had shown, and handed about as his own) " occasioned their being lost, and for that cause only not returned." A fact, of which as none but he could be conscious, none but he could be the publisher of it. The plagiarisms of this person gave occasion to the following Epigram :

" More always smiles whenever he recites ;
He smiles (you think) approving what he writes.
And yet in this no vanity is shown ;
A modest man may like what's not his own."

This young gentleman's whole misfortune was too inordinate a passion to be thought a wit. Here is a very strong instance attested by Mr. *Savage*, son of the late Earl *Rivers* ; who having shewn some verses of his in manuscript to Mr. *Moore*, wherein Mr. *Pope* was called *first of the tuneful train*, Mr. *Moore* the next morning sent to Mr. *Savage* to desire him to give those verses another turn, to wit, " That *Pope* might now be the *first*, because *Moore* had left him unrival'd in turning his stile to comedy." This was during the Rehearsal of the *Rival Modes*, his first and only work ; the town condemned it in the action, but he printed it in 1726-7, with this modest motto,

Hic castus, artemque repono.

The smaller pieces which we have heard attributed to this author, are, An Epigram on the Bridge at *Blenheim*, by Dr. *Evans* : *Cosmelia*,

But lofty Lintot in the circle rose :

“ This prize is mine ; who tempt it are my foes ;

“ With me began this genius, and shall end.” 55

He spoke : and who with Lintot shall contend ?

Fear held them mute. Alone, untaught to fear,
Stood dauntless Curl ; “ Behold that rival here !

“ The

melia, by Mr. Pitt, Mr. Jones, &c. The Mock-marriage of a mad Divine, with a Cl— for a Parson, by Dr. W. The Saw-pit, a Simile, by a Friend. Certain Physical works on Sir James Baker ; and some unown'd Letters, Advertisements, and Epigrams against our Author in the *Daily Journal*. WARBURTON.

VER. 50. *the phantom More.*] It appears from hence, that this is not the name of a real person, but fictitious. *More* from *μῶρος*, *stultus*, *μωρία*, *stultitia*, to represent the folly of a plagiarist. Thus Erasmus, *Admonuit me Mori cognomen tibi, quod tam ad Moris vocabulum accedit quam es ipse a re alienus*. Dedication of *Moris Encomium* to Sir Tho. More ; the farewell of which may be our Author's to his plagiarist, *Vale, More ! et moriam tuam gnaviter defende*. Adieu, More ! and be sure strongly to defend thy own folly. SCRIBLERUS.

VER. 53. *But lofty Lintot*] We enter here upon the Episode of the Booksellers ; persons, whose names being more known and famous in the learned world than those of the Authors in this Poem, do therefore need less explanation. The action of Mr. Lintot here imitates that of Dares in Virgil, rising just in this manner to lay hold on a *bull*. This eminent bookseller printed the *Rival Modes* before mentioned. WARBURTON.

VER. 58. *Stood dauntless Curl*] We come now to a character of much respect, that of Mr. Edmund Curl. As a plain repetition of great actions is the best praise of them, we shall only say of this eminent man, that he carried the trade many lengths beyond what it ever before had arrived at ; and that he was the envy and admiration of all his profession. He possessed himself of a command over all authors whatever : he caused them to write what he pleased ; they could not call their very *names* their own. He was not only famous among these ; he was taken notice of by the *state*, the *church*, and the *law*, and received particular marks of distinction from each.

It

" The race by vigour, not by vaunts, is won ;
 " So take the hindmost, Hell," (he said,) and run.
 Swift as a bard the bailiff leaves behind, 61
 He left huge Lintot, and outstrip'd the wind.
 As when a dab-chick waddles thro' the copse
 On feet and wings, and flies, and wades, and hops ;
 So lab'ring on, with shoulders, hands, and head, 65
 Wide as a wind-mill all his figure spread,
 With arms expanded Bernard rows his state,
 And left-legg'd Jacob seems to emulate.

Full

It will be owned that he is here introduced with all possible dignity: he speaks like the intrepid Diomed; he runs like the swift-footed Achilles; if he falls, 'tis like the beloved Nisus; and (what Homer makes to be the chief of all praises) he is *favoured of the Gods*; he says but three words, and his prayer is heard; a Goddess conveys it to the seat of Jupiter: though he loses the prize, he gains the victory; the great Mother herself comforts him, she inspires him with expedients, she honours him with an immortal present (such as Achilles receives from Thetis, and Æneas from Venus) at once instructive and prophetic: after this he is unrivalled and triumphant.

The tribute our Author here pays him is a grateful return for several unmerited obligations: many weighty animadversions on the public affairs, and many excellent and diverting pieces on private persons, has he given to his name. If ever he owed two verses to any other, he owed Mr. Curl some thousands. He was every day extending his fame, and enlarging his writings: witness innumerable instances; but it shall suffice only to mention the *Court Poems*, which he meant to publish as the work of the true writer, a lady of quality; but being first threatened, and afterwards punished for it by Mr. Pope, he generously transferred it from *her* to *him*, and ever since printed it in his name. The single time that ever he spoke to C. was on that affair, and to that happy incident he owed all the favours since received from him: so true is the saying of Dr. Sydenham, " that any one shall be, at some time or other, the better or the worse, for having but *seen* or *spoken* to a good or bad man."

WARBURTON.

Full in the middle way there stood a lake, 69
 Which Curl's Corinna chanc'd that morn to make :
 (Such was her wont, at early dawn to drop
 Her ev'ning cates before his neighbour's shop)
 Here fortun'd Curl to slide ; loud shout the band,
 And Bernard ! Bernard ! rings thro' all the Strand.
 Obscene with filth the miscreant lies bewray'd, 75
 Fall'n in the plash his wickedness had laid :
 Then first (if poets aught of truth declare)
 The caitiff Vaticide conceiv'd a pray'r.

Hear, Jove ! whose name my bards and I adore,
 As much at least as any god's, or more ; 80
 And him and his, if more devotion warms,
 Down with the Bible, up with the Pope's Arms.

A place there is, betwixt earth, air, and seas,
 Where, from Ambrosia, Jove retires for ease.
 There in his seat two spacious vents appear, 85
 On this he sits, to that he leans his ear,

And

VER. 70. *Curl's Corinna*] This name, it seems, was taken by one Mrs. Thomas, who procured some private letters of Mr. Pope, while almost a boy, to Mr. Cromwell, and sold them, without the consent of either of those gentlemen, to Curl, who printed them in 12mo, 1727. He discovered her to be the publisher, in his Key, p. 11. We only take this opportunity of mentioning the manner in which those letters got abroad, which the Author was ashamed of as very trivial things, full not only of levities, but of wrong judgments of men and books, and only excusable from the youth and inexperience of the writer. WARBURTON.

VER. 82. *Down with the Bible, up with the Pope's Arms.*] The Bible, Curl's sign ; the Cross-keys, Lintot's. WARBURTON.

VER. 83. See Lucian's Icaro-Menippus ; where this fiction is more extended. WARBURTON.

And hears the various vows of fond mankind ;
 Some beg an eastern, some a western wind :
 All vain petitions, mounting to the sky,
 With reams abundant this abode supply ; 90
 Amus'd he reads, and then returns the bills
 Sign'd with that ichor which from gods distils.

In office here fair Cloacina stands,
 And ministers to Jove with purest hands.
 Forth from the heap she pick'd her vot'ry's pray'r,
 And plac'd it next him, a distinction rare ! 96
 Oft had the goddess heard her servant's call,
 From her black grottos near the Temple-wall,
 List'ning delighted to the jest unclean
 Of link-boys vile, and watermen obscene ; 100
 Where as he fish'd her nether realms for wit,
 She oft had favour'd him, and favours yet.
 Renew'd by ordure's sympathetic force,
 As oil'd by magic juices for the course,
 Vig'rous he rises ; from th' effluvia strong 105
 Imbibes new life, and scours and stinks along ;
 Re-passes Lintot, vindicates the race,
 Nor heeds the brown dishonours of his face.

And

VER. 93. *Cloacina*] The Roman Goddess of the common-sewers. WARBURTON.

VER. 101. *Where as he fish'd, &c.*] See the preface to Swift's and Pope's Miscellanies. WARBURTON.

VER. 104. *As oil'd with magic juic's*] Alluding to the opinion that there are ointments used by witches to enable them to fly in the air, &c. WARBURTON.

And now the victor stretch'd his eager hand
 Where the tall Nothing stood, or seem'd to stand ;
 A shapeless shade, it melted from his sight, 111
 Like forms in clouds, or visions of the night.
 To seize 'his papers, Curl, was next thy care ;
 His papers light, fly diverse, tost in air ;
 Songs, sonnets, epigrams, the winds uplift, 115
 And whisk 'em back to Evans, Young, and Swift.
 Th' embroider'd suit at least he deem'd his prey,
 That suit an unpay'd taylor snatch'd away.
 No rag, no scrap, of all the beau, or wit,
 That once so flutter'd, and that once so writ, 120
 Heav'n rings with laughter : Of the laughter vain,
 Dulness, good queen, repeats the jest again.
 Three wicked imps of her own Grub-street choir,
 She deck'd like Congreve, Addison, and Prior ;

Mears,

VER. 116. *Evans, Young, and Swift,*] Some of those persons whose writings, epigrams, or jests, he had owned. WARBURTON.

VER. 118. *an unpay'd taylor*] This line has been loudly complained of in *Mist*, June 8, *Dedic. to Sawney*, and others, as a most inhuman satire on the *poverty of poets* : but it is thought our Author will be acquitted by a jury of *taylors*. To me this instance seems unluckily chosen ; if it be a satire on anybody, it must be on a bad *pay-master*, since the person to whom they have here applied it, was a man of fortune. Not but poets may well be jealous of so great a prerogative as *non-payment* ; which Mr. Dennis so far asserts, as boldly to pronounce that, " If Homer himself was not in debt, it was because nobody would trust him." Pref. to *Rem. on the Rape of the Lock*, p. 15. WARBURTON.

VER. 124. *like Congreve, Addison, and Prior* ;] These authors being such whose names will reach posterity, we shall not give any account of them, but proceed to those of whom it is necessary.—

Besaleel

Mears, Warner, Wilkins run: delusive thought !
 Breval, Bond, Besaleel, the varlets caught. 126
 Curl stretches after Gay, but Gay is gone,
 He grasps an empty Joseph for a John :
 So Proteus, hunted in a nobler shape,
 Became, when seiz'd, a puppy, or an ape. 130
 To him the Goddess : Son ! thy grief lay down,
 And turn this whole illusion on the town :
 As the sage dame, experienc'd in her trade,
 By names of toasts retails each batter'd jade ;
 (Whence hapless Monsieur much complains at Paris-
 Of wrongs from Duchesses and Lady Maries ;) 136
 Be

Besaleel Morris was author of some satires on the translators of Homer, with many other things printed in newspapers.—“ Bond writ a satire against Mr. P.— Capt. Breval was author of *The Confederates*, an ingenious dramatic performance to expose Mr. P. Mr. Gay, Dr. Arb. and some ladies of quality. says CURL, Key, p. 11. WARBURTON.

VER. 125. *Mears, Warner, Wilkins,*] Booksellers, and printers of much anonymous stuff. WARBURTON.

VER. 126. *Breval, Bond, Besaleel,*] I foresee it will be objected, from this line, that we were in an error in our assertion on ver. 50. of this book, that More was a fictitious name, since these persons are equally represented by the Poet as phantoms. So at first sight it may seem; but be not deceived, reader; these also are not real persons. 'Tis true, Curl declares Breval, a captain, author of a piece called the *Confederates*; but the same Curl first said it was written by Joseph Gay: Is his second assertion to be credited any more than his first? He likewise affirms Bond to be one who writ a satire on our Poet. But where is such a satire to be found? where was such a writer ever heard of? As for Besaleel, it carries forgery in the very name; nor is it, as the others are, a surname. Thou may'st depend upon it, no such authors ever lived; all phantoms. SCRIBLERUS.

Be thine, my stationer ! this magic gift ;
 Cook shall be Prior, and Concanen, Swift :
 So shall each hostile name become our own,
 And we too boast our Garth and Addison.

140

With

VER. 138. *Cook shall be Prior,*] The man here specified writ a thing called *The Battle of Poets*, in which Philips and Welstead were the heroes, and Swift and Pope utterly routed. He also published some malevolent things in the *British, London, and Daily Journals*; and at the same time wrote letters to Mr. Pope, protesting his innocence. His chief work was a translation of *Hesiod*, to which Theobald writ notes and half notes, which he carefully owned.

WARBURTON.

Ibid. *And Concanen, Swift :*] In the first edition of this poem there were only asterisks in this place, but the names were since inserted, merely to fill up the verse, and give ease to the ear of the reader.

WARBURTON.

VER. 140. *And we too boast our Garth and Addison.*] Nothing is more remarkable than our Author's love of praising good writers. He has in this very poem celebrated Mr. Locke, Sir Isaac Newton, Dr. Barrow, Dr. Atterbury, Mr. Dryden, Mr. Congreve, Dr. Garth, Mr. Addison : in a word, almost every man of his time that deserved it : even Cibber himself (presuming him to be author of the *Careless Husband*). It was very difficult to have that pleasure in a poem on this subject, yet he has found means to insert their panegyric, and has made even Dulness, out of her own mouth, pronounce it. It must have been particularly agreeable to him to celebrate Dr. Garth ; both as his constant friend, and as he was his predecessor in this kind of satire. The Dispensary attacked the whole body of apothecaries, a much more useful one undoubtedly than that of the bad poets ; if in truth this can be a body, of which no two members ever agreed. It also did, what Mr. Theobald says is unpardonable, drew in *parts of private character*, and introduced *persons independent of his subject*. Much more would Boileau have incurred his censure, who left all subjects whatever, on all occasions, to fall upon the bad poets (which, it is to be feared, would have been more immediately his concern). But certainly next to commending good writers, the greatest service to learning is to expose the bad, who can only that way be made of any use
to

With that she gave him (piteous of his case,
Yet smiling at his rueful length of face)

A shaggy

to it. This truth is very well set forth in these lines addressed to our Author :

“ The craven Rook, and pert Jackdaw,
(Tho’ neither birds of moral kind)
Yet serve, if hang’d, or stuff’d with straw,
To shew us which way blows the wind.

“ Thus dirty knaves, or chatt’ring fools,
Strung up by dozens in thy lay,
Teach more by half than Dennis’ rules,
And point instruction ev’ry way.

“ With Egypt’s art thy pen may strive ;
One potent drop let this but shed :
And every rogue that stunk alive,
Becomes a precious mummy dead.” WARBURTON,

VER. 142. *rueful length of face*] “ The decrepid person or figure of a man are no reflections upon his *genius* : an honest mind will love and esteem a *man of worth*, though he be deformed or poor. Yet the Author of the Dunciad hath libelled a person for his *rueful length of face* !” *Mist’s Journal*, June 8. This *genius* and *man of worth*, whom an honest mind should love, is Mr. Curl. True it is, he stood in the pillory, an incident which will lengthen the face of any man, though it were ever so comely, therefore is no reflection on the natural beauty of Mr. Curl. But as to reflections on any man’s face, or figure, Mr. Dennis saith excellently, “ Natural deformity comes not by our fault ; ’tis often occasioned by calamities and diseases, which a man can no more help than a monster can his deformity. There is no one misfortune, and no one disease, but what all the rest of mankind are subject to.—But the deformity of this *author* is visible, present, lasting, unalterable, and peculiar to himself, ’Tis the mark of God and nature upon him, to give us warning that we should hold no society with him, as a creature not of our original, nor of our species : and they who have refused to take this warning which God and nature has given them, and have, in spite of it, by a senseless presumption ventured to be familiar with him, have severely suffered, &c. ’Tis certain his original is not from Adam, but from the Devil,” &c. DENNIS, *Character of Mr. P.* octavo, 1716.

Admirably it is observed by Mr. Dennis against Mr. Law, p. 33.
“ That the language of Billingsgate can never be the language of
L 3 charity,

A shaggy tap'stry, worthy to be spread
 On Codrus' old, or Dunton's modern bed ;
 Instructive work ! whose wry-mouth'd portraiture
 Display'd the fates her confessors endure. 146

Earless

charity, nor consequently of Christianity." I should else be tempted to use the language of a critic ; for what is more provoking to a commentator, than to behold his author thus portray'd ? Yet I consider it really hurts not *him* ; whereas to call some others dull, might do them prejudice with a world too apt to believe it : therefore, though Mr. D. may call another a *little ass* or a *young toad*, far be it from us to call him a *toothless lion* or an *old serpent*. Indeed, had I written these notes (as once was my intent) in the learned language, I might have given him the appellations of *balatro*, *calceatum caput*, *scurra in trivolis*, being phrases in good esteem and frequent usage among the best learned : but in our mother tongue, were I to tax any gentleman of the Dunciad, surely it should be in words not to the vulgar intelligible ; whereby Christian charity, decency, and good accord among authors, might be preserved.

SCRIBLERUS.

The good Scriblerus here, as on all occasions, eminently shews his humanity. But it was far otherwise with the gentleman of the Dunciad, whose scurrilities were always personal, and of that nature which provoked every honest man but Mr. Pope ; yet never to be lamented, since they occasioned the following amiable verses :

- " While Malice, Pope, denies thy page
 Its own celestial fire ;
 While Critics, and while Bards in rage,
 Admiring, won't admire :
- " While wayward pens thy worth assail,
 And envious tongues decry ;
 These times tho' many a friend bewail,
 These times bewail not I.
- " But when the world's loud praise is thine,
 And spleen no more shall blame,
 When with thy Homer thou shalt shine
 In one establish'd fame :
- " When none shall rail, and ev'ry lay
 Devote a wreath to thee ;
 That day (for come it will) that day
 Shall I lament to see."

WARBURTON.

Earless on high, stood unabash'd De Foe,
 And Tutchin flagrant from the scourge below.
 There Ridpath, Roper, cudgell'd might ye view,
 The very worsted still look'd black and blue. 150
 Himself among the story'd chiefs he spies,
 As, from the blanket, high in air he flies,
 And oh! (he cry'd) what street, what lane but knows
 Our purgings, pumpings, blanketings, and blows?

In

VER. 143. *A shaggy tap'stry,*] A sorry kind of tapestry frequent in old inns, made of worsted or some coarser stuff; like that which is spoken of by Donne—*Faces as frightful as theirs who whip Christ in old hangings*. The imagery woven in it alludes to the mantle of Cloanthus, in *Æneid*, v.

WARBURTON.

VER. 144. *On Codrus' old, or Dunton's modern bed;*] Of Codrus the poet's bed, see Juvenal, describing his poverty very copiously, Sat. iii. ver. 103, &c. But Mr. Concanen, in his dedication of the letters, advertisements, &c. to the author of the Dunciad, assures us, "that Juvenal never satirised the poverty of Codrus."

John Dunton was a broken bookseller, and abusive scribler: he writ Neck or Nothing, a violent satire on some ministers of state; a libel on the Duke of Devonshire and the Bishop of Peterborough, &c.

WARBURTON.

VER. 148. *And Tutchin flagrant from the scourge*] John Tutchin, author of some vile verses, and of a weekly paper called *The Observer*; he was sentenced to be whipped through several towns in the west of England, upon which he petitioned King James II. to be hanged. When that prince died in exile, he wrote an invective against his memory, occasioned by some humane elegies on his death. He lived to the time of Queen Anne.

WARBURTON.

VER. 149. *There Ridpath, Roper,*] Authors of the Flying-post and Post-boy, two scandalous papers on different sides, for which they equally and alternately deserved to be cudgelled, and were so.

WARBURTON.

VER. 151. *Himself among the story'd chiefs he spies,*] The history of Curl's being toss'd in a blanket, and whipped by the scholars of Westminster, is well known.

WARBURTON.

In every loom our labours shall be seen, 155
And the fresh vomit run for ever green !

See in the circle next, *Eliza plac'd*,
Two babes of love close clinging to her waist ;
Fair as before her works she stands confess'd, 159
In flow'rs and pearls by bounteous Kirkall dress'd.
The Goddess then : " Who best can send on high
The salient spout, far-streaming to the sky ;
His be yon Juno of majestic size,
With cow-like udders, and with ox-like eyes.

This

VER. 157. *See in the circle next, Eliza plac'd,*] In this game is exposed, in the most contemptuous manner, the profligate licentiousness of those shameless scriblers (for the most part of that sex, which ought least to be capable of such malice or impudence) who, in libellous memoirs and novels, reveal the faults or misfortunes of both sexes, to the ruin of public fame, or disturbance of private happiness. Our good poet, (by the whole cast of his work being obliged not to take off the irony,) where he could not shew his indignation, hath shewn his contempt, as much as possible ; having here drawn as vile a picture as could be represented in the colours of epic poesy.

SCRIBLERUS.

Ibid. *Eliza Haywood* ; This woman was authoress of those most scandalous books called *The Court of Carimania*, and the *New Utopia*. For the *two babes of love*, See CURL, KEY, p. 22. But whatever reflection he is pleased to throw upon this lady, surely it was what from him she little deserved, who had celebrated Curl's undertakings for *reformation of manners*, and declared herself " to be so perfectly acquainted with the *sweetness of his disposition*, and that *tenderness with which he considered the errors of his fellow-creatures* ; that, though she should find the *little inadvertencies of her own life* recorded in his papers, she was certain it would be done in such a manner as she could not but approve." Mrs. HAYWOOD, *Hist. of Clar.* printed in the *Female Dunciad*, p. 18.

WARBURTON.

VER. 160. *Kirkall*, the name of an engraver. Some of this lady's works were printed in four volumes in 12mo. with her picture thus dressed up before them.

WARBURTON.

This China Jordan let the chief o'ercome 165
Replenish, not ingloriously, at home."

Osborne and Curl accept the glorious strife,
(Tho' this his son dissuades, and that his wife ;)
One on his manly confidence relies,
One on his vigour and superior size. 170
First Osborne lean'd against his letter'd post ;
It rose, and labour'd to a curve at most.
So Jove's bright bow displays its wat'ry round
(Sure sign, that no spectator shall be drown'd.)

A second

VER. 165. *This China Jordan*]

"Tertius Argolica hac galea contentus abito."

VIRG. *Æneid.* vi.

In the games of Homer, *Iliad* xxiii. there are set together, as prizes, a lady and a kettle, as in this place Mrs. Haywood and a Jordan. But there the preference in value is given to the kettle, at which Mad. Dacier is justly displeased. Mrs. H. is here treated with distinction, and acknowledged to be the more valuable of the two.

WARBURTON.

VER. 167. *Osborne, Thomas*] A bookseller in Gray's Inn, very well qualified by his impudence to act this part ; therefore placed here instead of a less deserving predecessor. This man published advertisements for a year together, pretending to sell Mr. Pope's subscription books of Homer's *Iliad* at half the price : Of which books he had none, but cut to the size of them (which was quarto) the common books in folio, without copper-plates, on a worse paper, and never above half the value.

Upon this advertisement the *Gazetteer* harangued thus, July 6, 1739. "How melancholy must it be to a writer to be so unhappy as to see his works hawked for sale in a manner so fatal to his fame ! How, with honour to yourself, and justice to your subscribers, can this be done ? What an ingratitude to be charged on the *only honest poet* that lived in 1738 ! and than whom *virtue* has not had a *shriller trumpeter* for many ages ! That you were once *generally admired and esteemed*, can be denied by none ; but that you and your works are now despised, is verified by *this fact* : " which being utterly false, did not indeed much humble the author, but drew this just chastisement on the bookseller. WARBURTON.

A second effort brought but new disgrace, 175
The wild meander wash'd the artist's face :
Thus the small jett, which hasty hands unlock,
Spirts in the gard'ner's eyes who turns the cock.
Not so from shameless Curl ; impetuous spread
The stream, and smoking flourish'd o'er his head.
So (fam'd like thee for turbulence and horns) 181
Eridanus his humble fountain scorns ;
Thro' half the heav'ns he pours th' exalted urn ;
His rapid waters in their passage burn.

Swift as it mounts, all follow with their eyes :
Still happy impudence obtains the prize. 186
Thou triumph'st, victor of the high-wrought day,
And the pleas'd dame, soft-smiling, lead'st away.
Osborne, thro' perfect modesty o'ercome,
Crown'd with the Jordan, walks contented home.

But now for authors nobler palms remain ; 191
Room for my Lord ! three jockeys in his train ;
Six huntsmen with a shout precede his chair :
He grins, and looks broad nonsense with a stare.
His Honour's meaning Dulness thus exprest, 195
“ He wins this patron, who can tickle best.”

He chinks his purse, and takes his seat of state :
With ready quills the dedicators wait ;
Now at his head the dext'rous task commence,
And, instant, fancy feels th' imputed sense ; 200
Now gentle touches wanton o'er his face,
He struts Adonis, and affects grimace :

Rolli

Rolli the feather to his ear conveys ;
 Then his nice taste directs our operas :
 Bentley his mouth with classic flatt'ry opes, 205
 And the puff'd orator bursts out in tropes.

But

VER. 203. *Rolli*] *Paulo Antonio Rolli*, an Italian poet, and writer of many operas in that language, which, partly by the help of his genius, prevailed in England near twenty years. He taught Italian to some fine gentlemen, who affected to direct the operas.

WARBURTON.

VER. 205. *Bentley his mouth, &c.*] Not spoken of the famous Dr. Richard Bentley, but of one Thomas Bentley, a small critic, who aped his uncle in a little *Horace*. The great one was intended to be dedicated to the Lord Halifax, but (on a change of the ministry) was given to the Earl of Oxford; for which reason the little one was dedicated to his son the Lord Harley. A taste of his *classic elocution* may be seen in his following panegyric on the peace of Utrecht. *Cupimus Patrem tuum, fulgentissimum illud Orbis Anglicani jubar, adorare! O ingens Reipublicæ nostræ columen! O fortunatam tanto Heroe Britanniam! Illi tali tantoque viro DEUM per Omnia adfuisse, manumque ejus et mentem direxisse, CERTISSIMUM EST. Hujus enim Unius ferme opera, æquissimis et perhonorificis conditionibus, diuturno, heu nimium! bello, finem impositum videmus. O Diem æterna memoria dignissimam! qua terrores Patriæ omnes excidit, Pacemque diu exoptatam toti fere Europæ restituit, ille Populi Anglicani Amor, Harleius.*

Thus critically (that is, verbally) translated:

"Thy Father, that most refulgent star of the Anglican Orb, we much desire to *adore*! O mighty Column of our *Republic*! Oh Britain, fortunate in such an *Hero*! That to such and so great a Man GOD was ever present in *every thing*, and all along directed both his hand and his heart, is a *most absolute certainty*! For it is in a manner by the operation of *this Man alone*, that we behold a *war* (alas! how much too long an one!) brought at length to an end, *on the most just and most honourable conditions*. Oh Day eternally to be memorated! wherein all the terrors of his country were ended, and a *PEACE* (long wished for by *almost all Europe*) was restored by *HARLEY*, the love and delight of the people of England."

But that this gentleman can write in a different style, may be seen in a letter he printed to Mr. Pope, wherein several noble
 Lords

But Welsted most the poet's healing balm
 Strives to extract from his soft, giving palm ;
 Unlucky Welsted ! thy unfeeling master,
 The more thou ticklest, gripes his fist the faster. 210

While thus each hand promotes the pleasing pain,
 And quick sensations skip from vein to vein ;
 A youth unknown to Phœbus, in despair,
 Puts his last refuge all in heav'n and pray'r.

What

Lords are treated in a most extraordinary language, particularly the Lord Bolingbroke abused for that very PEACE which he here makes the *single work* of the Earl of Oxford, directed by *God Almighty*.
 WARBURTON.

VER. 207. in the first edit.

But Oldnixon the poet's healing balm, &c. WARBURTON.

VER. 207. *Welsted*] Leonard Welsted, author of the *Triumvirate*, or a letter in verse from Palemon to Celia at Bath, which was meant for a satire on Mr. P. and some of his friends, about the year 1718. He writ other things which we cannot remember. Smedley, in his *Metamorphosis of Scriblerus*, mentions one, the *Hymn of a Gentleman to his Creator* : And there was another in praise either of a cellar, or a garret. L. W. characterized in the treatise *Περὶ Βάβυς*, or the Art of Sinking, as a didapper, and after as an eel, is said to be this person, by Dennis, *Daily Journal* of May 11, 1728. He was also characterized under another animal, a mole, by the author of the ensuing simile, which was handed about at the same time :

“ Dear Welsted, mark, in dirty hole,
 That painful animal, a mole :
 Above ground never born to grow,
 What mighty stir it keeps below ?
 To make a mole-hill all this strife !
 It digs, pokes, undermines for life.
 How proud a little dirt to spread ;
 Conscious of nothing o'er its head !
 Till, lab'ring on for want of eyes,
 It blunders into light—and dies.”

You have him again in book iii. ver. 169.

WARBURTON.

What force have pious vows ! The Queen of Love
 Her sister sends, her vot'ress, from above. 216
 As taught by Venus, Paris learnt the art
 To touch Achilles' only tender part ;
 Secure, thro' her, the noble prize to carry,
 He marches off, his Grace's secretary. 220
 Now turn to diff'rent sports (the Goddess cries)
 And learn, my sons, the wond'rous power of noise.
 To move, to raise, to ravish ev'ry heart,
 With Shakespear's nature, or with Johnson's art,
 Let others aim : 'Tis yours to shake the soul 225
 With thunder rumbling from the mustard bowl,
 With horns and trumpets now to madness swell,
 Now sink in sorrows with a tolling bell ;
 Such happy arts attention can command,
 When fancy flags, and sense is at a stand. 230
 Improve

VER. 213. *A youth unknown to Phabus, &c.*] The satire of this episode being levelled at the base flatteries of authors to worthless wealth or greatness, concludes here with an excellent lesson to such men : That although their pens and praises were as exquisite as they conceit of themselves, yet (even in their own mercenary views) a creature unlettered, who serveth the passions, or pimpeth to the pleasures, of such vain, braggart, puff'd nobility, shall with those patrons be much more inward, and of them much higher rewarded.

SCRIBLERUS.

VER. 226. *With thunder rumbling from the mustard bowl,*] The old way of making thunder and mustard were the same ; but since, it is more advantageously performed by troughs of wood with stops in them. Whether Mr. Dennis was the inventor of that improvement, I know not ; but it is certain, that being once at a tragedy of a new author, he fell into a great passion at hearing some, and cried, " 'Sdeath ! that is my thunder."

WARBURTON.

Improve we these. Three cat-calls be the bribe
 Of him, whose chatt'ring shames the monkey tribe :
 And his this drum, whose hoarse heroic base
 Drowns the loud clarion of the braying ass.

Now thousand tongues are heard in one loud din :
 The monkey-mimics rush discordant in ; 236
 'Twas chatt'ring, grinning, mouthing, jabb'ring all,
 And noise and Norton, brangling and Breval,
 Dennis and dissonance, and captious art,
 And snip-snap short, and interruption smart, 240
 And demonstration thin, and theses thick,
 And major, minor, and conclusion quick.
 Hold (cry'd the queen) a cat-call each shall win ;
 Equal your merits ! equal is your din !
 But that this well-disputed game may end, 245
 Sound forth, my Brayers, and the welkin rend.

As when the long-ear'd milky mothers wait
 At some sick miser's triple-bolted gate,
 For their defrauded, absent foals they make
 A moan so loud, that all the guild awake ; 250
 Sore sighs Sir Gilbert, starting at the bray,
 From dreams of millions, and three groats to pay.
 So swells each wind-pipe ; ass intones to ass,
 Harmonic twang ! of leather, horn, and brass ;
 Such as from lab'ring lungs th' enthusiast blows,
 High sound, attemper'd to the vocal nose ; 256
 Or

VER. 238. Norton,] *J. Durant Breval*, author of a very extraordinary book of travels, and some poems. WARBURTON.

Or such as bellow from the deep divine ; [thine.
 There, Webster ! peal'd thy voice, and Whitefield !
 But far o'er all, sonorous Blackmore's strain ;
 Walls, steeples, skies, bray back to him again. 260
 In Tot'nam fields, the brethren, with amaze,
 Prick all their ears up, and forget to graze ;
 Long Chanc'ry-lane retentive rolls the sound,
 And courts to courts return it round and round ;
 Thames wafts it thence to Rufus' roaring hall, 265
 And Hungerford re-echoes bawl for bawl.
 All hail him victor in both gifts of song,
 Who sings so loudly, and who sings so long.

This

VER. 260. *bray back to him again.*] The poet here celebrated, Sir R. B. delighted much in the word *bray*, which he endeavoured to ennoble by applying it to the sound of *armour, war, &c.* In imitation of him, and strengthened by his authority, our author has here admitted it into heroic poetry. WARBURTON.

VER. 268. *Who sings so loudly, and who sings so long.*] A just character of Sir Richard Blackmore, knight, who (as Mr. Dryden expresseth it)

"Writ to the rumbling of his coach's wheels ;"
 and whose indefatigable muse produced no less than six epic poems : Prince and King Arthur, twenty books ; Eliza, ten ; Alfred, twelve ; the Redeemer, six ; besides Job, in folio ; the whole Book of Psalms ; the Creation, seven books ; Nature of Man, three books : and many more. 'Tis in this sense he is styled afterwards the *everlasting Blackmore*. Notwithstanding all which, Mr. Gildon seems assured, that "this admirable author did not think himself upon the *same foot* with *Homer*." Comp. Art of Poetry, vol. i. p. 108.

But how different is the judgment of the author of *Characters of the Times* ? p. 25. who says, "Sir Richard Blackmore is unfortunate in happening to mistake his proper talents ; and that he has not for many years been *so much as named*, or even *thought of* among writers." Even Mr. Dennis differs greatly from his friend

This labour past, by Bridewell all descend,
 (As morning pray'r, and flagellation end) 270
 To

Mr. Gildon: "Blackmore's *action* (saith he) has neither unity, nor integrity, nor morality, nor universality; and consequently he can have no *fable*, and no *heroic poem*: His narration is neither probable, delightful, nor wonderful; his characters have none of the necessary qualifications; the things contained in his narration are neither in their own nature delightful, nor numerous enough, nor rightly disposed, nor surprising, nor pathetic."—Nay he proceeds so far as to say Sir Richard has *no genius*; first laying down, "that genius is caused by a *furious joy and pride of soul*, on the conception of an *extraordinary hint*. Many men (says he) have their *hints*, without these motions of *fury and pride of soul*, because they want fire enough to agitate their spirits; and these we call cold writers. Others who have a great deal of fire, but have not excellent organs, feel the forementioned *emotions* without the *extraordinary hints*; and these we call fustian writers. But he declares that Sir Richard had neither the *hints*, nor the *motions*." Remarks on Prince Arthur, octavo, 1696. Preface.

This gentleman, in his first works, abused the character of Mr. Dryden; and in his last, of Mr. Pope, accusing him in very high and sober terms of profaneness and immorality (*Essay on Polite Writing*, vol. ii. p. 270.) on a mere report from Edm. Curl, that he was author of a Travestie on the first Psalm. Mr. Dennis took up the same report, but with the addition of what Sir Richard had neglected, an *argument to prove it*; which being very curious, we shall here transcribe. "It was he who burlesqued the Psalm of David. It is *apparent* to me that Psalm was burlesqued by a *Popish rhymester*. Let rhyming persons who have been brought up *Protestants* be otherwise what they will, let them be rakes, let them be scoundrels, let them be *Atheists*, yet education has made an invincible impression on them in behalf of the sacred writings. But a *Popish rhymester* has been brought up with a contempt for those sacred writings; now shew me another *Popish rhymester* but he." This manner of argumentation is usual with Mr. Dennis; he has employed the same against Sir Richard himself, in a like charge of *impiety and irreligion*. "All Mr. Blackmore's celestial machines, as they cannot be defended so much as by common received opinion, so are they directly contrary to the doctrine of the church of England; for the visible descent of an angel must be a miracle. Now it is the doctrine of the church of England, that miracles had ceased a long time before Prince Arthur came into the world.

Now

To where Fleet-ditch with disemboguing streams
Rolls the large tribute of dead dogs to Thames,
The king of dykes ! than whom no sluice of mud
With deeper sable blots the silver flood. 274

“ Here strip, my children ! here at once leap in,
Here prove who best can dash thro’ thick and thin,
And who the most in love of dirt excel,
Or dark dexterity of groping well.

Who flings most filth, and wide pollutes around
The stream, be his the weekly journals bound ; 280
A pig

Now if the doctrine of the church of England be true, as we are obliged to believe, then are all the celestial machines in Prince Arthur unsufferable, as wanting not only human, but divine probability. But if the machines are sufferable, that is, if they have so much as divine probability, then it follows of necessity that the doctrine of the Church is false. So I leave it to every impartial clergyman to consider,” &c. Preface to the Remarks on Prince Arthur. WARBURTON.

VER. 270. *As morning pray’r, and flagellation end*] It is between eleven and twelve in the morning, after church service, that the criminals are whipped in Bridewell.—This is to mark punctually the *time* of the day : Homer does it by the circumstance of the judges rising from court, or of the labourers dinner ; our author by one very proper both to the *persons* and the *scene* of this poem, which we may remember commenced in the evening of the Lord-mayor’s day : The first book passed in that *night* ; the next *morning* the games begin in the Strand, thence along Fleet-street (places inhabited by booksellers), then they proceed by Bridewell towards Fleet-ditch, and lastly through Ludgate to the city and the temple of the goddess. WARBURTON.

VER. 276, 277, 278.—*dash through thick and thin — love of dirt — dark dexterity*] The three chief qualifications of party-writers : to stick at nothing, to delight in flinging dirt, and to slander in the dark by guess. WARBURTON.

VER. 280. *the weekly journals*] Papers of news and scandal intermixed, on different sides and parties, and frequently shifting from

A pig of lead to him who dives the best ;
A peck of coals a-piece shall glad the rest."

In naked majesty Oldmixon stands,
And, Milo like, surveys his arms and hands ;

Then

from one side to the other, called the London Journal, British Journal, Daily Journal, &c. the concealed writers of which for some time were Oldmixon, Roome, Arnall, Concanen, and others: persons never seen by our author. WARBURTON.

VER. 282. *A peck of coals a-piece*] Our indulgent poet, whenever he has spoken of any dirty or low work, constantly puts us in mind of the poverty of the offenders, as the only extenuation of such practices. Let any one but remark, when a thief, a pick-pocket, a highwayman, or a knight of the post, are spoken of, how much our hate to those characters is lessened, if they add a needy thief, a poor pickpocket, an hungry highwayman, a starving knight of the post, &c. WARBURTON.

VER. 283. In the first edition,—

In naked majesty great Dennis stands.

VER. 283. *In naked majesty Oldmixon stands,*] Mr. JOHN OLD-MIXON, next to Mr. Dennis, the most ancient critic of our nation ; an unjust censurer of Mr. Addison in his prose Essay on Criticism, whom also in his imitation of Bouhours (called the Arts of Logic and Rhetoric) he misrepresents in plain matter of fact ; for in p. 45, he cites the Spectator as abusing Dr. Swift by name, where there is not the least hint of it ; and in p. 304, is so injurious as to suggest that Mr. Addison himself writ that Tatler, No. 43, which says of his own simile, that " 'Tis as great as ever entered into the mind of man." " In poetry he was not so happy as laborious, and therefore characterised by the Tatler, No. 62. by the name of *Omicron, the unborn poet.*" Curl, Key, p. 13. " He writ dramatic works, and a volume of poetry, consisting of heroic epistles, &c. some whereof are very well done," said that great judge Mr. Jacob, in his Lives of Poets, vol. ii. p. 303.

In his Essay on Criticism, and the Arts of Logic and Rhetoric, he frequently reflects on our author. But the top of his character was a perverter of history, in that scandalous one of the Stuarts in folio, and his Critical History of England, two volumes, octavo. Being employed by Bishop Kennet, in publishing the historians in his collection, he falsified Daniel's Chronicle in numberless places. Yet this very man, in the preface to the first of these books, advanced

Then sighing, thus, "And am I now threescore?
 Ah why, ye Gods! should two and two make four?"
 He said, and climb'd a stranded lighter's height,
 Shot to the black abyss, and plung'd downright.
 The senior's judgment all the crowd admire,
 Who but to sink the deeper, rose the higher. 290

Next Smedley div'd; slow circles dimpled o'er
 The quaking mud, that clos'd, and op'd no more.
 All look, all sigh, and call on Smedley lost;
 Smedley in vain resounds thro' all the coast.

Then * essay'd; scarce vanish'd out of sight, 295
 He buoys up instant, and returns to light:

He

vanced a *particular fact* to charge three eminent persons of falsifying the Lord Clarendon's history; which fact has been disproved by Dr. Atterbury, late Bishop of Rochester, then the only survivor of them; and the particular part he pretended to be falsified, produced since after almost ninety years, in that noble author's original manuscript. He was all his life a virulent party-writer for hire, and received his reward in a small place, which he enjoyed to his death. WARBURTON.

VER. 291. *Next Smedley div'd;*] In the surreptitious editions, this whole episode was applied to an initial letter E—, by whom, if they meant the laureate, nothing was more absurd, no part agreeing with his character. The allegory evidently demands a person dipp'd in scandal, and deeply immersed in dirty work; whereas Mr. Eusden's works rarely offended but by their length and multitude, and accordingly are taxed of nothing else in book i. ver. 102. But the person here mentioned, an Irishman, was author and publisher of many scurrilous pieces, a weekly Whitehall Journal in the year 1722, in the name of Sir James Baker; and particularly whole volumes of Billingsgate against Dr. Swift and Mr. Pope, called *Gulliveriana* and *Alexandriana*, printed in octavo.

WARBURTON.

VER. 295. *Then essay'd;*] A gentleman [Aaron Hill] of genius and spirit, who was secretly dipt in some papers of this kind, on whom

He bears no tokens of the sabler streams,
And mounts far off among the swans of Thames.

True to the bottom, see Concanen creep,
A cold, long-winded, native of the deep : 300
If perseverance gain the diver's prize,
Not everlasting Blackmore this denies :
No noise, no stir, no motion canst thou make
Th' unconscious stream sleeps o'er thee like a lake.

Next plung'd a feeble, but a desp'rate pack, 305
With each a sickly brother at his back :
Sons of a day ! just buoyant on the flood,
Then number'd with the puppies in the mud.

Ask

whom our poet bestows a panegyric instead of a satire, as deserving to be better employed than in party quarrels, and personal vectives.

WARBURTON.

VER. 299. *Concanen*] MATTHEW CONCANEN, an Irishman, bred to the law. Smedley (one of his brethren in emnity to Swift) in his *Metamorphosis of Scriblerus*, p. 7. accuses him of "having boasted of what he had not written, but others had revised and done for him." He was author of several dull and ded scurrilities in the *British and London Journals*, and in a paper called the *Speculatist*. In a pamphlet, called a *Supplement to the Profund*, he dealt very unfairly with our poet, not only frequently imputing to him Mr. Broome's verses, (for which he might indeed seem in some degree accountable, having corrected what that gentleman did,) but those of the Duke of Buckingham, and others: To this rare piece somebody humourously caused him to take for his motto, *De profundis clamavi*. He was since a hired scribbler in the *Daily Courant*, where he poured forth much Billingsgate against the Lord Bolingbroke, and others; after which this man was surprisingly promoted to administer justice and law in Jamaica.

WARBURTON.

VER. 306, 307. *With each a sickly brother at his back : Sons of a day ! &c.*] These were daily papers, a number of which, to lessen the expence, were printed one on the back of another.

WARBURTON.

Ask ye their names? I could as soon disclose
 The names of these blind puppies as of those. 310
 Fast by, like Niobe (her children gone)
 Sits mother Osborne, stupify'd to stone!
 And monumental brass this record bears,
 "These are,—ah no! these were the Gazetteers!"

Not

VER. 311. *like Niobe*] See the story in Ovid. Met. vii. where the miserable petrefaction of this old lady is pathetically described.

WARBURTON.

VER. 312. *Osborne,*] A name assumed by the eldest and gravest of these writers, who at last being ashamed of his pupils, gave his paper over, and in his age remained silent.

WARBURTON.

VER. 314. *Gazetteers!*] We ought not to suppress that a modern critic here taxeth the poet with an anachronism, affirming these gazetteers not to have lived within the time of this poem, and challenging us to produce any such paper of that date. But we may with equal assurance assert, these gazetteers not to have lived since, and challenge all the learned world to produce one such paper at this day. Surely therefore, where the point is so obscure, our author ought not to be censured too rashly.

SCRIBLERUS.

Notwithstanding this affected ignorance of the good Scriblerus, the *Daily Gazetteer* was a title given very properly to certain papers, each of which lasted but a day. Into this, as a common sink, was received all the trash, which had been before dispersed in several journals, and circulated at the public expence of the nation. The authors were the same obscure men; though sometimes relieved by occasional essays from statesmen, courtiers, bishops, deans, and doctors. The meaner sort were rewarded with money; others with places or benefices, from an hundred to a thousand a-year. It appears from the *Report of the Secret Committee* for enquiring into the conduct of R. Earl of O. "That no less than *fifty thousand seventy-seven pounds eighteen shillings* were paid to authors and printers of newspapers, such as Free-Britons, Daily-Courants, Corn-Cutters Journals, Gazetteers, and other political papers, between Feb. 10, 1731, and Feb. 10, 1741." Which shews the benevolence of one minister to have expended, for the current dulness of ten years in Britain, double the sum which gained Louis XIV. so much honour, in annual pensions to
 learned

Not so bold Arnall; with a weight of skull, 315
Furious he dives, precipitately dull.

Whirlpools and storms his circling arms invest,
With all the might of gravitation blest.

No crab more active in the dirty dance,
Downward to climb, and backward to advance. 320

He brings up half the bottom on his head,
And loudly claims the journals and the lead.

The

learned men all over Europe. In which, and in a much longer time, not a pension at court, nor preferment in the church, or universities, of any consideration, was bestowed on any man distinguished for his learning separately from party-merit, or pamphlet-writing.

It is worth a reflection, that of all the panegyrics bestowed by these writers on this great minister, not one is at this day extant or remembered; nor even so much credit done to his personal character by all they have written, as by one short occasional compliment of our author in the Dialogue of One thousand seven hundred and thirty-eight, line 29.

WARBURTON.

VER. 315. *Arnall*! } WILLIAM ARNALL, bred an attorney, was a perfect genius in this sort of work. He began under twenty with furious party-papers; then succeeded Concanen in the British Journal. At the first publication of the Dunciad, he prevailed on the author not to give him his due place in it, by a letter professing his detestation of such practices as his predecessor's. But since, by the most unexampled insolence and personal abuse of several great men, the poet's particular friends, he most amply deserved a niche in the temple of infamy: witness a paper, called the Free-Briton; a dedication intitled, To the Genuine Blunderer, 1732, and many others. He writ for hire, and valued himself upon it; not indeed without cause, it appearing by the aforesaid REPORT, that he received "for Free-Britons, and other writings, in the space of four years, no less than ten thousand nine hundred and ninety-seven pounds, six shillings, and eight-pence, out of the Treasury." But frequently, through his fury or folly, he exceeded all the bounds of his commission, and obliged his honourable patron to disavow his scurrilities.

WARBURTON.

The plunging Prelate, and his pond'rous Grace,
 With holy envy gave one layman place.
 When lo! a burst of thunder shook the flood, 325
 Slow rose a form, in majesty of mud;
 Shaking the horrors of his sable brows,
 And each ferocious feature grim with ooze.
 Greater he looks, and more than mortal stares:
 Then thus the wonders of the deep declares. 330
 First he relates, how sinking to the chin,
 Smit with his mien, the mud-nymphs suck'd him in:
 How young Lutetia, softer than the down,
 Nigrina black, and Merdamante brown,
 Vy'd for his love in jetty bow'rs below, 335
 As Hylas fair was ravish'd long ago.
 Then sung, how shown him by the nut-brown maids
 A branch of Styx here rises from the Shades,
 That tinctur'd as it runs with Lethe's streams,
 And wafting vapours from the land of dreams, 340
 (As under seas Alpheus' secret sluice
 Bears Pisa's off'rings to his Arethuse)
 Pours into Thames: and hence the mingled wave
 Intoxicates the pert, and lulls the grave:
 Here brisker vapours o'er the TEMPLE creep, 345
 There, all from Paul's to Aldgate drink and sleep.
 Thence

VER. 336. *As Hylas fair*] Who was ravished by the water-
 nymphs, and drawn into the river. The story is told at large by
 Valerius Flaccus, lib. iii. Argon. See Virgil, Ecl. vi.

WARBURTON.

Thence to the banks where rev'rend bards repose,
 They led him soft ; each rev'rend bard arose ;
 And Milbourn chief, deputed by the rest,
 Gave him the cassock, surcingle, and vest. 350
 " Receive (he said) these robes which once were mine,
 " Dulness is sacred in a sound divine."

He ceas'd, and spread the robe ; the crowd confess
 The rev'rend Flamen in his lengthen'd dress.
 Around him wide a sable army stand, 355
 A low-born, cell-bred, selfish, servile band,
 Prompt or to guard or stab, or saint or damn,
 Heav'n's Swiss, who fight for any God, or man.

Through Lud's fam'd gates, along the well-known
 Fleet,
 Rolls the black troop, and overshades the street, 360
 Till

VER. 349. *And Milbourn*] Luke Milbourn a clergyman, the fairest of critics ; who, when he wrote against Mr. Dryden's *Virgil*, did him justice in printing at the same time his own translations of him, which were intolerable. His manner of writing has a great resemblance with that of the gentlemen of the *Dunciad* against our author, as will be seen in the parallel of Mr. Dryden and him. Append. WARBURTON.

VER. 359. *Lud's fam'd gates,*] " King Lud repairing the city, called it after his own name, Lud's Town ; the strong gate which he built in the west part, he likewise, for his own honour, named Ludgate. In the year 1260, this gate was beautified with images of Lud and other kings. Those images in the reign of Edward VI. had their heads smitten off, and were otherwise defaced by unadvised folks. Queen Mary did set new heads upon their old bodies again. The 28th of Queen Elizabeth the same gate was clean taken down, and newly and beautifully builded, with images of Lud and others, as afore." *Stow's Survey of London*. WARBURTON.

Till showers of sermons, characters, essays,
In circling fleeces whiten all the ways :
So clouds replenish'd from some bog below,
Mount in dark volumes, and descend in snow.
Here stopp'd the Goddess, and in pomp proclaims,
A gentler exercise to close the games. 366

“ Ye Critics ! in whose heads, as equal scales,
“ I weigh what author's heaviness prevails ;
“ Which most conduce to sooth the soul in slumbers,
“ My H—ley's periods, or my Blackmore's num-
bers ; 370

“ Attend the trial we propose to make :
“ If there be man, who o'er such works can wake,
“ Sleep's all-subduing charms who dares defy,
“ And boasts Ulysses' ear with Argus' eye ;
“ To him we grant our amplest pow'rs to sit 375
“ Judge of all present, past, and future wit ;
“ To cavil, censure, dictate, right or wrong,
“ Full and eternal privilege of tongue.”

Three college sophs, and three pert templars
came,

The same their talents, and their tastes the same ; 380
Each prompt to query, answer, and debate,
And smit with love of poesy and prate.
The pond'rous books two gentle readers bring ;
The heroes sit, the vulgar form a ring ;
The clam'rous crowd is hush'd with mugs of mum,
Till all tun'd equal, send a gen'ral hum. 386

Then mount the clerks, and in one lazy tone
 Thro' the long, heavy, painful page drawl on ;
 Soft creeping, words on words, the sense compose,
 At ev'ry line they stretch, they yawn, they doze. 390
 As to soft gales top-heavy pines bow low
 Their heads, and lift them as they cease to blow :
 Thus oft they rear, and oft the head decline,
 As breathe, or pause, by fits, the airs divine.
 And now to this side, now to that they nod, 395
 As verse, or prose, infuse the drowzy god,
 Thrice Budgel aim'd to speak, but thrice suppress
 By potent Arthur, knock'd his chin and breast.
 Toland and Tindal, prompt at priests to jeer,
 Yet silent bow'd to *Christ's No kingdom here.* 400
 Who

VER. 397. *Thrice Budgel aim'd to speak,*] Famous for his speeches on many occasions about the South Sea scheme, &c. "He is a very ingenious gentleman, and hath written some excellent Epilogues to Plays, and *one small* piece on Love, which is very pretty." Jacob, *Lives of Poets*, vol. ii. p. 289. But this gentleman since made himself much more eminent, and personally well known to the greatest statesmen of all parties, as well as to all the courts of law in this nation. WARBURTON.

VER. 399. in the first edit. it was,

Collins and Tindall, prompt at priests to jeer.

VER. 399. *Toland and Tindal,*] Two persons, not so happy as to be obscure, who writ against the religion of their country. *Toland*, the author of the *Atheist's Liturgy*, called *Pantheisticon*, was a spy in pay to Lord Oxford. *Tindal* was author of the *Rights of the Christian Church*, and *Christianity as old as the Creation*. He also wrote an abusive pamphlet against Earl S——, which was suppressed, while yet in MS. by an eminent person then out of the ministry, to whom he shewed it, expecting his approbation: This Doctor afterwards published the same piece, *mutatis mutandis*, against that very person. WARBURTON.

Who sate the nearest, by the words o'ercome,
 Slept first; the distant nodded to the hum. [lies
 Then down are roll'd the books; stretch'd o'er 'em
 Each gentle clerk, and mutt'ring seals his eyes.
 As what a Dutchman plumps into the lakes, 405
 One circle first, and then a second makes;
 What Dulness dropt among her sons imprest
 Like motion from one circle to the rest:
 So from the mid-most the nutation spreads
 Round and more round, o'er all the *sea of beads*. 410
 At last Centlivre felt her voice to fail,
 Motteux himself unfinish'd left his tale,
 Boyer the state, and Law the stage gave o'er,
 Morgan and Mandevil could prate no more;

Norton

VER. 400. *Christ's No kingdom here, &c.*] This is said by
 Curl, Key to Dunc. to allude to a sermon of a reverend bishop.

WARBURTON.

VER. 411. *Centlivre*] Mrs. Susanna Centlivre, wife to Mr.
 Centlivre, Yeoman of the Mouth to His Majesty. She writ many
 plays, and a song (says Mr. Jacob, vol. i. p. 32.) before she was
 seven years old. She also writ a ballad against Mr. Pope's Homer,
 before he began it.

WARBURTON.

VER. 413. in the first edit. it was,

'T———s and T——— the church and state gave o'er,
 Nor * * * talk'd, nor S——— whisper'd more.

VER. 413. *Boyer the state, and Law the stage gave o'er,*] A.
 Boyer, a voluminous compiler of annals, political collections, &c.
 —William Law, A. M. wrote with great zeal against the stage;
 Mr. Dennis answered with as great: their books were printed in
 1726. Mr. Law affirmed, "The playhouse is the temple of the
 devil; the peculiar pleasure of the devil; where all they who go
 yield to the devil; where all the laughter is a laughter among
 devils; and all who are there are hearing music in the very porch

Norton, from Daniel and Ostroea sprung, 415
 Bless'd with his father's front, and mother's tongue,
 Hung silent down his never-blushing head;
 And all was hush'd, as Folly's self lay dead.

Thus the soft gifts of sleep conclude the day,
 And stretch'd on bulks, as usual, poets lay. 420
 Why should I sing, what bards the nightly muse
 Did slumb'ring visit, and convey to stews;

Who

of hell." To which Mr. Dennis replied, that "There is every jot as much difference between a true play, and one made by a Poetaster, as between *two religious books*, the *Bible* and the *Alcoran*." Then he demonstrates, that "All those who had written against the stage were *Jacobites* and *Non-jurors*; and did it always at a time when something was to be done for the *Pretender*." Mr. Collier published his *Short View* when France declared for the Chevalier; and his *Dissuasive*, just at the *great storm*, when the devastation which that hurricane wrought, had amazed and astonished the minds of men, and made them obnoxious to melancholy and desponding thoughts. Mr. Law took the opportunity to attack the stage upon the great preparations he heard were making abroad, and which the *Jacobites* flattered themselves were designed in their favour. And as for Mr. Bedford's *Serious Remonstrance*, though I know nothing of the time of publishing, yet I dare to lay odds it was either upon the Duke d'Aumont's being at Somerset-house, or upon the *late Rebellion*. DENNIS, Stage defended against Mr. Law, p. ult. WARBURTON.

VER. 414. *Morgan*] A writer against religion, distinguished no otherwise from the rabble of his tribe, than by the pompousness of his title, of a *Moral Philosopher*. WARBURTON.

Ibid. *Mandevil*] Author of a famous book called *the Fable of the Bees*; written to prove, that moral virtue is the invention of knaves, and Christian virtue the imposition of fools; and that vice is necessary, and alone sufficient to render society flourishing and happy. WARBURTON.

VER. 415. *Norton*,] Norton De Foe, said to be the natural offspring of the famous Daniel De Foe, one of the authors of the "Flying Post."

Who prouder march'd, with magistrates in state,
To some fam'd round-house, ever open gate !
How Henley lay inspir'd beside a sink, 425
And to mere mortals seem'd a priest in drink :
While others, timely, to the neighb'ring Fleet
(Haunt of the muses) made their safe retreat.

VER. 426. *And to mere mortals seem'd a priest in drink :*] This line presents us with an excellent moral, that we are never to pass judgment merely by *appearance* ; a lesson to all men, who may happen to see a reverend person in the like situation, not to determine too rashly ; since not only the poets frequently describe a bard inspired in this posture,

“ (On Cam's fair bank, where Chaucer lay inspir'd,” and the like) but an eminent casuist tells us, that “ if a priest be seen in any indecent action, we ought to account it a deception of sight, or illusion of the devil, who sometimes takes upon him the shape of holy men on purpose to cause scandal.” SCRIBLERUS.

VER. 427. *Fleet.*] A prison for insolvent debtors on the bank of the ditch. WARBURTON.



THE
D U N C I A D.

BOOK THE THIRD.

ARGUMENT OF THE THIRD BOOK.

AFTER the other persons are disposed of in their proper places of rest, the Goddess transports the King to her Temple, and there lays him to slumber with his head on her lap: a position of marvellous virtue, which causes all the Visions of wild enthusiasts, projectors, politicians, inamoratos, castle-builders, chemists, and poets. He is immediately carried on the wings of Fancy, and led by a mad poetical Sibyl to the Elysian shade; where, on the banks of Lethe, the souls of the dull are dipped by Bavius, before their entrance into this world. There he is met by the ghost of Settle, and by him made acquainted with the wonders of the place, and with those which he himself is destined to perform. He takes him to a Mount of Vision, from whence he shews him the vast triumphs of the empire of Dulness, then the present, and lastly the future: how small a part of the world was ever conquered by Science, how soon those conquests were stopped, and those very nations again reduced to her dominion. Then distinguishing the Island of Great Britain, shews by what aids, by what persons, and by what degrees, it shall be brought to her Empire. Some of the persons he causes to pass in review before his eyes, describing each by his proper figure, character, and qualifications. On a sudden the scene shifts, and a vast number of miracles and prodigies appear, utterly surprizing and unknown to the King himself, till they are explained to be the wonders of his own reign now commencing. On this subject Settle breaks into a congratulation, yet not unmixed with concern, that his own times were but the types of these. He prophesies how first the nation shall be over-run with Farces, Operas, and Shows; how the throne of Dulness shall be advanced over the Theatres, and set up even at Court: then how her Sons shall preside in the seats of Arts and Sciences: giving a glympse, or Pisgab-sight, of the future Fulness of her Glory, the accomplishment whereof is the subject of the fourth and last book.

B O O K III.

BUT in her temple's last recess inclos'd,
 On Dulness lap th' anointed head repos'd.
 Him close she curtains round with vapours blue,
 And soft besprinkles with Cimmerian dew.
 Then raptures high the seat of sense o'erflow, 5
 Which only heads refin'd from reason know.
 Hence, from the straw where Bedlam's prophet nods,
 He hears loud oracles, and talks with-gods:
 Hence the fool's paradise, the statesman's scheme,
 The air-built castle, and the golden dream, 10
 The maid's romantic wish, the chemist's flame,
 And poet's vision of eternal fame.
 And now, on Fancy's easy wing convey'd,
 The King descending, views th' Elysian shade.

A slip-

VER: 5, 6, &c. Hereby is intimated, that the following Vision is no more than the chimera of the dreamer's brain, and not a real or intended satire on the present age, doubtless more learned, more enlightened, and more abounding with great genius's in divinity, politics, and whatever arts and sciences, than all the preceding. For fear of any such mistake of our Poet's honest meaning, he hath again, at the end of the Vision, repeated this monition, saying that it all passed through the *Ivory Gate*, which (according to the ancients) denoteth falsity.

SCRIBLERUS.

A slip-shod Sibyl led his steps along, 15
 In lofty madness meditating song ;
 Her tresses staring from poetic dreams,
 And never wash'd, but in Castalia's streams.
 Taylor, their better Charon, lends an oar, 19
 (Once swan of Thames, tho' now he sings no more)
 Benlowes, propitious still to blockheads, bows ;
 And Shadwell nods the poppy on his brows.
 Here in a dusky vale where Lethe rolls,
 Old Bavius sits, to dip poetic souls,

And

VER. 19. *Taylor*] John Taylor the Water-poet, an honest man, who owns he learned not so much as the accident. A rare example of modesty in a poet!

" I must confess I do want eloquence,
 And never scarce did learn my accident ;
 For having got from *possum* to *posset*,
 I there was gravel'd, could no farther get."

He wrote fourscore books in the reign of James I. and Charles I. and afterwards (like Edward Ward) kept an alehouse in Long-Acre. He died in 1654.

WARBURTON.

VER. 21. *Benlowes*,] A country gentleman famous for his own bad poetry, and for patronizing bad poets, as may be seen from many dedications of Quarles, and others to him. Some of these anagram'd his name, *Benlowes* into *Benewolus* ; to verify which, he spent his whole estate upon them.

WARBURTON.

VER. 22. *And Shadwell nods the Poppy, &c.*] Shadwell took opium for many years, and died of too large a dose, in the year 1692.

WARBURTON.

VER. 24. *Old Bavius sits*,] Bavius was an ancient poet, celebrated by Virgil for the like cause as Bays by our Author, though not in so Christian-like a manner : for heathenishly it is declared by Virgil of Bavius, that he ought to be *bated* and *detested* for his evil works ; *Qui Bavius non odit* ; whereas we have often had occasion to observe our Poet's great *good nature* and *mercifulness* through the whole course of this poem.

SCRIBLERUS.

Mr.

And blunt the sense and fit it for a skull 25
 Of solid proof, impenetrably dull ;
 Instant, when dipt, away they wing their flight,
 Where Brown and Mears unbar the gates of light,
 Demand new bodies, and in calf's array,
 Rush to the world, impatient for the day. 30
 Millions and millions on these banks he views,
 Thick as the stars of night, or morning dews,
 As thick as bees o'er vernal blossoms fly,
 As thick as eggs at Ward in pillory. 34

Wond'ring

Mr. Dennis warmly contends, that Bavius was no inconsiderable author ; nay, that " he and Mævius had (even in Augustus's days) a very formidable party at Rome, who thought them much superior to Virgil and Horace: For (saith he) I cannot believe they would have fixed that eternal brand upon them, if they had not been coxcombs in more than ordinary credit." Rem. on Pr. Arthur, part ii. c. i. An argument which, if this poem should last, will conduce to the honour of the gentlemen of the Dunciad.

WARBURTON.

VER. 28. *Brown and Mears*] Booksellers, printers for any body.—The allegory of the souls of the dull coming forth in the form of books, dressed in calf's leather, and being let abroad in vast numbers by booksellers, is sufficiently intelligible.

WARBURTON.

VER. 34. *Ward in Pillory*.] John Ward of Hackney, Esq. Member of Parliament, being convicted of forgery, was first expelled the House, and then sentenced to the pillory on the 17th of February 1727. Mr. Curl (having likewise stood there) looks upon the mention of such a gentleman in a satire, as a *great act of barbarity*, Key to the Dunc. 3d edit. p. 16. And another author reasons thus upon it. Dürgen, 8vo. p. 11, 12. "How unworthy is it of *Christian charity* to animate the *rabble* to abuse a *worthy man* in such a situation? What could move the Poet thus to mention a *brave sufferer*, a *gallant prisoner*, exposed to the view of all mankind? It was laying aside his *senses*, it was committing a *crime*, for which the *law* is *deficient* not to punish him! nay, a
 crime

Wond'ring he gaz'd : when lo ! a sage appears,
By his broad shoulders known, and length of ears,
Known by the band and suit which Settle wore
(His only suit) for twice three years before :

All

crime which *man can scarce forgive, or time efface* ! Nothing surely could have induced him to it but being bribed by a great lady, &c. to whom this brave, honest, worthy gentleman was guilty of no offence but forgery, proved in open court. But it is evident this verse could not be meant of him ; it being notorious, that no *eggs* were thrown at that gentleman. Perhaps therefore it might be intended of Mr. Edward Ward the Poet, when he stood there.

WARBURTON.

VER. 36. *and length of years,*] This is a *sophistical* reading. I think I may venture to affirm all the copyists are mistaken here : I believe I may say the same of the critics ; Dennis, Oldmixon, Welsted have passed it in silence. I have also stumbled at it, and wondered how an error so manifest could escape such accurate persons. I dare assert it proceeded originally from the inadvertency of some transcriber, whose head ran on the *pillory*, mentioned two lines before ; it is therefore amazing that Mr. Curl himself should overlook it ! yet that *scholiast* takes not the least notice hereof. That the learned Mist also read it thus, is plain from his ranging this passage among those in which our Author was blamed for *personal satire* on a *man's face* (whereof doubtless he might take the *ear* to be a part) ; so likewise Concauen, Ralph, the Flying-Post, and all the herd of commentators. — *Tota armenta sequuntur.*

A very little sagacity (which all these gentlemen therefore wanted) will restore us to the true sense of the Poet, thus,

“ By his broad shoulders known, and length of *years*.”

See how easy a change ; of one single letter ! That Mr. Settle was old, is most certain ; but he was (happily) a stranger to the *pillory*. This note partly Mr. TUEOBALD's, partly SCRIBL.

WARBURTON.

VER. 37. *Settle*] Elkanah Settle was once a writer in vogue, as well as Cibber, both for dramatic poetry and politics. Mr. Dennis tells us, that “ he was a formidable rival to Mr. Dryden, and that in the university of Cambridge there were those who gave him the *preference*.” Mr. Welsted goes yet farther in his behalf : “ Poor Settle was formerly the *mighty rival* of Dryden ;
may,

All as the vest, appear'd the wearer's frame,
Old in new state, another yet the same.

Bland and familiar as in life, begun

Thus the great father to the greater son :

“ Oh born to see what none can see awake !

“ Behold the wonders of th' oblivious lake. 44

“ Thou, yet unborn, hast touch'd this sacred shore ;

“ The hand of Bavius drench'd thee o'er and o'er.

“ But blind to former as to future fate,

“ What mortal knows his pre-existent state ?

“ Who knows how long thy transmigrating soul

“ Might from Bæotian to Bæotian roll ? 50

“ How many Dutchmen she vouchsaf'd to thrid ?

“ How many stages thro' old Monks she rid ?

“ And all who since, in mild benighted days,

“ Mixd the owl's ivy with the poet's bays.

“ As

nay, for *many years*, bore his reputation *above* him.” Pref. to his Poems, 8vo. p. 31. And Mr. Milbourn cried out, “ How little was Dryden able, even when his blood run high, to defend himself against Mr. Settle !” Notes on Dryd. Virg. p. 175. These are comfortable opinions ! and no wonder some authors indulge them.

He was author or publisher of many noted pamphlets in the time of King Charles II. He answered all Dryden's political poems ; and being cried up on *one side*, succeeded not a little in his tragedy of the Empress of Morrocco (the first that was ever printed with cuts). “ Upon this he grew insolent, the wits writ against his play, he replied, and the town judged he had the better. In short, Settle was then thought a very formidable rival to Mr. Dryden ; and not only the town, but the university of Cambridge, was divided which to prefer ; and in both places the younger sort inclined to Eikanah.” DENNIS, Pref. to Rem. on Homer. WARBURTON.

- “ As man’s meanders to the vital spring 55
 “ Roll all their tides, then back their circles bring ;
 “ Or whirligigs, twirl’d round by skilful swain,
 “ Suck the thread in, then yield it out again ;
 “ All nonsense thus, of old or modern date,
 “ Shall in thee centre, from thee circulate. 60
 “ For thus our Queen unfolds to vision true
 “ Thy mental eye, for thou hast much to view :
 “ Old scenes of glory, times long cast behind
 “ Shall, first recall’d, rush forward to thy mind :
 “ Then stretch thy sight o’er all her rising reign, 65
 “ And let the past and future fire thy brain.
 “ Ascend this hill, whose cloudy point commands
 “ Her boundless empire over seas and lands.
 “ See, round the poles where keener spangles shine,
 “ Where spices smoke beneath the burning line, 70
 “ (Earth’s wide extremes) her sable flag display’d,
 “ And all the nations cover’d in her shade !
 “ Far eastward cast thine eye, from whence the
 “ sun
 “ And orient science their bright course begun :
 “ One

VER. 67. *Ascend this hill, &c.*] The scenes of this vision are remarkable for the order of their appearance. First from ver. 67 to 73, those places of the globe are shewn where science *never* rose ; then, from ver. 74 to 83, those where she was destroyed by *tyranny* ; from ver. 85 to 95, by inundations of *Barbarians* ; from ver. 96 to 106, by *superstition*. Then Rome, the mistress of arts, is described in her degeneracy ; and lastly Britain, the scene of the action of the poem ; which furnishes the occasion of drawing out the progeny of Dulness in review.

WARBURTON.

" One god-like monarch all that pride confounds, 75
 " He, whose long wall the wand'ring Tartar bounds;
 " Heav'ns! what a pile! whole ages perish there,
 " And one bright blaze turns learning into air.
 " Thence to the south extend thy gladden'd eyes;
 " There rival flames with equal glory rise, 80
 " From shelves to shelves see greedy Vulcan roll,
 " And lick up all their physic of the soul.
 " How little, mark! that portion of the ball,
 " Where, faint at best, the beams of science fall:
 " Soon as they dawn, from Hyperborean skies 85
 " Embodiy'd dark, what clouds of Vandals rise!
 " Lo! where Mæotis sleeps, and hardly flows
 " The freezing Tanais thro' a waste of snows,
 " The North by myriads pours her mighty sons,
 " Great nurse of Goths, of Alans, and of Huns! 90
 " See Alaric's stern port! the martial frame
 " Of Genseric! and Attila's dread name!
 " See the bold Ostrogoths on Latium fall;
 " See the fierce Visigoths on Spain and Gaul!
 " See, where the morning gilds the palmy shore 95
 " (The soil that arts and infant letters bore)

" His

VER. 75. Chi Ho-am-ti Emperor of China, the same who built the great wall between China and Tartary, destroyed all the books and learned men of that empire. WARBURTON.

VER. 81, 82. The Caliph, Omar I., having conquered Egypt, caused his General to burn the Ptolemean library, on the gates of which was this inscription, ΨΥΧΗΣ ΙΑΤΡΕΙΟΝ, the Physic of the Soul. WARBURTON.

- " His conq'ring tribes th' Arabian prophet draws,
 " And saving ignorance enthrones by laws.
 " See Christians, Jews, one heavy sabbath keep,
 " And all the western world believe and sleep. 100
 " Lo! Rome herself, proud mistress now no more
 " Of arts, but thund'ring against heathen lore ;
 " Her grey-hair'd synods damning books unread,
 " And Bacon trembling for his brazen head.
 " Padua, with sighs, beholds her Livy burn, 105
 " And ev'n th' Antipodes Virgilius mourn.
 " See, the cirque falls, th' unpillar'd temple nods,
 " Streets pav'd with heroes, Tyber choak'd with
 gods :
 " Till Peter's keys some christ'ned Jove adorn,
 " And Pan to Moses lends his pagan horn ; 110
 " See graceless Venus to a virgin turn'd,
 " Or Phidias broken, and Apelles burn'd.
 " Behold yon' isle, by palmers, pilgrims trod,
 " Men bearded, bald, cowl'd, uncowl'd, shod, unshod,
 " Peel'd,

VER. 96. (*The soil that arts and infant letters bore*)] Phœnicia, Syria, &c. where letters are said to have been invented. In these countries Mahomet began his conquests. WARBURTON.

VER. 109. *Till Peter's keys some christ'ned Jove adorn,*] After the government of Rome devolved to the Popes, their zeal was for some time exerted in demolishing the heathen temples and statues, so that the Goths scarce destroyed more monuments of antiquity out of rage, than these out of devotion. At length they spared some of the temples, by converting them to churches; and some of the statues, by modifying them into images of saints. In much later times, it was thought necessary to change the statues of the Apollo and Pallas, on the tomb of Sanfazarus, into David and Judith; the lyre easily became a harp, and the Gorgon's head turned to that of Holofernes. WARBURTON.

- “ Peel’d, patch’d, and pyebald, linsey-woolsey brothers,
“ Grave mummers! sleeveless some, and shirtless others. 115
“ That once was Britain—Happy! had she seen
“ No fiercer sons, had Easter never been.
“ In peace, great Goddess, ever be ador’d;
“ How keen the war, if Dulness draw the sword!
“ Thus visit not thy own! on this blest age 121
“ Oh spread thy influence, but restrain thy rage.
“ And see, my Son! the hour is on its way,
“ That lifts our Goddess to imperial sway;
“ This fav’rite isle, long-sever’d from her reign, 125
“ Dove-like, she gathers to her wings again.
“ Now look thro’ fate! behold the scene she draws!
“ What aids, what armies to assert her cause!
“ See all her progeny, illustrious sight!
“ Behold, and count them, as they rise to light. 130
“ As Berecynthia, while her offspring vye
“ In homage to the mother of the sky,
“ Surveys around her, in the blest abode,
“ An hundred sons, and ev’ry son a God:
“ Not with less glory mighty Dulness crown’d, 135
“ Shall take thro’ Grub-street her triumphant round;
“ And

VER 117, 118. *Happy! — had Easter never been.*] Wars in England anciently, about the right time of celebrating Easter.

WARBURTON.

“ And her Parnassus glancing o’er at once,

“Behold an hundred sons, and each a dunce.

“ Mark first that youth who takes the foremost place,

“ And thrusts his person full into your face. 140

“ With all thy father’s virtues blest, be born !

" And a new Cibber shall the stage adorn.

" A second see, by meeker manners known,

“ And modest as the maid that sips alone ;

" From the strong fate of drams if thou get free,

" Another Durfey, Ward ! shall sing in thee. 146

"Thee shall each ale-house, thee each gill-house
mourn.

" And answ'ring gin-shops sourer sighs return.

“ Jacob, the scourge of grammar, mark with awe,

" Nor less revere him, blunderbuss of law. 150

“Lo

VER. 149. in the first edit. it was,

Woolston, the scourge of scripture, mark with awe!

And mighty Jacob, blunderbuss of law! **WARBURTON.**

VER. 149. *Jacob, the scourge of grammar, mark with awe,*
 " This gentleman is son of a considerable maltster of Romsey in Southamptonsire, and bred to the law under a very eminent attorney: who, between his more laborious studies, has diverted himself with poetry. He is a great admirer of poets and their works, which has occasioned him to try his genius that way.—He has writ in prose the *Lives of the Poets, Essays*, and a great many law-books, *The Accomplish'd Conveyancer, Modern Justice,*" &c. GILES JACOB of himself, *Lives of Poets*, vol. i. He very grossly, and unprovoked, abused in that book the author's friend, Mr. Gay.
 WARBURTON.

VER. 149, 150. *Jacob, the scourge of grammar, mark with awe,
Nor less revere him, blunderbuss of law.]*

There may seem some error in these verses, Mr. Jacob having proved

“ Lo P—p—le’s brow, tremendous to the town,
 “ Horneck’s fierce eye, and Roome’s funereal frown.
 “ Lo

proved our author to have a *respect* for him, by this undeniable argument. “ He had once a *regard* for my *judgment*; otherwise he would never have subscribed *two guineas* to me, for one small book in octavo.” Jacob’s Letter to Dennis, printed in Dennis’s Remarks on the Dunciad, p. 49. Therefore I should think the appellation of *blunderbuss* to Mr. Jacob, like that of *thunderbolt* to Scipio, was meant in his honour.

Mr. Dennis argues the same way. “ My writings having made great impression on the minds of all sensible men, Mr. P. *repented*, and, to *give proof of his repentance*, subscribed to my two volumes of select works, and afterwards to my two volumes of letters.” Ibid. p. 80. We should hence believe, the name of Mr. Dennis hath also crept into this poem by some mistake. But from hence, gentle reader! thou may’st beware, when thou givest thy money to such authors, not to flatter thyself that thy motives are good-nature or charity.

WARBURTON.

VER. 151. *Lo P—p—le’s brow, &c.*] In the former edit.

Haywood, Centlivre, glories of their race,
 Lo Horneck’s fierce, and Roome’s funereal face.

WARBURTON.

VER 152. *Horneck and Roome*] These two were virulent party-writers, worthily coupled together, and one would think prophetically, since after the publishing of this piece, the former dying, the latter succeeded him in *honour* and *employment*. The first was Philip Horneck, author of a Billingsgate paper, called The High German Doctor. Edward Roome was son of an undertaker for funerals in Fleet-street, and writ some of the papers called *Pasquin*, where by malicious inuendos he endeavoured to represent our author guilty of malevolent practices with a great man then under the prosecution of Parliament. Of this man was made the following epigram:

“ You ask why Roome diverts you with his jokes,
 Yet if he writes, is dull as other folks;
 You wonder at it.—This, Sir, is the case,
 The jest is lost unless he prints his face.”

Popple was the author of some vile plays and pamphlets. He published abuses on our author in a paper called the Prompter.

WARBURTON.

- " Lo sneering Goode, half malice and half whim,
 " A fiend in glee, ridiculously grim. 154
 " Each cygnet sweet, of Bath and Tunbridge race,
 " Whose tuneful whistling makes the waters pass :
 " Each songster, riddler, ev'ry nameless name,
 " All crowd, who foremost shall be damn'd to fame.
 " Some strain in rhyme ; the muses, on their racks,
 " Scream like the winding of ten thousand jacks : 160
 " Some free from rhyme or reason, rule or check,
 " Break Priscian's head, and Pegasus's neck ;
 " Down, down the larum, with impetuous whirl,
 " The Pindars, and the Miltons of a Curl.
 " Silence, ye wolves ! while Ralph to Cynthia
 howls, 165
 " And makes night hideous—Answer him, ye owls !
 " Sense,

VER. 153. *Goode,*] An ill-natured critic, who writ a satire on our author, called *The mock Esop*, and many anonymous libels in newspapers for hire. WARBURTON.

VER. 157. *Each songster, riddler, &c.*] In the former edit.

Lo Bond and Foxton, ev'ry nameless name.

After ver. 158. in the first edit. followed,

How proud, how pale, how earnest all appear !

How rhymes eternal jingle in their ear ! WARBURTON.

VER. 165. *Ralph*] James Ralph, a name inserted after the first editions, not known to our author till he writ a swearing-piece called *Saxony*, very abusive of Dr. Swift, Mr. Gay, and himself. These lines allude to a thing of his, intitled, *Night*, a poem. This low writer attended his own works with panegyrics in the journals, and once in particular praised himself highly above Mr. Addison, in wretched remarks upon that author's account of *English* poets, printed in a London journal, Sept. 1728. He was wholly illiterate, and knew no language, not even *French*. Being advised to read
the

" Sense, speech, and measure, living tongues and
dead,

" Let all give way—and Morris may be read.

" Flow, Welsted, flow ! like thine inspirer, Beer,

" Tho' stale, not ripe ; tho' thin, yet never clear ; 170

" So

the rules of dramatic poetry before he began a play, he smiled and replied, "*Shakepear* writ without rules." He ended at last in the common sink of all such writers, a political newspaper, to which he was recommended by his friend Arnal, and received a small pittance for pay ;—and being detected in writing on both sides on one and the same day, he publicly justified the morality of his conduct.

WARBURTON.

VER. 168. *Morris*] *Besaleel*. See Book ii. WARBURTON.

In the first edit. it was, " Durgen may be read," a poem, against Pope, by Ward.

VER. 169. *Flow, Welsted, &c.*] Of this author see the remark on Book ii. ver. 209. But (to be impartial) add to it the following different character of him :

Mr. *Welsted* had, in his youth, raised so great expectations of his future genius, that there was a kind of struggle between the most eminent in the two universities, which should have the honour of his education. To compound this, he (*civilly*) became a member of both, and after having passed some time at the one, he removed to the other. From thence he returned to town, where he became the darling expectation of all the polite writers, whose encouragement he acknowledged in his occasional poems, in a manner that will make no small part of the fame of his protectors. It also appears from his works, that he was happy in the patronage of the the most illustrious characters of the present age.—Encouraged by such a combination in his favour, he—published a book of poems, some in the *Ovidian*, some in the *Horatian* manner, in both which the most exquisite judges pronounce he even rival'd his masters—His love-verses have rescued that way of writing from contempt.—In his Translations, he has given us the very soul and spirit of his author. His Ode — his Epistle — his Verses — his Love-tale — all, are the most perfect things in all poetry. WELSTED of Himself, *Char. of the Times*, 8vo, 1728, p. 23, 24. It should not be forgot to his honour, that he received at one time the sum of 500 pounds for secret service, among the other excellent

- " So sweetly mawkish, and so smoothly dull ;
 " Heady, not strong ; o'erflowing, tho' not full.
 " Ah Dennis ! Gildon ah ! what ill-starr'd rage
 " Divides a friendship long confirm'd by age ?
 " Blockheads with reason wicked wits abhor, 175
 " But fool with fool is barb'rous civil war.
 " Embrace, embrace, my sons ! be foes no more !
 " Nor glad vile poets with true critics gore.
 " Behold yon pair, in strict embraces join'd ;
 " How like in manners, and how like in mind ! 180
 " Equal in wit, and equally polite,
 " Shall this a Pasquin, that a Grumbler write ;
 " Like are their merits, like rewards they share,
 " That shines a consul, this commissioner.

" But

lent authors hired to write anonymously for the ministry. See Report of the Secret Committee, &c. in 1742. WARBURTON.

VER. 172. It was stronger in the first edition,
 ——" and foaming, though not full."

VER. 173. *Ab Dennis ! &c.*] The reader who has seen, through the course of these notes, what a constant attendance Mr. Dennis paid our author and all his works, may perhaps wonder he should be mentioned but twice, and so slightly touched, in this poem. But in truth he looked upon him with some esteem, for having (more generously than all the rest) set his name to such writings. He was also a very old man at this time. By his own account of himself in Mr. *Jacob's Lives*, he must have been above threescore, and happily lived many years after. So that he was senior to Mr. *Durfey*, who hitherto of all our poets enjoyed the longest bodily life. WARBURTON.

VER. 179. *Behold yon pair, &c.*] One of these was author of a weekly paper called *The Grumbler*, as the other was concerned in another called *Pasquin*, in which Mr. *Pope* was abused with the Duke of *Buckingham*, and Bishop of *Rochester*. They also joined in a piece against his first undertaking to translate the *Iliad*, intitled *Homerides*, by Sir *Iliad Doggerel*, printed 1715.

- “ But who is he, in closet close y-pent, 185
 “ Of sober face, with learned dust besprent ?”
 “ Right well mine eyes arede the myster wight,
 “ On parchment scraps y-fed, and Wormius hight.
 “ To future ages may thy dulness last,
 “ As thou preserv’st the dulness of the past ! 190
 “ There,

VER. 184. *That shines a consul, this commissioner.*] Such places were given at this time to such sort of writers.

WARBURTON.

VER. 187. *arede*] *Read, or peruse*; though sometimes used for *counsel*. “ *READE THY READ,*” *take thy counsaile*. Thomas Sternhold, in his translation of the first Psalm into English metre, hath *wisely* made use of this word,

“ The man is blest that hath not bent
 ‘To wicked READ his ear.”

VER. 188. *Wormius hight.*] Let not this name, purely fictitious, be conceited to mean the learned *Olaus Wormius*; much less (as it was unwarrantably foisted into the surreptitious editions) our own antiquary Mr. *Thomas Hearne*, who had no way aggrieved our poet, but on the contrary published many curious tracts, which he hath to his great contentment perused.

Most rightly are *ancient words* here employed in speaking of such who so greatly delight in the same. We may say not only rightly, but *wisely*, yea *excellently*, inasmuch as for the like practice the like praise is given by Mr. Hearne himself, Glossar. to Rob. of Gloucester, Artic. BEHETT: “ Others say, BEHIGHT, *promised*; and so it is used *excellently well* by Thomas Norton, in his translation into metre of the cxvith Psalm, ver. 14.

“ I to the Lord will pay my vows,
 That I to him BEHIGHT;”

where the modern innovators, not understanding the propriety of the word (which is *truly English*, from the Saxon), have most *unwarrantably* altered it thus:

“ I to the Lord will pay my vows,
 With joy and *great delight*.”

WARBURTON.

Ibid. *hight.*] “ In Cumberland they say to *hight*, for to *promise*, or *vow*; but *HIGHT*, usually signifies, *was called*; and so it does in the North even to this day, notwithstanding what is done in Cumberland.” HEARNE, *ibid.*

WARBURTON.

- “ There, dim in clouds, the poring scholiast mark,
 “ Wits, who, like owls, see only in the dark,
 “ A lumberhouse of books in ev’ry head,
 “ For ever reading, never to be read !
 “ But, where each science lifts its modern type,
 “ Hist’ry her pot, divinity her pipe, 196
 “ While proud philosophy repines to show,
 “ Dishonest sight ! his breeches rent below ;
 “ Imbrown’d with native bronze, lo ! Henley stands,
 “ Tuning his voice, and balancing his hands. ‘200
 “ How fluent nonsense trickles from his tongue !
 “ How sweet the periods, neither said, nor sung !
 “ Still break the benches, Henley ! with thy strain,
 “ While Sherlock, Hare, and Gibson preach in vain.
 “ Oh great restorer of the good old stage, 205
 “ Preacher at once, and Zany of thy age !
 “ Oh worthy thou of Egypt’s wise abodes,
 “ A decent priest, where monkeys were the gods !
 “ But fate with butchers plac’d thy priestly stall,
 “ Meek modern faith to murder, hack, and mawl ;
 “ And

VER. 197. In the first edit. it was,

And proud philosophy with breeches tore,

And English music with a dismal score.

Fast by in darkness palpable inshrind

W—s, B—r, M—n, all the poring kind. WARBURTON.

VER. 199. *lo ! Henley stands, &c.*] J. Henley the orator ; he preached on the Sundays upon theological matters, and on the Wednesdays upon all other sciences. Each auditor paid one shilling. He declaimed some years against the greatest persons, and occasionally did our author that honour.

“ And bade thee live, to crown Britannia’s praise, 211
 “ In Toland’s, Tindal’s, and in Woolston’s days.
 “ Yet oh, my sons, a father’s words attend :
 “ (So may the fates preserve the ears you lend)
 “ ’Tis yours, a Bacon or a Locke to blame, 215
 “ A Newton’s genius, or a Milton’s flame :
 “ But oh! with One, immortal One, dispense,
 “ The source of Newton’s light, of Bacon’s sense.
 “ Content, each emanation of his fires
 “ That beams on earth, each virtue he inspires, 220
 “ Each art he prompts, each charm he can create,
 “ Whate’er he gives, are giv’n for you to hate.
 “ Persist, by all divine in man unaw’d,
 “ But, “ Learn, ye DUNCES! not to scorn your God.”
 “ Thus he, for then a ray of reason stole 225
 “ Half thro’ the solid darkness of his soul ;
 “ But soon the cloud return’d—and thus the Sire :
 “ See now, what Dulness and her sons admire !
 “ See what the charms, that smite the simple heart
 “ Not touch’d by nature, and not reach’d by art.”
 His never-blushing head he turn’d aside, 231
 (Not half so pleas’d when Goodman prophesy’d)
 And look’d, and saw a sable sorc’rer rise,
 Swift to whose hand a winged volume flies :

All

VER. 212. Of *Toland* and *Tindal*, see Book ii. *Thomas Woolston* was an impious madman, who wrote in a most insolent style against the miracles of the gospel, in the years 1726, &c.

WARBURTON.

All sudden, gorgons hiss, and dragons glare, 235
And ten-horn'd fiends and giants rush to war.

Hell rises, heav'n descends, and dance on earth :
Gods, imps, and monsters, music, rage, and mirth,
A fire, a jigg, a battle, and a ball,
Till one wide conflagration swallows all. 240

Thence a new world to nature's laws unknown,
Breaks out refulgent, with a heav'n its own :
Another Cynthia her new journey runs,
And other planets circle other suns.
The forests dance, the rivers upward rise, 245
Whales sport in woods, and dolphins in the skies,
And last, to give the whole creation grace,
Lo ! one vast egg produces human race.

Joy fills his soul, joy innocent of thought ;
What pow'r, he cries, what pow'r these wonders
wrought ? 250

Son, what thou seek'st is in thee ! Look, and find
Each monster meets his likeness in thy mind.

Yet

VER. 233. *a sable sorcerer*] Dr. Faustus, the subject of a set of farces, which lasted in vogue two or three seasons, in which both playhouses strove to outdo each other for some years. All the extravagances in the sixteen lines following were introduced on the stage, and frequented by persons of the first quality in England, to the twentieth and thirtieth time. WARBURTON.

VER. 237. *Hell rises, heav'n descends, and dance on earth :*] This monstrous absurdity was actually represented in Tibbald's Rape of Proserpine. WARBURTON.

VER. 248. *Lo ! one vast egg*] In another of these farces Harlequin is hatched upon the stage, out of a large egg. WARBURTON.

Yet would'st thou more ? In yonder cloud behold,
 Whose sarsenet skirts are edg'd with flamy gold, 254
 A matchless youth ! his nod these worlds controls,
 Wings the red lightning, and the thunder rolls.
 Angel of Dulness ! sent to scatter round
 Her magic charms o'er all unclassic ground :
 Yon stars, yon suns, he rears at pleasure higher,
 Illumes their light, and sets their flames on fire. 260
 Immortal Rich ! how calm he sits at ease
 'Mid snows of paper, and fierce hail of pease ;
 And proud his mistress' orders to perform,
 Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.

But lo ! to dark encounter in mid air 265
 New wizards rise ; I see my Cibber there !
 Booth in his cloudy tabernacle shrin'd,
 On grinning dragons thou shalt mount the wind.
 Dire is the conflict, dismal is the din,
 Here shouts all Drury, there all Lincoln's-Inn ; 270
 Contending theatres our empire raise,
 Alike their labours, and alike their praise.

And are these wonders, son, to thee unknown ?
 Unknown to thee ? These wonders are thy own.

These

VER. 261. *Immortal Rich !*] Mr. John Rich, master of the Theatre Royal in Covent-Garden, was the first that excelled this way. WARBURTON.

After ver. 274. in the former edit. followed,

For works like these let deathless journals tell

"None but thyself can be thy parallel." WARBURTON.

These fate reserv'd to grace thy reign divine, 275
 Foreseen by me, but ah ! withheld from mine.
 In Lud's old walls tho' long I rul'd, renown'd
 Far as loud Bow's stupendous bells resound ;
 Tho' my own aldermen confer'd the bays,
 To me committing their eternal praise, 280
 Their full-fed heroes, their pacific may'rs,
 Their annual trophies, and their monthly wars :
 Tho' long my party built on me their hopes,
 For writing pamphlets, and for roasting Popes ;
 Yet lo ! in me what authors have to brag on ! 285
 Reduc'd at last to hiss in my own dragon.
 Avert it, Heav'n ! that thou, my Cibber, e'er
 Should'st wag a serpent-tail in Smithfield fair !
 Like the vile straw that's blown about the streets,
 The needy poet sticks to all he meets, 290
 Coach'd,

VER. 282. *Annual trophies*, on the Lord-mayor's day ; and
monthly wars in the Artillery-ground. WARBURTON.

VER. 283. *Tho' long my party*] Settle, like most party-writers,
 was very uncertain in his political principles. He was employed
 to hold the pen in the *character* of a *popish successor*, but afterwards
 printed his *narrative* on the other side. He had managed the
 ceremony of a famous Pope-burning on Nov. 17, 1680, then be-
 came a trooper in King James's army, at Houn-low-heath. After
 the Revolution he kept a booth at Bartholomew-fair, where, in
 the droll called *St. George for England*, he acted in his old age in
 a dragon of green leather of his own invention ; he was at last
 taken into the Charter-house, and there died, aged sixty years.

WARBURTON.

After ver. 284. in the former edit. followed,

Diff'rent our parties, but with equal grace
 The Goddess smiles on Whig and Tory race.

WARBURTON.

Coach'd, carted, trod upon, now loose, now fast,
 And carry'd off in some dog's tail at last.
 Happier thy fortunes ! like a rolling stone,
 Thy giddy dulness still shall lumber on,
 Safe in its heaviness, shall never stray, 295
 But lick up ev'ry blockhead in the way.
 Thee shall the patriot, thee the courtier taste,
 And ev'ry year be duller than the last.
 Till rais'd from booths, to theatre, to court,
 Her seat imperial Dulness shall transport. 300
 Already opera prepares the way,
 The sure fore-runner of her gentle sway :
 Let her thy heart, next drabs and dice, engage,
 The third mad passion of thy doting age.
 Teach thou the warbling Polypheme to roar, 305
 And scream thyself, as none e'er scream'd before !

To

VER. 295. *Safe in its heaviness, &c.*] In the former edit.

Too safe in inborn heaviness to stray ;

And lick up ev'ry blockhead in the way.

Thy dragons, magistrates, and peers shall taste,

And from each shew rise duller than the last.

'Till rais'd from booths, &c.

WARBURTON.

VER. 297. *Thee shall the patriot, thee the courtier taste,*] It stood in the first edition with blanks, * and *. Concanen was sure, " they must needs mean nobody but *King GEORGE* and *Queen CAROLINE* ; and said he would insist it was so, till the poet cleared himself by filling up the blanks otherwise, agreeably to the context, and consistent with his *allegiance* " Pref. to a Collection of Verses, Essays, Letters, &c. against Mr. P., printed for A. Moor, p. 6.

WARBURTON.

VER. 305. *Polypheme*] He translated the Italian opera of *Polyphemus* ; but unfortunately lost the whole jest of the story. The

To aid our cause, if Heav'n thou can'st not bend,
 Hell thou shalt move ; for Faustus is our friend :
 Pluto with Cato thou for this shalt join,
 And link the Mourning Bride to Proserpine. 310
 Grub-street ! thy fall should men and gods conspire,
 Thy stage shall stand, ensure it but from fire.
 Another Eschylus appears ! prepare
 For new abortions, all ye pregnant fair !
 In flames, like Semele's, be brought to bed, 315
 While op'ning hell spouts wild-fire at your head.
 Now Bavius take the poppy from thy brow,
 And place it here ! here all ye heroes bow !
 This, this is he, foretold by ancient rhymes :
 Th' Augustus born to bring Saturnian times. 320

Signs

Cyclops asks Ulysses his *name*, who tells him his name is *Noman*. After his eye is put out, he roars and calls the brother Cyclops to his aid: they enquire, *who has hurt him?* he answers, *Noman*: whereupon they all go away again. Our ingenious translator made Ulysses answer, *I take no name*; whereby all that followed became unintelligible. Hence it appears that Mr. Cibber (who values himself on subscribing to the English translation of Homer's *Iliad*) had not that merit with respect to the *Odyssey*, or he might have been better instructed in the Greek *Pun ology*. WARBURTON.

VER. 308, 309. *Faustus, Pluto, &c.*] Names of miserable farces, which it was the custom to act at the end of the best tragedies, to spoil the digestion of the audience. WARBURTON.

VER. 312. *ensure it but from fire.*] In Tibbald's farce of *Proserpine*, a corn-field was set on fire; whereupon the other play-house had a barn burnt down for the recreation of the spectators. They also rivalled each other in shewing the burnings of hell-fire, in *Dr. Faustus*. WARBURTON.

VER. 313. *Another Eschylus appears !*] It is reported of Eschylus, that when his tragedy of the *Furies* was acted, the audience were so terrified, that the children fell into fits, and the big-bellied women miscarried. WARBURTON.

Signs following signs lead on the mighty year!
 See! the dull stars roll round and re-appear.
 See, see, our own true Phœbus wears the bays!
 Our Midas sits Lord Chancellor of plays!
 On poets tombs see Benson's titles writ!
 Lo! Ambrose Philips is prefer'd for wit!

325

See

VER. 323. *See, see, our own, &c.*] In the former edit.

Beneath his reign, shall Eusden wear the bays,
 Cibber preside Lord Chancellor of plays,
 Benson sole judge of architecture sit,
 And Namby Pamby be prefer'd for wit!
 I see th' unfinish'd dormitory wall,
 I see the Savoy totter to her fall;
 Hibernian politics, O Swift! thy doom,
 And Pope's, translating three whole years with Broome.
 Proceed, great days, &c.

WARBURTON.

VER. 325. *On poets tombs see Benson's titles writ!*] W —m Benson (surveyor of the buildings to His Majesty King George I.) gave in a report to the Lords, that their house and the painted-chamber adjoining were in immediate danger of falling. Whereupon the Lords met in a committee to appoint some other place to sit in, while the house should be taken down. But it being proposed to cause some other builders first to inspect it, they found it in very good condition. The Lords, upon this, were going upon an address to the King against Benson, for such a misrepresentation; but the Earl of Sunderland, then secretary, gave them an assurance that His Majesty would remove him, which was done accordingly. In favour of this man, the famous Sir Christopher Wren, who had been architect to the crown for above fifty years, who built most of the churches in London, laid the first stone of St. Paul's, and lived to finish it, had been displaced from his employment at the age of near ninety years.

WARBURTON.

VER. 326. *Ambrose Philips*] "He was (saith Mr. JACOB) one of the wits at Button's, and a justice of the peace:" but he hath since met with higher preferment in Ireland; and a much greater character we have of him in Mr. Gildon's *Complete Art of Poetry*, vol. i. p. 157. "Indeed he confesses, he dares not set him *quite* on the same foot with *Virgil*, lest it should seem flattery: but he

is

Hibernian politics, O Swift ! thy fate ;

And Pope's, ten years to comment and translate.

Proceed,

fortieth time, at Bath and Bristol fifty, &c. It made its progress into Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, where it was performed twenty-four days together : it was at last acted in Minorca. The fame of it was not confined to the author only ; the ladies carried about with them the favourite songs of it in fans ; and houses were furnished with it in screens. The person who acted Polly, till then obscure, became all at once the favourite of the town ; her pictures were engraved, and sold in great numbers ; her life written, books of letters and verses to her published ; and pamphlets made even of her sayings and jests.

Furthermore, it drove out of England, for that season, the Italian Opera, which had carried all before it for ten years. That idol of the nobility and people, which the great critic Mr. Dennis, by the labours and outcries of a whole life, could not overthrow, was demolished by a single stroke of this gentleman's pen. This happened in the year 1728. Yet so great was his modesty, that he constantly prefixed to all the editions of it this motto, *Nos hæc novimus esse nihil.*

WARBURTON.

VER. 331. in the former edition thus :

——— O Swift ! thy doom,

And Pope's, translating ten whole years with Broome.

On which was the following note : " He concludes his irony with a stroke upon himself : for whoever imagines this a sarcasm on the other ingenious person, is surely mistaken. The opinion our Author had of him was sufficiently shewn by his joining him in the undertaking of the *Odyssey* ; in which Mr. Broome having engaged without any previous agreement, discharged his part so much to Mr. Pope's satisfaction, that he gratified him with the full sum of *five hundred pounds*, and a present of all those books for which his own interest could procure him subscribers, to the value of *one hundred more*. The author only seems to lament that he was employed in translation at all.

WARBURTON.

VER. 332. *And Pope's, ten years to comment and translate.*] The Author here plainly laments that he was so long employed in translating and commenting. He began the *Iliad* in 1713, and finished it in 1719. The edition of Shakespear (which he undertook merely because nobody else would) took up near two years more

in

Proceed, great days ! till learning fly the shore,
 Till Birch shall blush with noble blood no more,
 Till Thames see Eaton's sons for ever play, 335
 Till Westminster's whole year be holiday,
Till

in the drudgery of comparing impressions, rectifying the scenery, &c. and the translation of half the *Odyssey* employed him from that time to 1725. WARBURTON.

VER. 333. *Proceed, great days ! &c.*] It may perhaps seem incredible, that so great a revolution in learning as is here prophesied, should be brought about by such *weak instruments* as have been [hitherto] described in our poem : but do not thou, gentle reader, rest too secure in thy contempt of these instruments. Remember what the Dutch stories somewhere relate, that a great part of their provinces was once overflowed, by a small opening made in one of their dykes by a single *water-rat*.

However, that such is not seriously the judgment of our Poet, but that he conceiveth better hopes from the diligence of our schools, from the regularity of our universities, the discernment of our great men, the accomplishments of our nobility, the encouragement of our patrons, and the genius of our writers in all kinds (notwithstanding some few exceptions in each), may plainly be seen from his conclusion ; where, causing all this vision to pass through the ivory gate, he expressly, in the language of poesy, declares all such imaginations to be wild, ungrounded, and fictitious.

SCRIBLERUS.

VER. 333. *Proceed, great days ! &c.*—*Till Birch shall blush, &c.*] Another great prophet of Dulness, on this side Styx, promiseth those days to be near at hand. “ The Devil (saith he) licensed bishops to license masters of schools to instruct youth in the knowledge of the heathen gods, their religion, &c. The schools and universities will soon be tired and ashamed of classics, and such trumpery.”—HUTCHINSON'S *Use of Reason recovered*.

SCRIBLERUS.

After ver. 338 in the first edit. were the following lines :

Then when these signs declare the mighty year,
 When the dull stars roll round and re-appear ;
 Let there be darkness ! (the dread Pow'r shall say)
 All shall be darkness, as it ne'er were day ;
 To their first chaos wit's vain works shall fall,
 And universal darkness cover all.

WARBURTON,

Till Isis' elders reel, their pupils sport,
And Alma Mater lie dissolv'd in port !

Enough ! enough ! the raptur'd monarch cries ;
And thro' the iv'ry gate the vision flies. 340



THE
D U N C I A D.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

VOL. IV.

Q

ARGUMENT OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

THE Poet being, in this Book, to declare the completion of the Prophecies mentioned at the end of the former, makes a new Invocation; as the greater poets are wont, when some high and worthy matter is to be sung. He shows the Goddess coming in her majesty, to destroy Order and Science, and to substitute the kingdom of the Dull upon earth. How she leads captive the Sciences, and silenceth the Muses; and what they be who succeed in their stead. All her children, by a wonderful attraction, are drawn about her, and bear along with them divers others, who promote her empire by connivance, weak resistance, or discouragement of arts; such as half-wits, tasteless admirers, vain pretenders, the flatterers of dunces, or the patrons of them. All these crowd around her; one of them offering to approach her, is driven back by a rival, but she commends and encourages both. The first who speak in form are the Genius's of the Schools, who assure her of their care to advance her cause by confining youth to words, and keeping them out of the way of real knowledge. Their address, and her gracious answer; with her charge to them and the Universities. The Universities appear by their proper deputies, and assure her that the same method is observed in the progress of Education. The speech of Aristarchus on this subject. They are driven off by a band of young gentlemen returned from travel with their tutors; one of whom delivers to the Goddess, in a polite oration, an account of the whole conduct and fruits of their Travels; presenting to her at the same time a young nobleman perfectly accomplished. She receives him graciously, and endues him with the happy quality of want of shame. She sees loitering about her a number of indolent persons abandoning all business and duty and dying with laxiness: to these approaches the antiquary Annius, intreating her to make them virtuosos, and assign them over to him: but Mummius, another antiquary, complaining of his

Q 2

fraudulent

fraudulent proceeding, she finds a method to reconcile their difference. Then enter a troop of people fantastically adorn'd, offering her strange and exotic presents: amongst them, one stands forth and demands justice on another, who had deprived him of one of the greatest curiosities in nature: but he justifies himself so well, that the Goddess gives them both her approbation. She recommends to them to find proper employment for the indolents before-mentioned, in the study of butterflies, shells, birds-nests, moss, &c. but with particular caution, not to proceed beyond trifles; to any useful or extensive views of nature, or of the Author of Nature. Against the last of these apprehensions, she is secured by a hearty address from the Minute Philosophers and Free-thinkers, one of whom speaks in the name of the rest. The youth thus instructed and principled, are delivered to her in a body by the hands of Silenus; and then admitted to taste the cup of the Magus her High Priest, which causes a total oblivion of all obligations, divine, civil, moral, or rational. To these her adepts she sends priests, attendants, and comforters, of various kinds; confers on them orders and degrees; and then dismissing them with a speech, confirming to each his privileges, and telling what she expects from each, concludes with a yawn of extraordinary virtue: the progress and effects whereof on all orders of men, and the consummation of all, in the restoration of night and chaos, conclude the poem.

B O O K IV.

YET, yet a moment, one dim ray of light

Indulge, dread Chaos, and eternal Night !
Of darkness visible so much be lent,
As half to shew, half veil the deep intent.

Ye

The DUNCIAD, Book IV.] This book may properly be distinguished from the former, by the name of the GREATER DUNCIAD, not so indeed in size, but in subject ; and so far, contrary to the distinction anciently made of the *Greater* and *Lesser Iliad*. But much are they mistaken who imagine this work to be in any wise inferior to the former, or of any other hand than of our Poet ; of which I am much more certain than that the *Iliad* itself was the work of *Solomon*, or the *Batrachomyomachia* of *Homer*, as *Barnes* hath affirmed. BENTLEY. POPE.

VER. 1, &c. This is an invocation of much piety. The Poet, willing to approve himself a genuine son, beginneth by shewing (what is ever agreeable to *Dulness*) his high respect for *antiquity* and a *great family*, how dead or dark soever : next declareth his passion for explaining mysteries ; and lastly, his impatience to be re-united to her. SCRIBLERUS. POPE.

VER. 2. *dread Chaos, and eternal Night !*] Invoked, as the restoration of their empire is the action of the poem. POPE.

VER. 4. *half to shew, half veil the deep intent.*] This is a great propriety, for a dull poet can never express himself otherwise than by *halves*, or imperfectly. SCRIBLERUS. POPE.

I understand it very differently ; the Author in this work had indeed a *deep intent* ; there were in it *mysteries*, or ἀπρόβλητα, which he durst not fully reveal ; and doubtless in divers verses (according to *Milton*)

—“ more is meant than meets the ear.” BENTLEY. POPE.

Ye Pów'rs ! whose mysteries restor'd I sing, 5
 To whom Time bears me on his rapid wing,
 Suspend a while your force inertly strong,
 Then take at once the poet and the song.

Now flam'd the Dog-star's unpropitious ray,
 Smote ev'ry brain, and wither'd ev'ry bay ; 10
 Sick was the sun, the owl forsook his bow'r,
 The moon-struck prophet felt the madding hour :
 Then rose the seed of chaos, and of night,
 To blot out order, and extinguish light,

Of

VER. 6. *To whom Time bears me on his rapid wing.*] Fair and softly, good Poet ! (cries the gentle *Scriblerus* on this place). For sure, in spite of his unusual modesty, he shall not travel so fast toward oblivion, as divers others of more confidence have done : for when I revolve in my mind the catalogue of those who have most boldly promised to themselves immortality, viz. *Pindar, Luis Gongora, Ronsard, Oldham*, lyrics ; *Lycophron, Statius, Chapman, Blackmore*, heroics ; I find the one-half to be already dead, and the other in utter darkness. But it becometh not us, who have taken up the office of his commentator, to suffer our Poet thus prodigally to cast away his life ; contrariwise, the more hidden and abstruse his work is, and the more remote its beauties from common understanding, the more it is our duty to draw forth and exalt the same, in the face of men and angels. Herein shall we imitate the laudable spirit of those, who have (for this very reason) delighted to comment on *dark and uncouth* authors, and even on their *darker* fragments ; have preferred *Ennius* to *Virgil*, and have chosen rather to turn the dark lanthorn of *LYCOPHRON*, than to trim the everlasting lamp of *Homer*. SCRIBLERUS. POPE.

VER. 7. *force inertly strong.*] Alluding to the *vis inertiae* of matter, which, though it really be no power, is yet the foundation of all the qualities and attributes of that sluggish substance.

POPE.

VER. 14. *To blot out order, and extinguish light.*] The two great ends of her mission ; the one in quality of daughter of *Chaos*, the

Of dull and venal a new world to mold, 15
And bring Saturnian days of lead and gold.

She mounts the throne : her head a cloud conceal'd,
In broad effulgence all below reveal'd;
('Tis thus aspiring Dulness ever shines)
Soft on her lap her laureat son reclines. 20

Beneath

the other as daughter of *Night*. Order here is to be understood extensively, both as civil and moral; the distinctions between high and low in society, and true and false in individuals: *light*, as intellectual only; wit, science, arts. POPE.

VER. 15. *Of dull and venal*] The allegory continued; *dull* referring to the extinction of light or science; *venal* to the destruction of order, or the truth of things. POPE.

Ibid. *a new world*] In reference to the Epicurean opinion, that from the dissolution of the natural world into night and chaos, a new one should arise; this the Poet alluding to, in the production of a new moral world, makes it partake of its original principles. POPE.

VER. 16. *lead and gold*] i. e. dull and venal. POPE.

VER. 18. *all below reveal'd*] It was the opinion of the ancients, that the divinities manifested themselves to men by their *back-parts*. Virg. *Æneid*. i. *et avertens, rosea cervice refulsit*. But this passage may admit of another exposition — Vet. Adag. *The higher you climb, the more you show your a* —. Verified in no instance more than in Dulness aspiring. Emblemized also by an ape climbing and exposing his posteriors. SCRIBLERUS. POPE.

VER. 20. *her laureat son reclines*.] With great judgment is it imagined by the Poet, that such a colleague as Dulness had elected, should sleep upon the throne, and have very little share in the action of the poem. Accordingly he hath done little or nothing from the day of his anointing; having passed through the second book without taking part in any thing that was transacted about him; and through the third in profound sleep. Nor ought this, well considered, to seem strange in our days, when so many *king-consorts* have done the like. SCRIBLERUS. POPE.

“ When I find my name in the satirical works of this Poet, I never look upon it as any malice meant to me, but PROFIT to himself.

Beneath her foot-stool, *Science* groans in chains,
 And *Wit* dreads exile, penalties, and pains.
 There foam'd rebellious *Logic*, gagg'd and bound,
 There, stript, fair *Rhet'ric* languish'd on the ground ;
 His blunted arms by *Sophistry* are born, 25
 And shameless *Billingsgate* her robes adorn.
Morality, by her false guardians drawn,
Chicane in furs, and *Casuistry* in lawn,
 Gasps, as they straiten at each end the cord,
 And dies, when Dulness gives her Page the word.

Mad

himself. For he considers that *my face* is more *known* than most in the nation ; and therefore a *lick at the Laureat* will be a sure bait *ad captandum vulgus*, to catch little readers." Life of Colley Cibber, ch. ii. WARBURTON.

Now if it be certain, that the works of our Poet have owed their success to this ingenious expedient, we hence derive an unanswerable argument, that this Fourth DUNCIAD, as well as the former three, hath had the Author's last hand, and was by him intended for the press : or else to what purpose hath he crowned it, as we see, by this finishing stroke, the profitable *lick at the Laureat* ? BENTLEY. POPE.

VER. 21, 22. *Beneath her foot-stool, &c.*] We are next presented with the pictures of those whom the Goddess leads in captivity. *Science* is only depressed and confus'd so as to be rendered useless ; but *Wit* or *Genius*, as a more dangerous and active enemy, punished, or driven away : *Dulness* being often reconciled in some degree with Learning, but never upon any terms with Wit. And accordingly it will be seen that she admits something *like* each science, as *Casuistry*, *Sophistry*, &c. but nothing like Wit, *Opera* alone supplying its place. POPE.

VER. 30. *gives her Page the word.*] There was a judge of this name, always ready to hang any man that came in his way ; of which he was suffered to give a hundred miserable examples during a long life, even to his dotage—Though the candid *Scriblerus* imagined *Page* here to mean no more than a *page* or *mute*, and to allude to the custom of strangling of state criminals in *Turkey* by *mutes*

Mad *Máthesis* alone was unconfin'd, 31
 Too mad for mere material chains to bind,
 Now to pure space lifts her extatic stare,
 Now running round the circle, finds its square.
 But held in ten-fold bonds the *Muses* lie, 35
 Watch'd both by Envy's and by Flatt'ry's eye :
 There to her heart sad Tragedy address
 The dagger wont to pierce the tyrant's breast ;
 But sober History restrain'd her rage,
 And promis'd vengeance on a barb'rous age. 40
 There sunk Thalia, nerveless, cold, and dead,
 Had not her sister Satire held her head :
 Nor cou'd'st thou, CHESTERFIELD ! a tear refuse,
 Thou wept'st, and with thee wept each gentle muse.
 When

mutes or pages. A practice more decent than that of our *Page*, who, before he hanged any one, loaded him with reproachful language.

SCRIBLERUS. POPE.

VER. 31. *Mad Máthesis*] Alluding to the strange conclusions some mathematicians have deduced from their principles, concerning the *real quantity of matter*, the *reality of space*, &c. POPE.

VER. 34. *running round the circle, finds its square.*] Regards the wild and fruitless attempts of *squaring the circle*. POPE.

VER. 36. *Watch'd both by Envy's and by Flatt'ry's eye :*] One of the misfortunes falling on authors, from the *act* for subjecting *plays* to the power of a *licenser*, being the false representations to which they were exposed, from such as either gratified their envy to merit, or made their court to greatness, by perverting general reflections against vice into libels on particular persons.

POPE.

VER. 43. *Nor cou'd'st thou, &c.*] This noble person, in the year 1737, when the act aforesaid was brought into the House of Lords, opposed it in an excellent speech (says Mr. *Cibber*) " with a lively spirit, and uncommon eloquence." This speech had the honour

When lo ! a harlot form soft sliding by, 45
 With mincing step, small voice, and languid eye :
 Foreign her air, her robe's discordant pride
 In patch-work flutt'ring, and her head aside :
 By singing peers upheld on either hand,
 She tripp'd and laugh'd, too pretty much to stand ;
 Cast on the prostrate Nine a scornful look, 51
 Then thus in quaint recitativo spoke :

O *Cara ! Cara !* silence all that train :
 Joy to great Chaos ! let Division reign :

Chromatic

honour to be answered by the said Mr. *Cibber*, with a lively spirit also, and in a manner very uncommon, in the 8th chapter of his *Life and Manners*. And here, gentle reader, would I gladly insert the other speech, whereby thou mightest judge between them : but I must defer it on account of some differences not yet adjusted between the noble author and myself, concerning the *true reading* of certain passages.

BENTLEY. POPE.

VER. 45. *When lo ! a harlot form*] The attitude given to this phantom represents the nature and genius of the *Italian* opera ; its affected airs, its effeminate sounds, and the practice of patching up these operas with favourite songs, incoherently put together. These things were supported by the subscriptions of the nobility. This circumstance, that OPERA should prepare for the opening of the grand sessions, was prophesied of in Book iii. ver. 304.

“ Already Opera prepares the way,
 The sure fore-runner of her gentle sway.” POPE.

VER. 54. *let Division reign :*] Alluding to the false taste of playing tricks with music with numberless divisions, to the neglect of that harmony which conforms to the sense, and applies to the passions. Mr. *Handel* had introduced a great number of hands and more variety of instruments into the orchestra, and employed even drums and cannon to make a fuller chorus ; which proved so much too manly for the fine gentlemen of his age, that he was obliged to remove his music into *Ireland*. After which they were reduced, for want of composers, to practise the patch-work above-mentioned.

POPE.

Chromatic tortures soon shall drive them hence, 55
 Break all their nerves, and fritter all their sense :
 One trill shall harmonize joy, grief, and rage,
 Wake the dull church, and lull the ranting stage ;
 To the same notes thy sons shall hum, or snore,
 And all thy yawning daughters cry, *encore*. 60
 Another Phœbus, thy own Phœbus, reigns,
 Joys in my jigs, and dances in my chains.
 But soon, ah soon, rebellion will commence,
 If music meanly borrows aid from sense ;
 Strong in new arms, lo ! giant HANDEL stands, 65
 Like bold Briareus, with a hundred hands ;
 To stir, to rouse, to shake the soul he comes,
 And Jove's own thunders follow Mars's drums.
 Arrest him, Empress, or you sleep no more—
 She heard, and drove him to th' Hibernian shore.

And now had Fame's posterior trumpet blown,
 And all the nations summon'd to the throne. 71
 The

VER. 61. *thy own Phœbus, reigns,*]

" Tuus jam regnat Apollo."

VIRG.

Not the ancient *Phœbus*, the god of harmony, but a modern *Phœbus* of French extraction, married to the Princess *Galimathia*, one of the handmaids of Dulness, and an assistant to Opera. Of whom see *Boubeurs*, and other critics of that nation.

SCRIBLERUS. POPE.

VER. 71. *Fame's posterior trumpet*] *Posterior*, viz. her second or more certain report : unless we imagine this word *posterior* to relate to the position of one of her trumpets, according to *Hudibras* :

" She blows not both with the same wind,
 But one before and one behind :
 And therefore modern authors name
 One good, and t'other evil fame."

POPE.

The young, the old, who feel her inward sway,
 One instinct seizes, and transports away.
 None need a guide, by sure attraction led, 75
 And strong impulsive gravity of head :
 None want a place, for all their centre found,
 Hung to the goddess, and coher'd around.
 Not closer, orb in orb, conglob'd are seen
 The buzzing bees about their dusky queen. 80

The gath'ring number, as it moves along,
 Involves a vast involuntary throng,
 Who gently drawn, and struggling less and less,
 Roll in her vortex, and her pow'r confess.
 Not those alone who passive own her laws, 85
 But who, weak rebels, more advance her cause.
 Whate'er of dunce in college or in town
 Sneers at another, in toupee or gown ;
 Whate'er of mungril no one class admits,
 A wit with dunces, and a dunce with wits. 90

Nor absent they, no members of her state,
 Who pay her homage in her sons, the Great ;

Who

VER. 75. *None need a guide,—None want a place,*] The sons of Dulness want no instructors in study, nor guides in life: they are their own masters in all sciences, and their own heralds and introducers into all places. POPE.

VER. 76 to 101.] It ought to be observed that here are three classes in this assembly. The first of men absolutely and avowedly dull, who naturally adhere to the Goddess, and are represented in the simile of the bees about their queen. The second involuntarily drawn to her, though not caring to own her influence; from ver. 81 to 90. The third, of such as, though not members of her

Who false to Phœbus, bow the knee to Baal ;
 Or impious, preach his word without a call.
 Patrons, who sneak from living worth to dead, 95
 With-hold the pension, and set up the head ;
 Or vest dull Flatt'ry in the sacred gown ;
 Or give from fool to fool the laurel crown.
 And (last and worst) with all the cant of wit,
 Without the soul, the muse's hypocrit. 100

There march'd the bard and blockhead, side by side,
 Who rhym'd for hire, and patroniz'd for pride.
 Narcissus, prais'd with all a parson's pow'r,
 Look'd a white lilly sunk beneath a show'r.
 There mov'd Montalto with superior air ; 105
 His stretch'd-out arm display'd a volume fair ;
 Courtiers and patriots in two ranks divide,
 Thro' both he pass'd, and bow'd from side to side :

But

her state, yet advance her service by flattering Dulness, cultivating mistaken talents, patronizing vile scribblers, discouraging living merit, or setting up for wits, and men of taste in arts they understand not; from ver. 91 to 101. POPE.

VER. 93. *false to Phœbus,*] Spoken of the ancient and true *Phœbus*; not the *French Phœbus*, who hath no chosen priests or poets, but equally inspires any man that pleaseth to sing or preach. SCRIBLERUS. POPE.

VER. 99, 100. *And (last and worst) with all the cant of wit, Without the soul, the muse's hypocrit.*]

In this division are reckoned up, 1. The idolizers of Dulness in the great. — 2. Ill judges. — 3. Ill writers. — 4. Ill patrons. But the *last and worst*, as he justly calls him, is the *muse's hypocrite*, who is, as it were, the epitome of them all. He who thinks the only end of poetry is to amuse, and the only business of the poet to be witty; and consequently who cultivates only such trifling talents in himself, and encourages only such in others.

But as in graceful act, with awful eye
 Compos'd he stood, bold Benson thrust him by :
 On two unequal crutches propt he came, 111
 Milton's on this, on that one Johnston's name.
 The decent knight retir'd with sober rage,
 Withdrew his hand, and clos'd the pompous page.
 But (happy for him as the times went then) 115
 Appear'd Apollo's mayor and aldermen,
 On whom three hundred gold-capt youths await,
 To lug the pond'rous volume off in state.

When Dulness, smiling—"Thus revive the wits!
 But murder first, and mince them all to bits; 120
 As erst Medea (cruel, so to save!)
 A new edition of old Æson gave;

Let

VER. 110. *bold Benson*] This man endeavoured to raise himself to fame by erecting monuments, striking coins, setting up heads, and procuring translations, of *Milton*; and afterwards by as great passion for one *Arthur Johnston*, a *Scotch* physician's version of the *Psalms*, of which he printed many fine editions. See more of him, Book iii. ver. 325. POPE.

VER. 113. *The decent knight*] An eminent person, who was about to publish a very pompous edition of a great author *at his own expence*. POPE.

VER. 114. "What! no respect, he cry'd, for SHAKESPEAR'S page?"

VER. 119. "*Thus revive, &c.*" The Goddess applauds the practice of tacking the obscure names of persons not eminent in any branch of learning, to those of the most distinguished writers; either by printing *editions* of their works with impertinent alterations of their text, as in the former instances; or by setting up *monuments* disgraced with their own vile names and inscriptions, as in the latter. POPE.

VER. 122. *old Æson*] Of whom Ovid (very applicable to these restored authors),

"Æson

Let standard-authors, thus, like trophies born,
 Appear more glorious as more hack'd and torn.
 And you, my Critics! in the chequer'd shade, 125
 Admire new light thro' holes yourselves have made.

Leave not a foot of verse, a foot of stone,
 A page, a grave, that they can call their own;
 But spread, my Sons, your glory thin or thick,
 On passive paper, or on solid brick. 130
 So by each bard an alderman shall sit,
 A heavy lord shall hang at ev'ry wit,
 And while on fame's triumphal car they ride,
 Some slave of mine be pinion'd to their side."

Now

"Æson miratur,
 Dissimilemque animum subiit"—

POPE.

VER. 128. *A page, a grave,*] For what less than a grave can
 be granted to a dead author? or what less than a page can be
 afforded a living one? POPE.

Pagina, not *pedisequus*. A page of a book, not a servant, fol-
 lower, or attendant; no poet having had a *page* since the death of
 Mr. Thomas Durfey. SCRIBLERUS. POPE.

VER. 131. *So by each bard an alderman, &c.*] Vide the *Tombs*
of the Poets, Editio Westmonasteriensis. POPE.

Alluding to the monument erected for Butler, the author of
Hudibras, by Alderman Barber. WARBURTON.

VER. 132. *A heavy LORD shall hang at ev'ry wit,*] Aristarchus
 thinks the common reading, LORD, not LOAD, right; and that the
 author himself had been struggling with, and but just shaken off
 his *load*, when he wrote the following epigram:

My LORD complains, that Pope, stark mad with gardens,
 Has lopt three trees the value of three farthings:

"But he's my neighbour," cries the peer polite,

"And if he'll visit me, I'll wave my right."

What! on compulsion? and against my will,

A Lord's acquaintance? Let him file his bill.

The Lord is said to be his next neighbour, the then Lord
 Radnor.

Now crowds on crowds around the Goddess press,
 Each eager to present the first address. 136
 Duncce scorning duncce beholds the next advance,
 But fop shews fop superior complaisance.
 When lo ! a spectre rose, whose index-hand
 Held forth the virtue of the dreadful wand ; 140
 His beaver'd brow a birchen garland wears,
 Dropping with infant's blood, and mother's tears.
 O'er ev'ry vein a shudd'ring horror runs ;
 Eton and Winton shake thro' all their sons.
 All flesh is humbled, Westminster's bold race 145
 Shrink, and confess the genius of the place :
 The pale boy-senator yet tingling stands,
 And holds his breeches close with both his hands.

Then thus. Since man from beast by words is
 known,

Words are man's province, words we teach alone.
 When reason doubtful, like the Samian letter, 151
 Points him two ways, the narrower is the better.
 Plac'd

VER. 148. *And holds his breeches*] An effect of fear, somewhat like this, is described in the viith *Æneid*,

“ Contremuit nemus——

Et trepidæ matres pressere ad pectora natos ;”

nothing being so natural in any apprehension, as to lay close hold on whatever is supposed to be most in danger. But let it not be imagined the author would insinuate these youthful senators (though so late'y come from school) to be under the undue influence of any *master*.
 SCRIBLERUS. POPE.

VER. 151. *like the Samian letter,*] The letter Y, used by Pythagoras as an emblem of the different roads of virtue and vice.

“ Et tibi quæ Samios diduxit litera ramos.” PERS. POPE.

Plac'd at the door of Learning, youth to guide,
 We never suffer it to stand too wide.
 To ask, to guess, to know, as they commence,
 As fancy opens the quick springs of sense, 156
 We ply the memory, we load the brain,
 Blind rebel wit, and double chain on chain,
 Confine the thought, to exercise the breath;
 And keep them in the pale of words till death. 160
 Whate'er the talents, or howe'er design'd,
 We hang one jingling padlock on the mind:
 A poet the first day he dips his quill;
 And what the last? a very poet still.
 Pity! the charm works only in our wall, 165
 Lost, lost too soon in yonder house or hall.
 There truant WYNDHAM ev'ry muse gave o'er,
 There TALBOT sunk, and was a wit no more!
 How sweet an Ovid, MURRAY was our boast!
 How many Martials were in PULT'NEY lost! 170
 Else sure some bard, to our eternal praise,
 In twice ten thousand rhyming nights and days,
 Had

VER. 153. *Plac'd at the door, &c.*] This circumstance of the *Genius Loci* (with that of the index-hand before) seems to be an allusion to the *Table of Cebes*, where the Genius of Human Nature points out the road to be pursued by those just entering into life. Ο δὲ γίγνων ὁ ἀνὼ ἰσηκῶς, ἔχων χάριν τινα ἐν τῇ χειρὶ, καὶ τῇ ἰστέφῃ ὥσπερ δικνύων, τὶ, ἔτ' Δαίμων καλεῖται, &c. POPE.

VER. 159. *to exercise the breath;*] By obliging them to get the classic poets by heart, which furnishes them with endless matter for conversation and verbal amusement for their whole lives. POPE.

VER. 166. *in yonder house or hall.*] Westminster-hall and the House of Commons.

Had reach'd the work, the all that mortal can ;
And South beheld that master-piece of man.

Oh (cry'd the Goddess) for some pedant reign !
Some gentle JAMES, to bless the land again ; 176
To stick the doctor's chair into the throne,
Give law to words, or war with words alone,
Senates and courts with Greek and Latin rule,
And turn the council to a grammar school ! 180
For sure, if Dulness sees a grateful day,
'Tis in the shade of arbitrary sway.

O ! if

VER. 174. *that master-piece of man.*] Viz. an *epigram*. The famous Dr. South used to declare that a perfect epigram was as difficult a performance as an epic poem. And the critics say, " an epic poem is the greatest work human nature is capable of." POPE.

VER. 176. *Some gentle JAMES, &c.*] Wilson tells us that this King, James the First, took upon himself to teach the Latin tongue to Car, Earl of Somerset ; and that Gondomar the Spanish ambassador would speak false Latin to him, on purpose to give him the pleasure of correcting it, whereby he wrought himself into his good graces.

This great prince was the first who assumed the title of *Sacred Majesty*, which his loyal clergy transfer'd from God to him. " The principles of passive obedience and non-resistance (says the author of the Dissertation on Parties, Letter 8.), which before his time had skulk'd perhaps in some old homily, were talked, written, and preached into vogue in that inglorious reign." POPE.

VER. 181, 182. *if Dulness sees a grateful day,—'Tis in the shade of arbitrary sway.*] And grateful it is in Dulness to make this confession. I will not say she alludes to that celebrated verse of Claudian,

" nunquam Libertas gratior exstat
Quam sub Rege pio ;"

But this I will say, that the words *Liberty* and *Monarchy* have been frequently confounded and mistaken one for the other, by the gravest authors. I should therefore conjecture, that the genuine reading of the fore-cited verse was thus,

" nunquam

O! if my sons may learn one earthly thing,
 Teach but that one, sufficient for a king;
 That which my priests, and mine alone, maintain,
 Which, as it dies, or lives, we fall, or reign: 186
 May you, my Cam, and Isis, preach it long!
 "The RIGHT DIVINE of Kings to govern wrong."

Prompt at the call, around the Goddess roll
 Broad hats, and hoods, and caps, a sable shoal: 190
 Thick and more thick the black blockade extends,
 A hundred head of Aristotle's friends.

Nor

"nunquam *Libertas* gratior exstat
 Quam sub *Lege pia*,"

and that *Rege* was the reading only of Dulness herself: and therefore she might allude to it. SCRIBLERUS.

I judge quite otherwise of this passage: The genuine reading is *Libertas* and *Rege*: So Claudian gave it. But the error lies in the verb: it should be *exit*, not *exstat*, and then the meaning will be, that liberty was never *lost*, or *went away* with so good a grace, as under a good King: it being without doubt a tenfold sname to lose it under a bad one.

This further leads me to animadvert upon a most grievous piece of nonsense to be found in all the editions of the author of the Dunciad himself. A most capital one it is, and owing to the confusion mentioned above by Scriblerus, of the two words *Liberty* and *Monarchy*. Essay on Crit.

"Nature, like *Monarchy*, is but restrain'd
 By the same laws herself at first ordain'd."

Who sees not, it should be, *Nature, like Liberty*? Correct it therefore *repugnantibus omnibus* (even though the author himself should oppugn) in all the impressions which have been, or shall be, made of his works. BENTLEY. POPE.

VER. 189. *Prompt at the call,—Aristotle's friends.*] The author, with great propriety, hath made these, who were so *prompt, at the call* of Dulness, to become preachers of the divine right of Kings, to be the *friends* of *Aristotle*; for this philosopher, in his *politics*, hath laid it down as a principle, that some men were by nature made to serve, and others to command. WARBURTON.

Nor wert thou, Isis! wanting to the day,
 [Tho' Christ-church long kept prudishly away.]
 Each staunch polemic, stubborn as a rock, 195
 Each fierce logician, still expelling Locke,
 Came whip and spur, and dash'd through thin and thick
 On German Crouzaz, and Dutch Burgersdyck.

-As

VER. 194. [*Tho' Christ-church*] This line is doubtless spurious, and foisted in by the impertinence of the editor; and accordingly we have put it between hooks. For I affirm this college came as early as any other, by its *proper deputies*; nor did any college pay homage to Dulness in its *whole body*. BENTLEY. POPE.

VER. 196. *still expelling Locke*.] In the year 1703 there was a meeting of the heads of the university of *Oxford* to censure Mr. Locke's Essay on Human Understanding, and to forbid the reading it. See his Letters in the last edit. of his works. POPE.

Such was the fate of this *new philosophy* at Oxford. The *new theology* of Erasmus met with pretty much the same treatment, a century or two before, in the university of *Cambridge*. See Dr. Knight's Life of Erasmus, p. 137.—But our obnoxious *essayist* had given scandal to the scholastic spirit of Anthony Wood, the famed Oxford historian, long before; who, in the Journal of his own life, has furnished us with this curious anecdote. "April 23d, 1663, I began a course of chymistry, [in Oxford,] under the noted chemist and *Rosicrusian*, Peter Schael of Strasburg in Royal Prussia. The club consisted of ten at least, whereof was JOHN LOCK, of Christ Church, afterwards a noted writer. This John Lock was a man of a turbulent spirit, clamorous, and never contented. The club wrote, and took notes from the mouth of their master: but the said John Lock scorned to do it: so that while every man besides were writing, he would be prating and troublesome."

VER. 198. *Crouzaz*.] Author of a very absurd and abusive commentary on the *Essay on Man*. WARBURTON.

Ibid. *On German Crouzaz, and Dutch Burgersdyck*.] There seems to be an improbability that the doctors and heads of houses should ride on horseback, who, of late days, being gouty or unwieldy, have kept their coaches. But these are horses of great strength, and fit to carry any weight, as their German and Dutch extraction may manifest; and very famous we may conclude, being honoured with *names*, as were the horses Pegasus and Bucephalus.

SCRIBLERUS. POPE.

As many quit the streams that murm'ring fall
 To lull the sons of Marg'ret and Clare-hall, 200
 Where Bentley late tempestuous wont to sport
 In troubled waters, but now sleeps in port.
 Before them march'd that awful Aristarch;
 Plow'd was his front with many a deep remark :
 His hat, which never vail'd to human pride, 205
 Walker with rev'rence took, and lay'd aside.
 Low bow'd the rest : He, kingly, did but nod ;
 So upright quakers please both man and God.
 Mistress! dismiss that rabble from your throne :
 Avaunt—is Aristarchus yet unknown ? 210
 Thy

VER. 199. *the streams*] The river Cam, running by the walls of these colleges, which are particularly famous for their skill in disputation. POPE.

VER. 202. *sleeps in port.*] viz. "Now retired into harbour after the tempests that had long agitated his society." So *Scriblerus*. But the learned *Scipio Maffei* understands it of a certain wine called *port*, from *Oporto*, a city of Portugal, of which this professor invited him to drink abundantly. SCIP. MAFF. *De Computationibus Academicis*. POPE.

VER. 205. *His hat, &c.—So upright Quakers please both man and God*] The *hat-worship*, as the Quakers call it, is an abomination to that sect: yet, where it is necessary to pay that respect to man (as in the Courts of Justice and Houses of Parliament) they have, to avoid offence, and yet not violate their conscience, permitted other people to uncover them. POPE.

VER. 210. *Aristarchus*] A famous commentator, and corrector of Homer, whose name hath been frequently used to signify a complete critic. The compliment paid by our author to this eminent professor, in applying to him so great a name, was the reason that he hath omitted to comment on this part which contains his own praises. We shall therefore supply that loss to our best ability.

SCRIBLERUS. POPE.

Thy mighty scholiast, whose unweary'd pains
 Made Horace dull, and humbled Milton's strains.
 Turn what they will to verse, their toil is vain,
 Critics like me shall make it prose again. 214
 Roman and Greek grammarians! know your better:
 Author of something yet more great than letter:
 While tow'ring o'er your alphabet, like Saul,
 Stands our Digamma, and o'ertops them all.

'Tis true, on words is still our whole debate,
 Dispute of *me* or *te*, of *aut* or *at*, 220
 To sound or sink in *cano*, O or A,
 Or give up Cicero to C or K.
 Let Freind affect to speak as Terence spoke,
 And Alsop never but like Horace joke:
 From me, what Virgil, Pliny may deny, 225
 Manilius or Solinus shall supply:
 For Attic phrase in Plato let them seek,
 I poach in Suidas for unlicens'd Greek.

In

VER. 217, 218. *While tow'ring o'er your alphabet, like Saul,—*
Stands our Digamma,] Alludes to the boasted restoration of the
 Eolic Digamma, in his long projected edition of Homer. He calls
 it *something more than letter*, from the enormous figure it would
 make among the other letters, being one Gamma set upon the
 shoulders of another. POPE.

VER. 223, 224. *Freind—Alsop*] Dr. Robert Freind, master of
 Westminster-school, and canon of Christ-Church——Dr. Anthony
 Alsop, a happy imitator of the Horatian style. POPE.

VER. 226. *Manilius or Solinus*] Some critics having had it in
 their choice to comment either on Virgil or Manilius, Pliny or
 Solinus, have chosen the worse author, the more freely to display
 their critical talents. POPE.

In ancient sense if any needs will deal,
 Be sure I give them fragments, not a meal; 230
 What Gellius or Stobæus hash'd before,
 Or chew'd by blind old scholiasts o'er and o'er.
 The critic eye, that microscope of wit,
 Sees hairs and pores, examines bit by bit :
 How parts relate to parts, or they to whole, 235
 The body's harmony, the beaming soul,
 Are things which Kuster, Burman, Wasse shall see,
 When man's whole frame is obvious to a *flea*.

Ah, think not, Mistress ! more true dulness lies
 In Folly's cap, than Wisdom's grave disguise. 240
 Like buoys, that never sink into the flood,
 On learning's surface we but lie and nod.
 Thine is the genuine head of many a house,
 And much divinity without a *Nōŭs*.

Nor

VER. 228. *Œc. Suidas, Gellius, Stobæus*] The first a dictionary-writer of impertinent facts and barbarous words; the second a minute critic; the third a collector, who gave his common-place book to the public, where we happen to find much mince-meat of good old authors. POPE.

VER. 232. *Or chew'd by blind old scholiasts o'er and o'er.*] These men taking the same things eternally from the mouth of one another. POPE.

VER. 239, 240. *Ah, think not, Mistress ! Œc. — In Folly's cap, Œc.*] By this it appears, that the dunces and fops, mentioned ver. 139, 140. had a contention for the Goddess's favour on this great day. *Those* got the start; but *these* make it up by their spokesman in the next speech. It seems as if Aristarchus here first saw him advancing with his fair pupil. SCRIBLERUS.

VER. 244. *And much divinity without a Nōŭs.*] A word much affected by the learned Aristarchus in common conversation, to signify *genius* or natural *acumen*. But this passage has a farther view:

Nor could a BARROW work on ev'ry block, 245
 Nor has one ATTERBURY spoil'd the flock.
 See ! still thy own, the heavy canon roll,
 And metaphysic smokes involve the pole.
 For thee we dim the eyes, and stuff the head
 With all such reading as was never read : 250
 For

view : *Nûs* was the Platonic term for *mind*, or the *first cause* ; and that system of divinity is here hinted at which terminates in blind Nature, without a *Nûs* : such as the poet afterwards describes (speaking of the dream of one of these later Platonists),

*Or that bright image to our fancy draw,
 Which Theocles in raptur'd vision saw,
 That Nature ————* &c.

POPE.

VER. 245, 246. *Barrow, Atterbury*] Isaac Barrow, Master of Trinity ; Francis Atterbury, Dean of Christ-Church ; both great geniuses and eloquent preachers ; one more conversant in the sublime geometry, the other in classical learning ; but who equally made it their care to advance the polite arts in their several societies.

POPE.

VER. 247. *the heavy canon*] Canon here, if spoken of *artillery*, is in the plural number ; if of the *canons of the house*, in the singular, and meant only of *one* : in which case I suspect the *pole* to be a false reading, and that it should be the *poll*, or *head* of that canon. It may be objected, that this is a mere *paranomasia* or *pun*. But what of that ? Is any figure of speech more apposite to our gentle Goddess, or more frequently used by her and her children, especially of the university ? Doubtless it better suits the character of Dulness, yea of a doctor, than that of an angel ; yet *Milton* feared not to put a considerable quantity into the mouths of his. It hath indeed been observed, that they were the Devil's angels, as if he did it to suggest that the Devil was the author as well of false wit, as of false religion, and that the father of lies was also the father of puns. But this is idle : It must be owned to be a Christian practice ; used in the primitive times by some of the fathers, and in the latter by most of the sons of the church ; till the debauched reign of Charles the Second, when the shameful passion for *wit* overthrew every thing : and even then the best writers admitted it, provided it was obscene, under the name of *double entendre*.

SCRIBLERUS. POPE.

For thee explain a thing till all men doubt it,
 And write about it, Goddess, and about it :
 So spins the silk-worm small its slender store,
 And labours till it clouds itself all o'er.

What tho' we let some better sort of fool 255
 Thrid ev'ry science, run through ev'ry school ?
 Never by tumbler through the hoops was shown
 Such skill in passing all, and touching none.
 He may indeed (if sober all this time)
 Plague with dispute, or persecute with rhyme. 260

We only furnish what he cannot use,
 Or wed to what we must divorce, a Muse :
 Full in the midst of Euclid dip at once,
 And petrify a genius to a dunce :
 Or set on metaphysic ground to prance, 265
 Show all his paces, not a step advance.
 With the same CEMENT, ever sure to bind,
 We bring to one dead level every mind.
 Then take him to devellop, if you can,
 And hew the block off, and get out the man. 270
 But wherefore waste I words ? I see advance
 Whore, pupil, and lac'd governor from France.

Walker !

VER. 264. *petrify a genius*] Those who have no genius, employed in works of imagination ; those who have, in abstract sciences. POPE.

VER. 270. *And hew the block off,*] A notion of Aristotle, that there was originally in every block of marble, a statue, which would appear on the removal of the superfluous parts. POPE.

Walker! our hat—nor more he deign'd to say,
But, stern as Ajax' spectre, strode away.

In flow'd at oncé a gay embroider'd race, 275
And titt'ring push'd the pedants off the place :
Some would have spoken, but the voice was drown'd
By the French horn, or by the op'ning hound.
The first came forwards, with an easy mien,
As if he saw St. James's and the Queen. 280

When

VER. 272. *lac'd governor*] Why *lac'd*? Because gold and silver are necessary trimming to denote the dress of a person of rank; and the governor must be supposed so in foreign countries, to be admitted into courts and other places of fair reception. But how comes Aristarchus to know at sight that this governor came from France? Know? Why, by his laced coat.

SCRIBLERUS. POPE.

Ibid. *Whore, pupil, and lac'd governor*] Some critics have objected to the order here, being of opinion that the governor should have the preference before the whore, if not before the pupil: but were he so placed, it might be thought to insinuate that the governor led the pupil to the whore: and were the pupil placed first he might be supposed to lead the governor to her. But our impartial poet, as he is drawing their picture, represents them in the order in which they are generally seen; namely, the pupil between the whore and the governor; but placeth the whore first, as she usually governs both the other. POPE.

Ibid. *Whore, pupil,*] Meaning the late Duke of Kingston, and his celebrated mistress, Mad. De La Touche.

VER. 284. *stern as Ajax spectre, strode away.*] See Homer, Odyss. xi. where the ghost of Ajax turns sullenly from Ulysses the Traveller, who had succeeded against him in the dispute for the arms of Achilles. There had been the same contention between the travelling and the university tutor, for the spoils of our young heroes; and fashion adjudged it to the former; so that this might well occasion the *sullen dignity in departure*, which Longinus so much admired. SCRIBLERUS.

VER. 276. *And titt'ring push'd, &c.* HOR.

"Rideat et pulset lasciva decentius ætas."

POPE.

When thus th' attendant orator begun,
 Receive, great Empress ! thy accomplish'd son :
 Thine from the birth, and sacred from the rod,
 A dauntless infant ! never scar'd with God.
 The sire saw, one by one, his virtues wake : 285
 The mother begg'd the blessing of a rake.
 Thou gav'st that ripeness, which so soon began,
 And ceas'd so soon, he ne'er was boy, nor man,
 Thro' school and college, thy kind cloud o'er-cast,
 Safe and unseen the young Æneas past : 290
 Thence bursting glorious, all at once let down,
 Stunn'd with his giddy larum half the town.
 Intrepid then, o'er seas and lands he flew :
 Europe he saw, and Europe saw him too.

There

VER. 280. *As if he saw St. James's*] Reflecting on the disrespectful and indecent behaviour of several forward young persons in the presence, so offensive to all serious men, and to none more than the good Scriblerus. POPE.

VER. 281. *th' attendant orator*] The governor above-said. The poet gives him no particular name ; being unwilling, I presume, to offend or do injustice to any, by celebrating one only with whom this character agrees, in preference to so many who equally deserve it. SCRIBLERUS. POPE.

VER. 290. *unseen the young Æneas past : Thence bursting glorious,*] See Virg. *Æneid.* i.

“ At Venus obscuro gradientes sære sepsit,
 Et multo nebulae circum Dea fudit amictu,
 Cernere ne quis eos ;—1. neu quis contingere possit ;
 2. Molirive moram ;—aut 3. veniendi poscere causas.”

Where he enumerates the causes why his mother took this care of him : to wit, 1. that no body might touch or correct him : 2. might stop or detain him : 3. examine him about the progress he had made, or so much as guess why he came there. POPE.

There all thy gifts and graces we display, 295
 Thou, only thou, directing all our way !
 To where the Seine, obsequious as she runs,
 Pours at great Bourbon's feet her silken sons ;
 Or Tyber, now no longer Roman, rolls,
 Vain of Italian arts, Italian souls : 300
 To happy convents, bosom'd deep in vines,
 Where slumber abbots, purple as their wines :
 To isles of fragrance, lilly-silver'd vales,
 Diffusing languor in the panting gales :
 To lands of singing, or of dancing slaves, 305
 Love-whisp'ring woods, and lute-resounding waves.
 But chief her shrine where naked Venus keeps,
 And Cupids ride the lion of the deeps ;

Where

VER. 303. *lilly silver'd vales,*] Tuberoses. WARBURTON.

VER. 305. *To lands of — dancing slaves,*] In the year 1413, when the city of Paris was in the utmost desolation, in the murders and proscriptions of the great, by the uncontrouled fury of a mad populace, who had destroyed one half of the court, and had kept the other half, with the king and dauphin, prisoners in the palace, devoted to destruction. At this dreadful juncture, the insolence of one Jacquerville, the captain of the mob, has been the occasion of bringing down to us a circumstance very declarative of the singular temper of this gay nation. As that fellow, with his guards at his heels, was going his rounds, to see that the work of ruin went on without interruption, when he came to the palace he went abruptly up into the apartments, where he found the dauphin and the principal lords and ladies of the court dancing, as in the midst of peace and security: on which, with the air of a Cato, he reproached them for the levity of their behaviour, at a time when the rest of the court were languishing in the dungeons of the common prisons. WARBURTON.

VER. 308. *And Cupids ride the lion of the deeps ;*] The winged lion, the arms of Venice. This republic heretofore the most considerable

Where, eas'd of fleets, the Adriatic main
 Wafts the smooth eunuch and enamour'd swain.
 Led by my hand, he saunter'd Europe round, 311
 And gather'd ev'ry vice on Christian ground ;
 Saw ev'ry court, heard ev'ry king declare
 His royal sense, of op'ras or the fair ;
 The stews and palace equally explor'd, 315
 Intrigu'd with glory, and with spirit whor'd ;
 Try'd all *hors-d'œuvres*, all *liqueurs* defin'd,
 Judicious drank, and greatly-daring din'd ;
 Dropt the dull lumber of the Latin store,
 Spoil'd his own language, and acquir'd no more ;
 All classic learning lost on classic ground ; 321
 And last turn'd *air*, the echo of a sound !
 See now, half-cur'd, and perfectly well-bred,
 With nothing but a solo in his head ;
 As much estate, and principle, and wit, 325
 As Jansen, Fleetwood, Cibber shall think fit ;

Stol'n

siderable in Europe, for her naval force and the extent of her commerce ; now illustrious for her *carnivals*. POPE.

VER. 318. *greatly-daring din'd* ;] It being indeed no small risque to eat through those extraordinary compositions, whose disguised ingredients are generally unknown to the guests, and highly inflammatory and unwholesome. POPE.

VER. 324. *With nothing but a solo in his head* ;] With nothing but a *solo* ? Why, if it be a *solo*, how should there be any thing else ? Palpable tautology ! Read boldly an *opera*, which is enough of conscience for such a head as has lost all its Latin.

BENTLEY. POPE.

VER. 326. *Jansen, Fleetwood, Cibber*,] Three very eminent persons, all managers of *plays* ; who, though not governors by profession,

Stol'n from a duel, follow'd by a nun,
 And, if a borough chuse him not, undone ;
 See, to my country happy I restore
 This glorious youth, and add one Venus more. 330
 Her too receive (for her my soul adores)
 So may the sons of sons of sons of whores,
 Prop thine, O Empress ! like each neighbour throne,
 And make a long posterity thy own.
 Pleas'd, she accepts the hero and the dame, 335
 Wraps in her veil, and frees from sense of shame.

Then look'd, and saw a lazy, lolling sort,
 Unseen at church, at senate, or at court,
 Of ever-listless loit'ers, that attend
 No cause, no trust, no duty, and no friend. 340
 Thee too, my Paridel ! she mark'd thee there,
 Stretch'd on the rack of a too easy chair,
 And heard thy everlasting yawn confess
 The pains and penalties of idleness.

False

profession, had, each in his way, concerned themselves in the education of youth ; and regulated their *wits*, their *morals*, or their *finances*, at that period of their age which is the most important, their entrance into the polite world. Of the last of these, and his talents for this end, see Book i. ver. 199, &c. POPE.

VER. 331. *Her too receive, &c.*] This confirms what the learned Scriblerius advanced in his note on ver. 272, that the governor, as well as the pupil, had particular interest in this lady. POPE.

VER. 341. *Thee too, my Paridel !*] The poet seems to speak of this young gentleman with great affection. The name is taken from Spenser, who gives it to a *wandering courtly 'squire*, that travelled about for the same reason, for which many young squires are now fond of travelling, and especially to *Paris*. POPE.

She pity'd ! but her pity only shed 345
Benigner influence on thy nodding head.

But Annius, crafty seer, with ebon wand,
And well-dissembled em'rald on his hand;
False as his gems, and canker'd as his coins,
Came, cramm'd with capon, from where Pollio dines.
Soft, as the wily fox is seen to creep, 351
Where bask on sunny banks the simple sheep,
Walk round and round, now prying here, now there,
So he ; but pious, whisper'd first his pray'r.

Grant, gracious Goddess, grant me still to cheat !
O may thy cloud still cover the deceit ! 356
Thy choicer mists on this assembly shed,
But pour them thickest on the noble head.
So shall each youth, assisted by our eyes,
See other Cæsars, other Homers rise ; 360
Thro' twilight ages hunt th' Athenian fowl,
Which Chalcis, gods ; and mortals call an owl ;

Now

VER. 347. *Annius*] The name taken from Annius the Monk of Viterbo, famous for many impositions and forgeries of ancient manuscripts and inscriptions, which he was prompted to by mere vanity ; but our Annius had a more substantial motive. POPE.

By Annius, was meant Sir Andrew Fountaine.

VER. 355. *still to cheat,*] Some read *skill*, but this is frivolous ; for Annius hath that skill already : or if he had not, *skill* were not wanting to cheat such persons. BENTLEY. POPE.

VER. 361. *hunt th' Athenian fowl,*] The owl stamped on the reverse on the ancient money of Athens.

" *Which Chalcis gods, and mortals call an owl,*"
is the verse by which Hobbes renders that of Homer,

Χαλκίδα κικλήσκουσιν ὄϊσι, ἄνδρες δὲ Κύμινδιν.

POPE.

Now see an Attys, now a Cecrops clear,
 Nay, Mahomet ! the pigeon at thine ear ;
 Be rich in ancient brass, tho' not in gold, 365
 And keep his Lares, though his house be sold ;
 To heedless Phœbe his fair bride postpone,
 Honour a Syrian prince above his own ;
 Lord of an Otho, if I vouch it true ;
 Blest in one Niger, till he knows of two. 370
 Mummius o'erheard him ; Mummius, fool-renown'd,
 Who like his Cheops stinks above the ground,
 Fierce

VER. 363. *Attys and Cecrops,*] The first king of Athens, of whom it is hard to suppose any coins are extant ; but not so improbable as what follows, that there should be any of Mahomet, who forbid all images ; and the story of whose pigeon was a monkish fable. Nevertheless one of these Annlus's made a counterfeit medal of that impostor, now in the possession of a learned nobleman. POPE.

VER. 371. *Mummius*] This name is not merely an allusion to the mummies he was so fond of, but probably referred to the Roman general of that name, who burned Corinth, and committed the curious statues to the captain of a ship, assuring him, " that if any were lost or broken, he should procure others to be made in their stead : " by which it should seem (whatever may be pretended) that Mummius was no virtuoso. POPE.

Ibid.—*Fool renown'd,*] A compound epithet in the Greek manner, *renown'd by fools*, or *renown'd for making fools*. POPE.

VER. 372. *Cheops*] A king of Egypt, whose body was certainly to be known, as being buried alone in his pyramid, and is therefore more genuine than any of the Cleopatra's. This royal mummy, being stolen by a wild Arab, was purchased by the consul of Alexandria, and transmitted to the museum of Mummius ; for proof of which he brings a passage in Sandys's travels ; where that accurate and learned voyager assures us that he saw the sepulchre empty, which agrees exactly (saith he) with the time of the theft above-mentioned.—But he omits to observe that Herodotus tells us it was empty in his time. POPE.

Fierce as a startled adder, swell'd, and said,
 Rattling an ancient sistrum at his head :
 Speak'st thou of Syrian princes ? Traitor base !
 Mine, Goddess ! mine is all the horned race. 376
 True, he had wit, to make their value rise ;
 From foolish Greeks to steal them, was as wise ;
 More glorious yet, from barb'rous hands to keep,
 When Sallee Rovers chac'd him on the deep. 380
 Then taught by Hermes, and divinely bold,
 Down his own throat he risqu'd the Grecian gold,
 Receiv'd each demi-god, with pious care,
 Deep in his entrails—I rever'd them there,
 I bought them, shrouded in that living shrine, 385
 And, at their second birth, they issue mine.

Witness great Ammon ! by whose horns I swore,
 (Reply'd soft Annius,) this our paunch before

Still

VER. 375. *Speak'st thou of Syrian princes ? &c.*] The strange story following, which may be taken for a fiction of the poet, is justified by a true relation in Spon's Voyages. Vaillant (who wrote the History of the Syrian Kings, as it is to be found on medals) coming from the Levant (where he had been collecting various coins), and being pursued by a corsaire of Sallee, swallowed down twenty gold medals. A sudden Bourasque freed him from the Rover, and he got safe to land with the medals in his belly. On his road to Avignon he met two physicians, of whom he demanded assistance. One advised purgations, the other vomits. In this uncertainty he took neither, but pursued his way to Lyons, where he found his ancient friend the famous physician and antiquary, Dufour, to whom he related his adventure. Dufour, without staying to inquire about the uneasy symptoms of the burthen he carried, first asked him, *whether the medals were of the higher empire ?* He assured him they were. Dufour was ravished with the hope of possessing so rare a treasure ; he bargained with him on the spot for the most curious of them ; and was to recover them at his own expence.

POPE.

Still bears them, faithful ; and that thus I eat,
 Is to refund the medals with the meat. 390
 To prove me, Goddess ! clear of all design,
 Bid me with Pollio sup, as well as dine :
 There all the learn'd shall at the labour stand,
 And Douglas lend his soft, obstetric hand.

The Goddess smiling seem'd to give consent ; 395
 So back to Pollio, hand in hand, they went.
 Then thick as locusts black'ning all the ground,
 A tribe, with weeds and shells fantastic crown'd,
 Each with some wond'rous gift approach'd the pow'r,
 A nest, a toad, a fungus, or a flow'r. 400
 But far the foremost, two, with earnest zeal,
 And aspect ardent to the throne appeal.

The first thus open'd : Hear thy suppliant's call,
 Great Queen, and common mother of us all !
 Fair from its humble bed I rear'd this flow'r, 405
 Suckled, and chear'd, with air, and sun, and show'r.
 Soft on the paper ruff its leaves I spread,
 Bright with the gilded button tipt its head.
 Then thron'd in glass, and named it CAROLINE :
 Each maid cry'd, Charming ! and each youth, Divine !
 Did

VER. 387. *Witness great Ammon !*] Jupiter Ammon is called to witness, as the father of Alexander, to whom those kings succeeded in the division of the Macedonian empire, and whose *borns* they wore on their medals. POPE.

VER. 394. *Douglas*] A physician of great learning and no less taste ; above all, curious in what related to HORACE ; of whom he collected every edition, translation, and comment, to the number of several hundred volumes. POPE.

Did Nature's pencil ever blend such rays, 411
Such vary'd light in one promiscuous blaze?
Now prostrate! dead! behold that Caroline:
No maid cries, Charming! and no youth, Divine!
And lo the wretch! whose vile, whose insect lust
Laid this gay daughter of the Spring in dust. 416
Oh punish him, or to th' Elysian shades
Dismiss my soul, where no carnation fades.
He ceas'd, and wept. With innocence of mien,
Th' accus'd stood forth, and thus address'd the Queen.

Of all th' enamel'd race, whose silv'ry wing 421
Waves to the tepid zephyrs of the Spring,
Or swims along the fluid atmosphere,
Once brightest shin'd this child of heat and air.
I saw, and started from its vernal bow'r, 425
The rising game, and chac'd from flow'r to flow'r.
It fled, I follow'd; now in hope, now pain;
It stopt, I stopt; it mov'd, I mov'd again.
At last it fix'd, 'twas on what plant it pleas'd,
And where it fix'd, the beauteous bird I seiz'd: 430
Rose or carnation was below my care;
I meddle, Goddess! only in my sphere.
I tell the naked fact without disguise,
And, to excuse it, need but shew the prize;

Whose

VER. 409. *and nam'd it Caroline:*] It is a compliment which the florists usually pay to princes and great personages, to give their names to the most curious flowers of their raising: Some have been very jealous of vindicating this honour; but none more than that ambitious gardener at Hammersmith, who caused his favourite to be painted on his sign, with this inscription, *This is My Queen Caroline.* POPE.

Whose spoils this paper offers to your eye, 435
Fair ev'n in death! this peerless *butterfly*.

My Sons! (she answer'd) both have done your parts:
Live happy both, and long promote our arts,
But hear a mother, when she recommends
To your fraternal care, our sleeping friends. 440
The common soul, of Heav'n's more frugal make,
Serves but to keep fools pert, and knaves awake:
A drowzy watchman, that just gives a knock,
And breaks our rest, to tell us what's o'clock.
Yet by some object ev'ry brain is stirr'd; 445
The dull may waken to a humming-bird;
The most recluse, discreetly open'd, find,
Congenial matter in the cockle-kind;
The mind, in metaphysics at a loss,
May wander in a wilderness of moss; 450
The head that turns at superlunar things,
Pois'd with a tail, may steer on Wilkins' wings.

O! would the sons of men once think their eyes
And reason giv'n them but to study *flies*!

See

VER. 450. *a wilderness of moss*;] Of which the naturalists count I can't tell how many hundred species. POPE.

VER. 452. Wilkins' *wings*.] One of the first projectors of the Royal Society; who, among many enlarged and useful notions, entertained the extravagant hope of a possibility to fly to the moon; which has put some volatile geniuses upon making wings for that purpose. POPE.

VER. 453. *O! would the sons of men, &c.*] This is the third speech of the Goddess to her supplicants, and completes the whole of what she had to give in instruction on this important occasion, concerning

See nature in some partial narrow shape, 455
 And let the Author of the Whole escape :
 Learn but to trifle ; or, who most observe,
 To wonder at their Maker, not to serve.

Be that my task (replies a gloomy clerk,
 Sworn foe to myst'ry, yet divinely dark ; 460
 Whose pious hope aspires to see the day
 When moral evidence shall quite decay,

And

concerning *learning, civil society, and religion*. In the first speech, ver. 119, to her editors and conceited critics, she directs how to deprave wit and discredit fine writers. In her second, ver. 175, to the educators of youth, she shews them how all civil duties may be extinguished, in that one doctrine of divine hereditary right. And in this third, she charges the investigators of nature to amuse themselves in trifles, and rest in second causes, with a total disregard of the first. This being all that Dulness can wish, is all she needs to say ; and we may apply to her (as the poet hath managed it) what hath been said of true wit, that *she neither says too little, nor too much*. POPE.

VER. 459. *a gloomy clerk,*] The epithet *gloomy* in this line may seem the same with that of *dark* in the next. But *gloomy* relates to the uncomfortable and disastrous condition of an irreligious sceptic ; whereas *dark* alludes only to his puzzled and embroiled systems. POPE.

VER. 462. *When moral evidence shall quite decay,*] Alluding to a ridiculous and absurd way of some mathematicians, in calculating the gradual decay of moral evidence by mathematical proportions : according to which calculation, in about fifty years it will be no longer probable, that Julius Cæsar was in Gaul, or died in the senate-house. See *Craig's Theologiæ Christianæ Principia Mathematica*.—But as it seems evident, that facts of a thousand years old, for instance, are now as probable as they were five hundred years ago ; it is plain that if in fifty more they quite disappear, it must be owing, not to their arguments, but to the extraordinary power of our goddess ; for whose help therefore they are bound to pray. POPE.

And damns implicit faith, and holy lies,
 Prompt to impose, and fond to dogmatize :)
 Let others creep by timid steps, and slow, 465
 On plain experience lay foundations low,
 By common sense to common knowledge bred,
 And last, to nature's cause thro' nature led.
 All-seeing in thy mists, we want no guide,
 Mother of arrogance, and source of pride ! 470
 We nobly take the high Priori road,
 And reason downward, till we doubt of God :
 Make nature still incroach upon his plan ;
 And shove him off as far as e'er we can :
 Thrust some mechanic cause into his place ; 475
 Or bind in matter, or diffuse in space.
 Or, at one bound, o'erleaping all his laws,
 Make God man's image, man the final Cause,

Find

VER. 471. *the high priori road,*] Those who, from the effects in this visible world, deduce the eternal power and godhead of the First Cause, though they cannot attain to an adequate idea of the Deity, yet discover so much of him, as enables them to see the end of their creation, and the means of their happiness: whereas they who take this high priori road, (such as Hobbes, Spinoza, Des Cartes, and some better reasoners,) for one that goes right, ten lose themselves in mists, or ramble after visions, which deprive them of all sight of their end, and mislead them in the choice of the means. POPE.

VER. 473. *Make nature still*] This relates to such as, being ashamed to assert a mere mechanic cause, and yet unwilling to forsake it entirely, have had recourse to a certain *plastic nature, elastic fluid, subtile matter, &c.* POPE.

VER. 475. *Thrust some mechanic cause into his place, Or bind in matter, or diffuse in space.*] The first of these follies is that of Des Cartes; the second of Hobbes; the third of some succeeding philosophers. POPE.

Find virtue local, all relation scorn,
 See all in *self*, and but for self be born : 480
 Of nought so certain as our *reason* still,
 Of nought so doubtful as of *soul* and *will*.
 Oh hide the God still more ! and make us see
 Such as Lucretius drew, a God like thee :
 Wrapt up in self, a God without a thought, 485
 Regardless of our merit or default.
 Or that bright image to our fancy draw,
 Which Theocles in raptur'd vision saw,

While

VER. 478, &c.

*Make God man's image, man the final cause,
 Find virtue local, all relation scorn,
 See all in self—*]

Here the poet, from the errors relating to a Deity in *natural* philosophy, descends to those in *moral*. Man was made according to *God's image* : but this false theology, measuring his attributes by ours, makes God after *man's image* : this proceeds from the imperfection of his *reason*. The next, of imagining himself the final cause, is the effect of his *pride* : as the making virtue and vice arbitrary, and morality the imposition of the magistrate, is of the *corruption* of his *heart*. Hence he centers every thing in *himself*. The progress of dulness herein differing from that of madness ; this ends in *seeing all in God* ; the other in *seeing all in self*.

POPE.

VER. 481. *Of nought so certain as our reason still,*] Of which we have most cause to be diffident. *Of nought so doubtful as of soul and will* ; *i. e.* the existence of our soul, and the freedom of our will ; the two things most self-evident.

POPE.

VER. 484. *Such as Lucretius drew,*] Lib. i. ver. 57.

“ Omnis enim per se Divam natura necesse est
 Immortali ævo summa cum pace fruatur,
 Semota ab nostris rebus, summotaque longe—
 Nec bene pro meritis capitur, nec tangitur ira ;”

from whence the two verses following are translated ; and wonderfully agree with the character of our goddess.

SCRIBLERUS. POPE.

While through poetic scenes the GENIUS roves,
 Or wanders wild in academic groves ; 490
 That NATURE our society adores,
 Where Tindal dictates, and Silenus snores.

Rous'd

VER. 488. *Which Theocles in raptur'd vision saw,*] Thus this philosopher calls upon his friend, to partake with him in these visions :

“ To-morrow, when the eastern sun
 With his first beams adorns the front
 Of yonder hill, if you're content
 To wander with me in the woods you see,
 We will pursue those loves of ours,
 By favour of the sylvan nymphs :

and invoking first the *genius* of the *place*, we'll try to obtain at least some faint and distant view of the *sovereign genius* and *first beauty*.” CHARACT. vol. ii. page 245.

This *genius* is thus apostrophized (page 345.) by the same philosopher :

“ — O glorious nature !
 Supremely fair, and sovereignly good !
 All-loving, and all-lovely ! all-divine !
 Wise substitute of Providence ! *impow'rd*
Greatress ! or impow'ring Deity,
Supreme Creator !
 Thee I invoke, and thee alone adore.”

Sir *Isaac Newton* distinguishes between these two in a very different manner. (Princ. Schol. gen. sub fin.)—*Hunc cognoscimus solummodo per proprietates suas et attributa, et per sapientissimas et optimas rerum structuras, et causas finales; veneramur autem et colimus ob dominium. Deus etenim sine dominio, providentia, et causis finalibus, nihil aliud est quam Fatum et Natura.* POPE.

VER. 489. *roves,—Or wanders wild in academic groves ;*]
 “ Above all things I lov'd ease, and of all philosophers those who reasoned most at *their ease*, and were never angry or disturb'd as those call'd *sceptics* never were. I look'd upon this kind of philosophy as the *prettiest, agreeablest, roving exercise of the mind*, possible to be imagined.” Vol. ii. p. 206. POPE.

VER. 491. *That NATURE our society adores,*] See the *Pantheisticon*, with its liturgy and rubrics, composed by *Toland*; which very

Rous'd at his name, up rose the bowzy sire,
 And shook from out his pipe the seeds of fire ;
 Then snapt his box, and strok'd his belly down : 495
 Rosy and rev'rend, tho' without a gown.
 Bland and familiar to the throne he came,
 Led up the youth, and call'd the goddess *Dame*.
 Then thus. From priest-craft happily set free,
 Lo ! every finish'd son returns to thee : 500
 First slave to words, then vassal to a name,
 Then dupe to party ; child and man the same :
 Bounded by nature, narrow'd still by art,
 A trifling head, and a contracted heart.
 Thus bred, thus taught, how many have I seen, 505
 Smiling on all, and smil'd on by a queen ?

Mark'd

very lately, for the edification of the *society*, has been translated into English, and publicly sold by the booksellers of London and Westminster.

WARBURTON.

VER. 492. *Silenus*] Mr. Thomas Gordon.—Silenus was an Epicurean philosopher, as appears from Virgil, *Eclog. vi.* where he sings the principles of that philosophy in his drink. POPE.

VER. 494. *seeds of fire* ;] The Epicurean language, *Semina rerum*, or atoms. Virg. *Ecl. vi. Semina ignis—semina stammæ*.

POPE.

VER. 501. *First slave to words, &c.*] A recapitulation of the whole course of modern education described in this book, which confines youth to the study of *words* only in schools ; subjects them to the authority of *systems* in the universities ; and deludes them with the names of *party-distinctions* in the world. All equally concurring to narrow the understanding, and establish slavery and error in literature, philosophy, and politics. The whole finished in modern FREE-THINKING ; the completion of whatever is vain, wrong, and destructive to the happiness of mankind, as it establishes *self-love* for the sole principle of action. POPE.

Mark'd out for honours, honour'd for their birth,
 To thee the most rebellious things on earth :
 Now to thy gentle shadow all are shrunk,
 All melted down, in pension, or in punk ! 510
 So K* so B* * sneak'd into the grave,
 A monarch's half, and half a harlot's slave.
 Poor W* * nipt in folly's broadest bloom,
 Who praises now ? his chaplain on his tomb.
 Then take them all, oh take them to thy breast !
 Thy *magus*, goddess ! shall perform the rest. 516

With that, a WIZARD OLD his *cup* extends ;
 Which whoso tastes, forgets his former friends,
 Sire, ancestors, himself. One casts his eyes
 Up to a *star*, and like Endymion dies : 520
 A *feather*, shooting from another's head,
 Extracts his brain ; and principle is fled ;
 Lost is his God, his country, ev'ry thing ;
 And nothing left but homage to a King !

The

VER. 506. *smil'd on by a queen ?*] i. e. This queen or goddess of Dulness. WARBURTON.

VER. 513. *Poor W* **] Philip Duke of Wharton, so much celebrated for his profligacy, wit, and eccentricity, who died an exile and an outlaw, in 1731.

VER. 517. *his cup*—*Which whoso tastes, &c.*] *The cup of self-love*, which causes a total oblivion of the obligations of friendship, or honour ; and of the service of God or our country ; all sacrificed to vain-glory, court-worship, or the yet meaner considerations of lucre and brutal pleasures. From ver. 520 to 528. POPE.

VER. 523, 524. *Lost is his God, his country—And nothing left but homage to a King !*] So strange as this must seem to a mere English reader, the famous Mons. de la Bruyere declares it to be the

The vulgar herd turn off to roll with hogs, 525
 To run with horses; or to hunt with dogs;
 But, sad example! never to escape
 Their infamy, still keep the human shape.

But she, good Goddess, sent to ev'ry child
 Firm impudence, or stupefaction mild; 530
 And straight succeeded, leaving shame no room,
 Clobberian forehead, or Cimmerian gloom.

Kind self-conceit to some her glass applies,
 Which no one looks in with another's eyes:

But

the character of every good subject in a monarchy: "Where (says he) *there is no such thing as love of our country*, the interest, the glory, and the service of the *Prince*, supply its place." *De la Republique*, chap. x.

Of this duty another celebrated *French* author speaks, indeed, a little more disrespectfully; which, for that reason, we shall not translate, but give in his own words, "L'amour de la patrie, le grand motif des premiers heros, n'est plus regardé que comme une chimère; l'idée du service du Roi, étendue jusqu'à l'oubli de tout autre principe, tient lieu de ce qu'on appelloit autrefois grandeur d'ame & fidélité." *Boulainvilliers Hist. des Anciens Parlements de France*, &c.—And a much greater man than either of them, the Cardinal de Retz, speaking of a conversation he had with the Regente, Anne of Austria, makes this observation on the court,—“Je connus en cet endroit, qu'il est impossible que la cour conçoive ce que c'est LE PUBLIC. La flatterie, qui en est la peste, l'infecte toujours à un tel point, qu'elle lui cause un *delire incurable* sur cet article.”

WARBURTON.

VER. 529. *But she, good Goddess, &c.*] The only comfort such people can receive, must be owing in some shape or other to Dulness; which makes one sort stupid, another impudent; gives self-conceit to some, arising from the flatteries of their dependants; presents the false colours of interest to others, and busies or amuses the rest with idle pleasures or sensualities, till they become easy under any infamy. Each of which species is here shadowed under allegorical persons.

POPE.

But as the flatt'rer or dependent paint, 535
Beholds himself a patriot, chief, or saint.

On other's int'rest her gay liv'ry flings,
Int'rest, that waves on party-colour'd wings :
Turn'd to the sun, she casts a thousand dyes,
And, as she turns, the colours fall or rise. 540

Others the syren sisters warble round,
And empty heads console with empty sound.
No more, alas ! the voice of fame they hear,
The balm of dulness trickling in their ear.
Great C**, H**, P**, R**, K*, 545
Why all your toils ? your sons have learn'd to sing.
How quick ambition hastes to ridicule !
The sire is made a peer, the son a fool.

On some, a priest succinct in amice white
Attends ; all flesh is nothing in his sight ! 550
Beeves, at his touch, at once to jelly turn,
And the huge boar is shrunk into an urn :
The board with specious miracles he loads,
Turns hares to larks, and pigeons into toads.
Another (for in all what one can shine ?) 555
Explains the *seve* and *verdeur* of the vine.

What

VER. 556. *Seve and verdeur*] French terms relating to wines, which signify their flavour and poignancy.

" Et je gagerois que chez le commandeur
Villandri priseroit sa *seve* & sa *verdeur*."

DEPREAUX.

St. Evremont has a very pathetic letter to a *nobleman in disgrace*, advising him to seek comfort in a *good table* ; and particularly to be attentive to *these qualities* in his champagne. POPE.

What cannot copious sacrifice atone ?
 Thy treuffles, Perigord ! thy hams, Bayonne !
 With French libation, and Italian strain,
 Wash Bladen white, and expiate Hays's stain. 560
 KNIGHT lifts the head, for what are crouds undone,
 To three essential partridges in one ?
 Gone ev'ry blush, and silent all reproach,
 Contending princes mount them in their coach.

Next bidding all draw near on bended knees, 565
 The Queen confers her *titles* and *degrees*.
 Her children first of more distinguish'd sort,
 Who study Shakespear at the inns of court,

Impale

VER. 560. *Bladen*—*Hays*] Names of gamesters. Bladen is a black man. ROBERT KNIGHT, cashier of the South-Sea Company, who fled from England in 1720 (afterwards pardoned in 1742.)—These lived with the utmost magnificence at Paris, and kept open tables frequented by persons of the first quality of England, and even by princes of the blood of France. POPE.

The former note of—*Bladen is a black man*, is very absurd. The manuscript text is here partly obliterated, and doubtless could only have been—" *Wash Blackmoors white*," alluding to a known proverb. SCRIBLERUS. POPE.

VER. 567. *Her children first of more distinguish'd sort,*
Who study Shakespear at the inns of court,]

It would that scholiast discharge his duty, who should neglect to honour those whom DULNESS has distinguished : or suffer them to lie forgotten, when their rare modesty would have left them nameless. Let us not, therefore, overlook the services which have been done her cause, by one Mr. Thomas Edwards, a *gentleman*, as he is pleased to call himself, of *Lincoln's Inn* ; but, in reality, a gentleman only of the *Dunciad* ; or, to speak him better, in the plain language of our honest ancestors to such mushrooms, *A gentleman of the last edition* : who nobly eluding the solicitude of his careful father, very early retained himself in the cause of *Dulness* against *Shakespear* ; and with the wit and learning of his ancestor *Tom Thimble*

Impale a glow-worm, or vertu profess,
 Shine in the dignity of F. R. S. 570
 Some, deep free-masons, join the silent race
 Worthy to fill Pythagoras's place :
 Some botanists, or florists at the least,
 Or issue members of an annual feast.
 Nor pass the meanest unregarded, one 575
 Rose a Gregorian, one a Gormogon.
 The last, not least in honour or applause,
 Isis and Cam made DOCTORS of her LAWS.

Then, blessing all, Go, children of my care !
 To practice now from theory repair. 580
 All my commands are easy, short, and full :
 My Sons ! be proud, be selfish, and be dull.
 Guard my prerogative, assert my throne :
 This nod confirms each privilege your own.

The

Thimble in the Rehearsal, and with the air of good nature and politeness of Caliban in the Tempest, hath now happily finished the Dunces's Progress, in personal abuse. For a libeller is nothing but a Grub-street critic run to seed. SCRIBLERUS.

VER. 571. *Some, deep free-masons, join the silent race*] The poet all along expresses a very particular concern for this *silent race* : he has here provided, that in case they will not waken or open (as was before proposed) to a *humming-bird*, or a *cockle*, yet at worst they may be made free-masons ; where *taciturnity* is the only essential qualification, as it was the chief of the disciples of Pythagoras. POPE.

VER. 576. *a Gregorian, one a Gormogon.*] A sort of lay-brothers, two of the innumerable *slips* from the root of the free-masons. POPE.

VER. 584. *each privilege your own, &c.*] This speech of Dulness to her sons at parting may possibly fall short of the reader's expectation ;

The cap and switch be sacred to his grace ; 585
 With staff and pumps the marquis lead the race ;
 From stage to stage the licens'd earl may run,
 Pair'd with his fellow-charioteer the sun ;
 The learned baron butterflies design,
 Or draw to silk Arachne's subtile line ; 590
 The judge to dance his brother sergeant call ;
 The senator at cricket urge the ball ;
 The bishop stow (pontific luxury !)
 An hundred souls of turkeys in a pie ;
 The sturdy squire to Gallic masters stoop, 595
 And drown his lands and manors in a soupe.

Others

expectation ; who may imagine the Goddess might give them a charge of more consequence ; and, from such a theory as is before delivered, incite them to the practice of something more extraordinary, than to personate running-footmen, jockeys, stage-coachmen, &c.

But if it be well considered, that whatever inclination her sons might have to do mischief, they are generally rendered harmless by their inability ; and that it is the common effect of Dulness (even in her greatest efforts) to defeat her own design ; the poet, I am persuaded, will be justified, and it will be allowed, that these worthy persons, in their several ranks, do as much as can be well expected from them.

POPE.

VER. 590. *Arachne's subtile line ;*] This is one of the most ingenious employments assigned,—and therefore recommended only to peers of learning. Of weaving gray-silk stockings of the webs of spiders, see the Philosoph. Transact.

POPE.

VER. 591. *The judge to dance his brother sergeant call :*] Alluding perhaps to that ancient and solemn dance intitled, *A Call of Sergeants*.

POPE.

VER. 598. *Teach kings to fiddle,*] An ancient amusement of sovereign princes, (viz.) Achilles, Alexander, Nero ; though despised by Themistocles, who was a republican—*Make senates dance*, either after their prince, or to Pontoise, or Siberia.

POPE.

Others import yet nobler arts from France,
 Teach kings to fiddle, and make senates dance.
 Perhaps more high some daring son may soar,
 Proud to my list to add one monarch more ; 600
 And nobly conscious, princes are but things
 Born for first ministers, as slaves for kings,
 Tyrant supreme ! shall three estates command,
 And MAKE ONE MIGHTY DUNCIAD OF THE LAND !

More she had spoke, but yawn'd—All nature nods :
 What mortal can resist the yawn of gods ? 606
 Churches and chapels instantly it reach'd ;
 (St. James's first, for leaden G—— preach'd)

Then

VER. 606. *What mortal can resist the yawn of gods ?*] This verse is truly Homeric; as is the conclusion of the action, where the great mother composes all, in the same manner as Minerva at the period of the *Odyssey*.—It may indeed seem a very singular epitasis of a poem, to end as this does, with a GREAT YAWN ; but we must consider it as the *yawn of a god*, and of powerful effects. Nor is it out of nature ; most long and grave counsels concluding in this very manner : nor yet without authority, the incomparable Spencer having ended one of the most considerable of his works with a ROAR ; but then it is the *rear of a lion*, the effects whereof (as here of the *yawn*) are described as the catastrophe of the poem.

POPE.

VER. 607. *Churches and chapels, &c.*] The progress of this yawn is judicious, natural, and worthy to be noted. First it seizeth the churches and chapels ; then catcheth the schools, where, though the boys be unwilling to sleep, the masters are not : next Westminster-hall, much more hard indeed to subdue, and not totally put to silence even by the Goddess : then the convocation, which though *extremely desirous to speak*, yet cannot : even the House of Commons, justly called the sense of the nation, is *lost* (that is to say, *suspended*) during the yawn (far be it from our author to suggest it could be lost any longer !) but it spreadeth at large over all the rest of the kingdom, to such a degree, that

Palinurus

Then catch'd the schools ; the hall scarce kept awake :
 The convocation gap'd, but could not speak : 610
 Lost was the nation's sense, nor could be found,
 While the long solemn unison went round :
 Wide, and more wide, it spread o'er all the realm ;
 Ev'n Palinurus nodded at the helm :
 " The vapour mild o'er each committee crept ;
 Unfinish'd treaties in each office slept ; 616
 And chiefless armies doz'd out the campaign ;
 And navies yawn'd for orders on the main."

O Muse !

Palinurus himself (though as incapable of sleeping as Jupiter himself) yet noddeth for a moment; the effect of which, though ever so momentary, could not but cause some relaxation, for the time, in all public affairs.

SCRIBLERUS. POPE.

VER. 608. *for leaden G*—] Dr. Gilbert, Archbishop of York. He had never given Pope any particular offence ; but he had attacked Dr. King of Oxford, whom Pope much respected.

VER. 610. *The convocation gap'd, but could not speak :*] Implying a great desire so to do, as the learned scholiast on the plate rightly observes. Therefore beware, Reader, lest thou take this *gap* for a *yawn*, which is attended with no desire, but to go to rest: by no means the disposition of the convocation ; whose melancholy case in short is this: She was, as is *reported*, infected with the general influence of the Goddess ; and while she was yawning carelessly at her ease, a wanton courtier took her at advantage, and in the very nick, clap'd a *gag* into her mouth. Well therefore may we know her meaning by her *gaping* ; and this distressful posture which our poet here describes, is just as she stands at this day, a sad example of the effects of dulness and malice unchecked and despised.

BENTLEY.

VER. 615—618. These verses were written many years ago, and may be found in the state poems of that time. So that Scriblerus is mistaken, or whoever else have imagined this poem of a fresher date.

POPE.

O Muse! relate (for you can tell alone,
 Wits have short memories, and dunces none), 620
 Relate, who first, who last resign'd to rest;
 Whose heads she partly, whose completely blest;
 What charms could faction, what ambition lull,
 The venal quiet, and intrance the dull; [wrong—
 Till drown'd was sense, and shame, and right, and
 O sing, and hush the nations with thy song! 626

* * * * *

In vain, in vain,—the all-composing hour
 Resistless falls: The muse obeys the pow'r.
 She comes! she comes! the sable throne behold
 Of *Night* primeval, and of *Chaos* old! 630
 Before her, *Fancy's* gilded clouds decay,
 And all its varying rainbows die away.
Wit shoots in vain its momentary fires,
 The meteor drops, and in a flash expires.
 As one by one, at dread *Medea's* strain, 635
 The sick'ning stars fade off th' ethereal plain;
 As *Argus' eyes*, by *Hermes' wand* opprest,
 Clos'd one by one to everlasting rest;

Thus

VER. 620. *Wits have short memories,*] This seemeth to be the reason why the poets, whenever they give us a catalogue, constantly call for help on the Muses, who, as the daughters of *Memory*, are obliged not to forget any thing. So Homer, *Iliad* ii.

Πληθὺν δ' ἔκ αὖ ἐγὼ μυθήσομαι ἔθ' ὀνομήνῃ,
 Εἰ μὴ Ὀλυμπιάδες Μῦσαι, Διὸς αἰγιόχοιο
 Θυγαῖρές, πησαῖαθ' —

And Virg. *Æneid*. vii.

“ Et meministis enim, Divæ, et memorare potestis:
 Ad nos vix tenuis famæ perlabitur aura.”

But

Thus at her felt approach, and secret might,
Art after *Art* goes out, and all is night. 640
 See skulking *Truth* to her old cavern fled,
 Mountains of casuistry heap'd o'er her head !
Philosophy, that lean'd on heav'n before,
 Shrinks to her second cause, and is no more.
Physic of *Metaphysic* begs defence, 645
 And *Metaphysic* calls for aid on *Sense* !
 See *Mystery* to *Mathematics* fly !
 In vain ! they gaze, turn giddy, rave, and die.
Religion blushing veils her sacred fires,
 And unawares *Morality* expires. 650
 Nor *public* flame, nor *private*, dares to shine ;
 Nor *human* spark is left, nor glimpse *divine* !
 Lo ! thy dread empire, CHAOS ! is restor'd ;
 Light dies before thy uncreating word :
 Thy hand, great Anarch ! lets the curtain fall ;
 And universal darkness buries all.

But our poet had yet another reason for putting this task upon the Muse, that, all besides being *asleep*, she could only relate what passed.

SCRIBLERUS. POPE.

VER. 643. In the former edit. it stood thus :

“ *Philosophy*, that reach'd the heav'ns *before*,
 Shrinks to her hidden cause, *and is no more !* ”

WARBURTON.





BY THE AUTHOR

A DECLARATION.

WHEREAS certain Haberdashers of Points and Particles, being instigated by the spirit of Pride, and assuming to themselves the name of Critics and Restorers, have taken upon them to adulterate the common and current sense of our Glorious Ancestors, Poets of this Realm, by clipping, coining, defacing the images, mixing their own base alloy, or otherwise falsifying the same; which they publish, utter, and vend as genuine: The said Haberdashers having no right thereto, as neither heirs, executors, administrators, assigns, or in any sort related to such Poets, to all or any of them; Now We, having carefully revised this our Dunciad, ^a beginning with

^a Read thus confidently, instead of "beginning with the word *Books*, and ending with the word *flies*," as formerly it stood: Read also, "containing the entire sum of *one thousand seven hundred and fifty-four verses*," instead of "*one thousand and twelve lines*;" such being the initial and final words, and such the true and entire contents, of this poem.

Thou art to know, Reader! that the first edition thereof, like that of Milton, was never seen by the author (though living and

with the words The Mighty Mother, and ending with the words buries all, containing the entire sum of One thousand seven hundred and fifty-four verses, declare every word, figure, point, and comma of this impression to be authentic : And do therefore strictly enjoin and forbid any person or persons whatsoever, to erase, reverse, put between hooks, or by any other means, directly or indirectly, change or mangle any of them. And we do hereby earnestly exhort all our brethren to follow this our Example, which we heartily wish our great Predecessors had heretofore set, as a remedy and prevention of all such abuses. Provided always, that nothing in this Declaration shall be construed to limit the lawful and undoubted right of every subject of this Realm, to judge, censure, or condemn, in the whole or in part, any Poem or Poet whatsoever.

Given under our hand at London this third
Day of January, in the Year of our
Lord one thousand seven hundred
thirty and two.

Declarat' cor' me,
JOHN BARBER, Mayor.

not blind) : The editor himself confessed as much in his preface : and no two poems were ever published in so arbitrary a manner. The editor of this had as boldly suppressed whole passages, yea the entire last book, as the editor of *Paradise Lost* added and augmented. Milton himself gave but *ten* books, his editor *twelve* ; this author gave *four* books, his editor only *three*. But we have happily done justice to both ; and presume we shall live in this our last labour, as long as in any of our others. BENTLEY.

APPENDIX.

I.

P R E F A C E

Prefixed to the five first imperfect Editions of the DUNCIAD, in three books, printed at DUBLIN and LONDON, in octavo and duodecimo, 1727.

The PUBLISHER ^a to the READER.

IT will be found a true observation, though somewhat surprizing, that when any scandal is vented against a man of the highest distinction and character, either in the state or literature, the public in general

^a *The Publisher*] Who he was is uncertain; but Edward Ward tells us, in his preface to Dürgen, "that most judges are of opinion this preface is not of English extraction, but Hibernian," &c. He means it was written by Dr. Swift, who, whether the publisher or not, may be said in a sort to be author of the poem. For when he, together with Mr. Pope (for reasons specified in the preface to their *Miscellanies*), determined to own the most trifling pieces in which they had any hand, and to destroy all that remained in their power; the first sketch of this poem was snatched from the fire by Dr. Swift, who persuaded his friend to proceed in it, and to him it was therefore inscribed. But the occasion of printing it was as follows:

There was published in those *Miscellanies*, a Treatise of the Bathos, or Art of Sinking in Poetry, in which was a chapter, where

afford it a most quiet reception; and the large part accept it as favourably as if it were some kindness done to themselves: whereas, if a known scoundrel or blockhead but chance to be touched upon, a whole legion is up in arms, and it becomes the common cause of all scribblers, booksellers, and printers whatsoever.

Not to search too deeply into the reason hereof, I will only observe as a fact, that every week for these two months past, the town has been persecuted with pamphlets^b, advertisements, letters, and weekly essays, not only against the wit and writings, but against the character and person of Mr. Pope. And that of all

the species of bad writers were ranged in classes, and initial letters of names prefixed, for the most part * at random. But such was the number of poets eminent in that art, that some one or other took every letter to himself. All fell into so violent a fury, that for half a year, or more, the common newspapers (in most of which they had some property, as being hired writers) were filled with the most abusive falsehoods and scurrilities they could possibly devise; a liberty no ways to be wondered at in those people, and in those papers, that, for many years, during the uncontrouled licence of the press, had aspersed almost all the great characters of the age; and this with impunity, their own persons and names being utterly secret and obscure. This gave Mr. Pope the thought, that he had now some opportunity of doing good, by detecting and dragging into light these common enemies of mankind; since to invalidate this universal slander, it sufficed to shew what contemptible men were the authors of it. He was not without hopes, that by manifesting the dulness of those who had only malice to recommend them; either the booksellers would not find their account in employing them, or the men themselves, when discovered, want courage to proceed in so unlawful an occupation. This it was that gave birth to the *Dunciad*; and he thought it an happiness, that by the late flood of slander on himself, he had acquired such a peculiar right over their names as was necessary to his design.

WARBURTON.

^b *Pamphlets, advertisements, &c.*] See the list of those anonymous papers, with their dates and authors annexed, inserted before the poem.

WARBURTON.

* Certainly *not* at random.

those men who have received pleasure from his works, (which by modest computation may be about a ^c hundred thousand in these kingdoms of England and Ireland; not to mention Jersey, Guernsey, the Orca-des, those in the new world, and foreigners who have translated him into their languages,) of all this number not a man hath stood up to say one word in his defence.

The only exception is the ^d author of the following poem, who doubtless had either a better insight into the grounds of this clamour, or a better opinion of Mr. Pope's integrity, joined with a greater personal love for him, than any other of his numerous friends and admirers.

Farther, that he was in his peculiar intimacy, appears from the knowledge he manifests of the most private authors of all the anonymous pieces against him, and from his having in this poem attacked ^e no man living, who had not before printed, or published, some scandal against this gentleman.

^c *About a hundred thousand*] It is surprizing with what stupidity this preface, which is almost a continued irony, was taken by those authors. All such passages as these were understood by Curl, Cook, Cibber, and others, to be serious. Here the Laureate (letter to Mr. Pope, p. 9.), "Though I grant the Dunciad a better poem of its kind than ever was writ; yet when I read it with those *vain-glorious* encumbrances of notes and remarks upon it, &c.—it is amazing, that you, who have writ with such masterly spirit upon the ruling passion, should be so blind a slave to your own, as not to see how far a *low avarice of praise*," &c. (taking it for granted that the notes of Scriblerus and others were the author's own.)

WARBURTON.

^d *The author of the following poem, &c.*] A very plain irony, speaking of Mr. Pope himself.

WARBURTON.

^e The publisher in these words went a little too far: but it is certain whatever names the reader finds that are unknown to him, are of such; and the exception is only of two or three, whose dulness, impudent scurrilities, or self-conceit, all mankind agreed to have justly entitled them to a place in the Dunciad.

WARBURTON.

How I came possess of it, is no concern to the reader ; but it would have been a wrong to him had I detained the publication, since those names which are its chief ornaments die off daily so fast, as must render it too soon unintelligible. If it provoke the author to give us a more perfect edition, I have my end.

Who he is I cannot say, and (which is a great pity) there is certainly 'nothing in his style and manner of writing, which can distinguish or discover him: for if it bears any resemblance to that of Mr. Pope, 'tis not improbable but it might be done on purpose, with a view to have it pass for his. But by the frequency of his allusions to Virgil, and a laboured (not to say affected) *shortness* in imitation of him, I should think him more an admirer of the Roman poet than of the Grecian, and in that not of the same taste with his friend.

I have been well informed, that this work was the labour of full * six years of his life, and that he wholly retired himself from all the avocations and pleasures of the world, to attend diligently to its cor-

[*There is certainly nothing in his style, &c.*] This irony had small effect in concealing the author. The Dunciad, imperfect as it was, had not been published two days, but the whole town gave it to Mr. Pope.

WARBURTON.

* [*The labour of full six years, &c.*] This also was honestly and seriously believed by divers gentlemen of the Dunciad. J. Ralph, pref. to Sawney: "We are told it was the labour of six years, with the utmost assiduity and application: It is no great compliment to the author's sense, to have employed so large a part of his life," &c. So also Ward, pref. to Dugden: "The Dunciad, as the publisher very wisely confesses, cost the author six years retirement from all the pleasures of life; though it is somewhat difficult to conceive, from either its bulk or beauty, that it could be so long in hatching, &c. But the length of time and closeness of application were mentioned to prepossess the reader with a good opinion of it."

They just as well understood what Scriblerus said of the poem.

WARBURTON.

rection and perfection ; and six years more he intended to bestow upon it, as it should seem by this verse of Statius, which was cited at the head of his manuscript,

Oh mihi bisseños multum vigilata per annos,

Duncia ^h !

Hence also we learn the true title of the poem ; which with the same certainty as we call that of Homer the *Iliad*, of Virgil the *Æneid*, of Camoëns the *Lusiad*, we may pronounce, could have been, and can be no other than

THE DUNCIAD.

It is styled *heroic*, as being *doubly* so ; not only with respect to its nature, which, according to the best rules of the ancients, and strictest ideas of the moderns, is critically such ; but also with regard to the heroical disposition and high courage of the writer, who dared to stir up such a formidable, irritable, and implacable race of mortals.

There may arise some obscurity in chronology from the *names* in the poem, by the inevitable removal of some authors, and insertion of others, in their niches. For whoever will consider the unity of the whole design, will be sensible, that the *poem was not made for these authors, but these authors for the poem*. I should judge that they were clapped in as they rose, fresh and fresh, and changed from day to day ; in like manner as when the old boughs wither, we thrust new ones into a chimney.

I would not have the reader too much troubled or anxious, if he cannot decypher them ; since when he shall have found them out, he will probably know no more of the persons than before.

^h The prefacer to Curl's *Key*, p. 3. took this word to be really in Statius: " By a quibble on the word *Duncia*, the *Dunciad* is formed." Mr. Ward also follows him in the same opinion.

Yet we judged it better to preserve them as they are, than to change them for fictitious names; by which the satire would only be multiplied, and applied to many instead of one. Had the hero, for instance, been called Codrus, how many would have affirmed him to have been Mr. T. Mr. E. Sir R. B. &c. but now all that unjust scandal is saved, by calling him by a name, which by good luck happens to be that of a real person.

II.

A LIST of BOOKS, PAPERS, and VERSES, in which our Author was abused, before the Publication of the DUNCIAD; with the true Names of the Authors.

REFLECTIONS critical and satirical, on a late Rhapsody, called An Essay on Criticism. By Mr. Dennis; printed by B. Lintot, price 6d.

A new Rehearsal, or Bays the Younger; containing an Examen of Mr. Rowe's plays, and a word or two on Mr. Pope's Rape of the Lock. Anon. [By Charles Gildon.] Printed for J. Roberts, 1714, price 1s.

Homerides, or a Letter to Mr. Pope, occasioned by his intended translation of Homer. By Sir Iliad Dogrel [Tho. Burnet and G. Ducket, Esquires.] Printed for W. Wilkins, 1715, price 9d.

Æsop at the Bear-garden; a Vision, in imitation of the Temple of Fame, by Mr. Preston. Sold by John Morphew, 1715, price 6d.

The Catholic Poet, or Protestant Barnaby's Sorrowful Lamentation; a Ballad about Homer's Iliad. By Mrs. Centlivre, and others, 1715, price 1d.

An Epilogue to a Puppet-shew at Bath, concerning the said Iliad. By George Ducket, Esq. Printed by E. Curl.

A complete Key to the What d'ye call it. Anon. [By Griffin, a player, supervised by Mr. Th——] Printed by J. Roberts, 1715.

A true Character of Mr. P. and his Writings, in a letter to a friend. Anon. [Dennis] Printed for S. Popping, 1716, price 3d.

The Confederates, a Farce. By Joseph Gay. [J. D. Breval] Printed for R. Burleigh, 1717, price 1s.

Remarks upon Mr. Pope's Translation of Homer; with two Letters concerning the Windsor Forest, and the Temple of Fame. By Mr. Dennis, printed for E. Curl, 1717, price 1s. 6d.

Satires on the Translators of Homer, Mr. P. and Mr. T. Anon. [Bez. Morris] 1717, price 6d.

The Triumvirate; or, a Letter from Palæmon to Celia at Bath. Anon. [Leonard Welsted] 1711, folio, price 1s.

The Battle of Poets; an heroic poem. By Tho. Cooke, printed for J. Roberts, folio, 1725.

Memoirs of Lilliput. Anon. [Eliza Haywood] octavo, printed in 1727.

An Essay on Criticism, in prose. By the Author of the Critical History of England [J. Oldmixon] octavo, printed 1728.

Gulliveriana and Alexandriana; with an ample Preface and Critique on Swift and Pope's Miscellanies. By Jonathan Smedley, printed by J. Roberts, octavo, 1728.

Characters of the Times; or, an Account of the Writings, Characters, &c. of several Gentlemen libelled by S— and P—, in a late Miscellany, octavo, 1728.

Remarks on Mr. Pope's Rape of the Lock, in Letters to a Friend. By Mr. Dennis; written in 1724, though not printed till 1728, octavo.

VERSES, LETTERS, ESSAYS, or ADVERTISEMENTS, in the PUBLIC PRINTS.

British Journal, Nov. 25, 1727. A Letter on Swift and Pope's Miscellanies. [Writ by M. Concanen.]

Daily Journal, March 18, 1728. A Letter by Philomauri. James-Moore Smith.

Id. March 29. A Letter about Thersites ; accusing the Author of disaffection to the Government. By James-Moore Smith.

Mist's Weekly Journal, March 30. An Essay on the Arts of a Poet's sinking in Reputation ; or, a Supplement to the Art of Sinking in Poetry. [Supposed by Mr. Theobald.]

Daily Journal, April 3. A Letter under the name of Philo-ditto. By James-Moore Smith.

Flying-Post, April 5. A Letter against Gulliver and Mr. P. [By Mr. Oldmixon.]

Daily Journal, April 5. An Auction of Goods at Twickenham. By James-Moore Smith.

The Flying-Post, April 6. A Fragment of a Treatise upon Swift and Pope. By Mr. Oldmixon.

The Senator, April 9. On the same. By Edward Roome.

Daily Journal, April 8. Advertisement by James-Moore Smith.

Flying-Post, April 13. Verses against Dr. Swift, and against Mr. P—'s Homer. By J. Oldmixon.

Daily Journal, April 23. Letter about the Translation of the Character of Thersites in Homer. By Thomas Cooke, &c.

Mist's Weekly Journal, April 27. A Letter of Lewis Theobald.

Daily Journal, May 11. A Letter against Mr. P. at large. Anon. [John Dennis.]

All these were afterwards reprinted in a pamphlet, entitled, A Collection of all the Verses, Essays, Letters, and Advertisements occasioned by Mr. Pope and Swift's Miscellanies, prefaced by Concanen, Anonymous, octavo, and printed for A. Moore, 1728, price 1s. Others of an elder date, having lain as waste paper many years, were, upon the publication of the Dunciad, brought out, and their authors betrayed by the mercenary booksellers (in hopes of some possibility of vending a few) by advertising them in this

manner—"The Confederates, a farce. By Capt. Breval (for which he was put into the Dunciad). An Epilogue to Powel's Puppet-show. By Col. Duckett (for which he was put into the Dunciad). Essays, &c. By Sir Richard Blackmore. (N. B. It was for a passage of this book that Sir Richard was put into the Dunciad.)" And so of others.

AFTER THE DUNCIAD, 1728.

An Essay on the Dunciad, octavo, printed for J. Roberts. [In this book, p. 9, it was formally declared, "That the complaint of the aforesaid libels and advertisements was forged and untrue; that all mouths had been silent, except in Mr. Pope's praise; and nothing against him published, but by Mr. Theobald."]

Sawney, in blank verse, occasioned by the Dunciad; with a Critique on that poem. By J. Ralph, [a person never mentioned in it at first, but inserted after,] printed for J. Roberts, octavo.

A complete Key to the Dunciad. By E. Curl. 12mo. price 6d.

A second and third edition of the same, with additions, 12mo.

The Popiad. By E. Curl, extracted from J. Dennis, Sir Richard Blackmore, &c. 12mo. price 6d.

The Curliad. By the same E. Curl.

The Female Dunciad. Collected by the same Mr. Curl. 12mo. price 6d. With the Metamorphosis of P. into a Stinging-Nettle. By Mr. Foxton. 12mo.

The Metamorphosis of Scriblerus into Snarlerus. By J. Smedley, printed for A. Moore, folio, price 6d.

The Dunciad dissected. By Curl and Mrs. Thomas. 12mo.

An Essay on the Taste and Writings of the present Times. Said to be writ by a gentleman of C. C. C. Oxon. Printed for J. Roberts. 8vo.

The Arts of Logic and Rhetoric, partly taken from Bouhours, with new Reflections, &c. By John Oldmixon. 8vo.

Remarks on the Dunciad. By Mr. Dennis, dedicated to Theobald. 8vo.

A Supplement to the Profund. Anon. By Matthew Concanen. 8vo.

Mist's Weekly Journal, June 8. A long Letter, signed W. A. Writ by some or other of the Club of Theobald, Dennis, Moore, Concanen, Cooke, who for some time held constant weekly meetings for these kind of performances.

Daily Journal, June 11. A Letter signed Philo-scriblerus, on the name of Pope.—Letter to Mr. Theobald, in verse, signed B. M. [Bezaleel Morris] against Mr. P—. Many other little epigrams about this time in the same papers, by James Moore, and others.

Mist's Journal, June 22. A Letter by Lewis Theobald.

Flying Post, August 8. Letter on Pope and Swift.

Daily Journal, August 8. Letter charging the author of the Dunciad with treason.

Durgen: a plain satire on a pompous satirist. By Edward Ward, with a little of James Moore.

Apollo's Maggot in his Cups. By E. Ward.

Gulliveriana secunda. Being a collection of many of the libels in the newspapers, like the former volume, under the same title, by Smedley. Advertised in the Craftsman, Nov. 9, 1728, with this remarkable promise, that "*any thing which any body should send as Mr. Pope's or Dr. Swift's, should be inserted and published as theirs.*"

Pope Alexander's supremacy and infallibility examined, &c. By George Duckett, and John Dennis. 4to.

Dean Jonathan's Paraphrase on the 4th Chapter of Genesis. Writ by E. Roome. Folio. 1729.

Labeo. A paper of verses by Leonard Welsted, which after came into *one epistle*, and was published by James Moore. 4to. 1730. Another part of it came out in Welsted's own name, under the just title of Dulness and Scandal. Folio. 1731.

There have been since published,

Verses on the Imitator of Horace. By a ⁱ Lady [or between a lady, a lord, and a court-squire]. Printed for J. Roberts. Folio.

An Epistle from a Nobleman to a Doctor of Divinity, from Hampton-court [Lord H——y]. Printed for J. Roberts also. Folio.

A Letter from Mr. Cibber to Mr. Pope. Printed for W. Lewis in Covent Garden. 8vo.

ⁱ Lady Montague.

III.

ADVERTISEMENT

To the FIRST EDITION with Notes, in Quarto,
1729.

IT will be sufficient to say of this edition, that the reader has here a much more correct and complete copy of the DUNCIAD, than has hitherto appeared. I cannot answer but some mistakes may have slipped into it, but a vast number of others will be prevented by the names being now not only set at length, but justified by the authorities and reasons given. I make no doubt, the author's own motive to use real rather than feigned names, was his care to preserve the innocent from any false application; whereas in the former editions, which had no more than the initial letters, he was made, by keys printed here, to hurt the inoffensive; and (what was worse) to abuse his friends, by an impression at Dublin.

The commentary which attends this poem was sent me from several hands, and consequently must be unequally written; yet will have one advantage over most commentaries, that it is not made upon conjectures, or at a remote distance of time: and the reader cannot but derive one pleasure from the very *obscurity* of the persons it treats of, that it partakes of the nature of a *secret*, which most people love to be let into, though the men or the things be ever so inconsiderable or trivial.

Of the *persons* it was judged proper to give some account: for since it is only in this monument that

they must expect to survive, (and here survive they will, as long as the English tongue shall remain such as it was in the reigns of Queen ANNE and King GEORGE,) it seemed but humanity to bestow a word or two upon each, just to tell what he was, what he writ, when he lived, and when he died.

If a word or two more are added upon the chief offenders, 'tis only as a paper pinned upon the breast, to mark the enormities for which they suffered; lest the correction only should be remembered, and the crime forgotten.

In some articles it was thought sufficient, barely to transcribe from Jacob, Curl, and other writers of their own rank, who were much better acquainted with them than any of the authors of this comment can pretend to be. Most of them had drawn each other's characters on certain occasions; but the few here inserted are all that could be saved from the general destruction of such works.

Of the part of Scriblerus I need say nothing; his manner is well enough known, and approved by all but those who are too much concerned to be judges.

The Imitations of the Ancients are added to gratify those who either never read, or may have forgotten them; together with some of the parodies and allusions to the most excellent of the moderns. If, from the frequency of the former, any man think the poem too much a cento, our Poet will but appear to have done the same thing in jest which Boileau did in earnest; and upon which Vida, Fracastorius, and many of the most eminent Latin poets, professedly valued themselves.

IV.

ADVERTISEMENT

To the FIRST EDITION of the FOURTH BOOK of the DUNCIAD; when printed separately in the Year 1742.

WE apprehend it can be deemed no injury to the Author of the three first books of the Dunciad, that we publish this Fourth. It was found merely by accident, in taking a survey of the *library* of a late eminent nobleman; but in so blotted a condition, and in so many detached pieces, as plainly shewed it to be not only *incorrect*, but *unfinished*. That the Author of the three first books had a design to extend and complete his poem in this manner, appears from the dissertation prefixed to it, where it is said, that *the design is more extensive, and that we may expect other episodes to complete it*: and from the declaration in the argument to the third book, that *the accomplishment of the prophecies therein would be the theme hereafter of a greater Dunciad*. But whether or no he be the author of this, we declare ourselves ignorant. If he be, we are no more to be blamed for the publication of it, than Tucca and Varius for that of the last six books of the *Æneid*, though perhaps inferior to the former.

If any person be possessed of a more perfect copy of this work, or of any other fragments of it, and will communicate them to the publisher, we shall make the next edition more complete: in which we also promise to insert any *criticisms* that shall be pub-

lished (if at all to the purpose) with the *names* of the *authors* ; or any letter sent us (though not to the purpose) shall yet be printed under the title of *Epistole Obscurorum Virorum* ; which, together with some others of the same kind formerly laid by for that end, may make no unpleasant addition to the future impressions of this poem.

V.

ADVERTISEMENT

To the complete EDITION of 1743.

I HAVE long had a design of giving some sort of Notes on the works of this Poet. Before I had the happiness of his acquaintance, I had written a commentary on his *Essay on Man*, and have since finished another on the *Essay on Criticism*. There was one already on the *Dunciad*, which had met with general approbation: but I still thought some additions were wanting (of a more serious kind) to the humorous notes of *Scriblerus*, and even to those written by Mr. *Cleland*, Dr. *Arbuthnot*, and others. I had lately the pleasure to pass some months with the Author in the country, where I prevailed upon him to do what I had long desired, and favour me with his explanation of several passages in his works. It happened, that just at that juncture was published a ridiculous book against him, full of personal reflections, which furnished him with a lucky opportunity of improving *this poem*, by giving it the only thing it wanted, a *more considerable hero*. He was always sensible of its defect in that particular, and owned he had let it pass with the hero it had, purely for want of a better; not entertaining the least expectation that such an one was reserved for this post, as has since obtained the *laurel*: but since that had happened, he could no longer deny this justice either to *him* or the *Dunciad*.

And yet I will venture to say, there was another motive which had still more weight with our Author : This person was one, who from every folly (not to say vice) of which another would be ashamed, has constantly derived a *vanity* ; and therefore was the *man in the world who would least be hurt by it.*

W. W.

VI.

ADVERTISEMENT

Printed in the JOURNALS, 1730.

WHEREAS, upon occasion of certain pieces relating to the gentlemen of the Dunciad, some have been willing to suggest, as if they looked upon them as an *abuse*: we can do no less than own, it is our opinion, that to call these gentlemen *bad authors* is no sort of *abuse*, but a *great truth*. We cannot alter this opinion without some reason; but we promise to do it in respect to every person who thinks it an injury to be represented as no *wit*, or *poet*, provided he procures a certificate of his being really such, from any *three of his companions* in the Dunciad, or from Mr. *Dennis singly*, who is esteemed equal to any three of the number.

VII.

A

PARALLEL

OF THE

C H A R A C T E R S

OF

Mr. DRYDEN and Mr. POPE,

As drawn by certain of their Contemporaries.

 Mr. DRYDEN,

HIS POLITICS, RELIGION, MORALS.

MR. DRYDEN is a mere renegado from monarchy, poetry, and good sense^a. A true republican son of monarchical church^b. A republican atheist^c. Dryden was from the beginning an ἀλλοπρόσαλλος, and I doubt not will continue so to the last^d.

In the poem called *Absalom* and *Achitophel* are notoriously traduced, the KING, the QUEEN, the LORDS, and GENTLEMEN, not only their honourable persons

^a Milbourn on Dryden's Virgil, 8vo. 1698. p. 6.^b Page 38.^c Page 192.^d Page 8.

VII.

A

PARALLEL

OF THE

C H A R A C T E R S

OF

Mr. POPE and Mr. DRYDEN,

As drawn by certain of their Contemporaries.

 Mr. POPE,

HIS POLITICS, RELIGION, MORALS.

MR. POPE is an open and mortal enemy to his country, and the commonwealth of learning^a. Some call him a popish whig, which is directly inconsistent^b. Pope, as a papist, must be a tory and high flyer^c. He is both a whig and tory^d.

He hath made it his custom to cackle to more than one party in their own sentiments^e.

^a Dennis Rem. on the Rape of the Lock, pref. p. xii.

^b Dunciad dissected. ^c Pref. to Gulliveriana.

^d Dennis, Character of Mr. P.

^e Theobald, Letter in Mist's Journal, June 22, 1728.

exposed, but the whole NATION and its REPRESENTATIVES notoriously libelled. It is *scandalum magnatum*, yea of MAJESTY itself ^c.

He looks upon God's gospel as a foolish fable, like the Pope, to whom he is a pitiful purveyor ^f. His very Christianity may be questioned ^g. He ought to expect more severity than other men, as he is most unmerciful in his reflections on others ^h. With as good a right as his Holiness, he sets up for poetical infallibility ⁱ.

Mr. DRYDEN only a Versifier.

His whole libel is all bad matter, beautify'd (which is all that can be said of it) with good metre ^k. Mr. Dryden's genius did not appear in any thing more than his versification, and whether he is to be ennobled for that only, is a question ^l.

Mr. DRYDEN'S VIRGIL.

Tonson calls it *Dryden's Virgil*, to shew that this is not that Virgil so admired in the Augustean age; but a Virgil of another stamp, a silly, impertinent, nonsensical writer ^m. None but a Bavius, a Mævius, or a Bathyllus, carped at Virgil; and none but such unthinking vermin admire his translator ⁿ. It is true, soft and easy lines might become Ovid's Epistles or Art of Love—But Virgil, who is all great and majestic, &c. requires strength of lines, weight of words, and closeness of expression; not an ambling muse

^c Whip and Key, 4to. printed for R. Janeway, 1682. Pref.

^f Ibid. ^g Milbourn, p. 9. ^h Ibid. p. 175.

ⁱ Page 39. ^k Whip and Key, Pref.

^l Oldmixon, Essay on Criticism, p. 84.

^m Milbourn, p. 2.

ⁿ Page 35.

In his miscellanies the persons abused are, the KING, the QUEEN, His late MAJESTY, both Houses of PARLIAMENT, the Privy-Council, the Bench of BISHOPS, the Established CHURCH, the present MINISTRY, &c. To make sense of some passages, they must be construed into ROYAL SCANDAL^f.

He is a Popish rhymester, bred up with a contempt of the sacred writings^g. His religion allows him to destroy heretics, not only with his pen, but with fire and sword; and such were all those unhappy wits whom he sacrificed to his accursed Popish principles^h. It deserved vengeance to suggest, that Mr. Pope had less infallibility than his namesake at Romeⁱ.

Mr. POPE only a Versifier.

The smooth numbers of the Dunciad are all that recommend it, nor has it any other merit^k. It must be owned that he hath got a notable knack of rhyming and writing smooth verse^l.

Mr. POPE'S HOMER.

The Homer which Lintot prints, does not talk like Homer, but like Pope; and he who translated him, one would swear, had a hill in Tipperary for his Parnassus, and a puddle in some bog for his Hippocrene^m. He has no admirers among those that can distinguish, discern, and judgeⁿ.

He hath a knack at smooth verse, but without either genius or good sense, or any tolerable know-

^f List at the end of a Collection of Verses, Letters, Advertisements, 8vo. Printed for A. More, 1728, and the Preface to it, p. 6.

^g Dennis's Rem. on Homer, p. 27.

^h Preface to Gulliveriana, p. 11.

ⁱ Dedication to the Collection of Verses, Letters, &c. p. 9.

^k Mist's Journal of June 8, 1728.

^l Character of Mr. P. and Dennis on Hom.

^m Dennis Rem. on Pope's Homer, p. 12.

ⁿ Ibid. p. 14.

running on carpet-ground, and shod as lightly as a Newmarket racer.—He has numberless faults in his author's meaning, and in propriety of expression ^o.

Mr. DRYDEN understood no Greek nor Latin.

Mr. Dryden was once, I have heard, at Westminster-school : Dr. Busby would have whipt him for so childish a paraphrase ^p. The meanest pedant in England would whip a lubber of twelve for construing so absurdly ^q. The translator is mad, every line betrays his stupidity ^r. The faults are innumerable, and convince me that Mr. Dryden did not, or would not understand his author ^s. This shews how fit Mr. D. may be to translate *Homer* ! A mistake in a single letter might fall on the printer well enough, but εἶχες for ἐχες must be the error of the author : nor had he art enough to correct it at the press ^t. Mr. Dryden writes for the court ladies——He writes for the ladies, and not for use ^u.

The translator puts in a little burlesque now and then into Virgil, for a ragout to his cheated subscribers ^w.

Mr. DRYDEN tricked his Subscribers.

I wonder that any man, who could not but be conscious of his own unfitness for it, should go to amuse the learned world with such an undertaking ! A man ought to value his reputation more than money ; and not to hope that those who can read for themselves, will be imposed upon, merely by a partially and unseasonably celebrated name ^x. *Poetis quidlibet audendi*

^o Milbourn, p. 22, and 102.

^q Page 203.

^r Page 19.

^s Page 192.

^t Page 78.

^u Page 144, 190.

^p Page 72.

^s Page 206.

^w Page 67.

ledge of English. The qualities which distinguish Homer are the beauties of his diction and the harmony of his versification.—But this little author, who is so much in vogue, has neither sense in his thoughts, nor English in his expressions °.

Mr. POPE understood no Greek.

He hath undertaken to translate Homer from the Greek, of which he knows not one word, into English, of which he understands as little ^p. I wonder how this gentleman would look, should it be discovered, that he has not translated ten verses together in any book of Homer with justice to the poet, and yet he dares reproach his fellow-writers with not understanding Greek ^q. He has stuck so little to his original as to have his knowledge in Greek called in question ^r. I should be glad to know which it is of all Homer's excellencies which has so delighted the ladies, and the gentlemen who judge like ladies ^s.

But he has a notable talent at burlesque ; his genius slides so naturally into it, that he had burlesqued Homer without designing it ^t.

Mr. POPE tricked his Subscribers.

'Tis indeed somewhat bold, and almost prodigious, for a single man to undertake such a work : but 'tis too late to dissuade by demonstrating the madness of the project. The subscribers' expectations have been raised in proportion to what their pockets have been

° Character of Mr. P. p. 17. and Remarks on Homer, p. 91.

^p Dennis's Rem. on Homer, p. 12.

^q Daily Journ. April 23, 1728.

^r Suppl. to the Profund, Pref.

^s Oldmixon, Essay on Criticism, p. 66.

^t Dennis's Rem. p. 28.

shall be Mr. Dryden's motto, though it should extend to picking of pockets ^y.

Names bestowed on Mr. DRYDEN.

An APE.] A crafty ape drest up in a gaudy gown—Whips put into an ape's paw, to play pranks with—None but apish and papish brats will heed him ^z.

An ASS.] A camel will take upon him no more burden than is sufficient for his strength, but there is another beast that crouches under all ^a.

A FROG.] Poet Squab endued with poet Maro's spirit! an ugly, croaking kind of vermin, which would swell to the bulk of an ox ^b.

A COWARD.] A Clinias or a Damætas, or a man of Mr. Dryden's own courage ^c.

A KNAVE.] Mr. Dryden has heard of Paul, the knave of Jesus Christ: and, if I mistake not, I've read somewhere of John Dryden, servant to His Majesty ^d.

A FOOL.] Had he not been such a self-conceited fool ^e.—Some great poets are positive blockheads ^f.

A THING.] So little a thing as Mr. Dryden ^g.

^y Milbourn, page 125.

^z Whip and Key, Pref.

^a Milb. p. 105.

^b Page 11.

^c Page 176.

^d Page 57.

^e Whip and Key, Pref.

^f Milb. p. 34.

^g Ibid. p. 35.

drained of ^u. Pope has been concerned in jobs, and hired out his name to booksellers ^w.

Names bestowed on Mr. POPE.

AN APE.] Let us take the initial letter of his Christian name, and the initial and final letters of his surname, viz. APE, and they give you the same idea of an ape as his face ^x, &c.

AN ASS.] It is my duty to pull off the lion's skin from this little ass ^y.

A FROG.] A squab short gentleman—a little creature, that, like the frog in the fable, swells, and is angry that it is not allowed to be as big as an ox ^z.

A COWARD.] A lurking way-laying coward ^a.

A KNAVE.] He is one whom God and nature have marked for want of common honesty ^b.

A FOOL.] Great fools will be christened by the names of great poets, and Pope will be called Homer ^c.

A THING.] A little abject thing ^d.

^u Homerides, p. 1, &c. ^w British Journ. Nov. 25, 1727.

^x Dennis, Daily Journal, May 11, 1728.

^y Dennis, Rem. on Hom. Pref.

^z Dennis's Rem. on the Rape of the Lock, Pref. p. 9.

^a Char. of Mr. P. page 3.

^b Ibid.

^c Dennis, Rem. on Homer, p. 37.

^d Ibid. p. 8.

I N D E X

OF

PERSONS celebrated in this POEM.

[The first Number shews the BOOK, the second the VERSE.]

A

AMBROSE [Philips, i 105.](#)
iii. [326.](#)

Attila, iii. [92.](#)

Alaric, iii. [91.](#)

Alma Mater, iii. [338.](#)

Annius, an antiquary, iv. [347.](#)

Arnal, William, ii. [315.](#)

B

Blackmore, Sir Richard, i. [104.](#)
ii. [268.](#)

Besaleel Morris, ii. [126.](#) iii. [168.](#)

Banks, i. [146.](#)

Broome; *ibid.*

Bond, ii. [126.](#)

Brown, iii. [28.](#)

Bladen, iv. [560.](#)

Budgel, Esq. ii. [397.](#)

Bentley, Richard, iv. [201.](#)

Bentley, Thomas, ii. [205.](#)

Boyer, Abel, ii. [413.](#)

Bland, a Gazetteer, i. [231.](#)

Breval, J. Durant, ii. [126.](#) [238.](#)

Benlowes, iii. [21.](#)

Bavius, *ibid.*

Burmamnus, iv. [237.](#)

Benson, William, Esq. iii. [325.](#)
iv. [110.](#)

Burgersdick, iv. [198.](#)

Bæotians, iii. [50.](#)

Bruin and Bears, i. [101.](#)

Bear and Fiddle, i. [224.](#)

C

Cibber, Colley, Hero of the
Poem, *passim.*

Cibber, jun. iii. [139.](#) [326.](#)

Caxton, William, i. [149.](#)

Curl, Edm. i. [40.](#) ii. [3.](#) [58.](#) [167.](#)
&c.

Cooke, Thomas, ii. [138.](#)

Concanen, Matthew, ii. [299.](#)

Centlivre, Susannan, ii. [411.](#)

Cæsar in Egypt, i. [251.](#)

Chi Ho-am-ti, emperor of China,
iii. [75.](#)

Crouzaz, iv. [198.](#)

Codrus, ii. [144.](#)

D

De Foe, Daniel, i. [103.](#) ii. [147.](#)

De Foe, Norton, ii. [415.](#)

De Lyra, or Harpsfield, i. [153.](#)

Dennis, John, i. [106.](#) ii. [239.](#)
iii. [173.](#)

Dunton, John, ii. [144.](#)

Durfev, iii. [146.](#)

Dutchmen, ii. [405.](#) iii. [51.](#)

Doctors, at White's, i. [203.](#)

Douglas, iv. [394.](#)

Eusden,

INDEX.

E

Eusden, Lawrence, Poet Laureate, [i. 104.](#)
 Eliza Haywood, [ii. 157.](#) &c.

F

Fleckno, Richard, [ii. 2.](#)
 Faustus, Dr. [iii. 233.](#)
 Fleetwood, [iv. 326.](#)
 Free-Masons, [iv. 576.](#)
 French Cooks, [iv. 553.](#)

G

Gildon, Charles, [i. 296.](#)
 Goode, Barn. [iii. 153.](#)
 Goths, [iii. 90.](#)
 Gazetteers, [i. 215.](#) [ii. 314.](#)
 Gregorians and Gormogons, [iv. 575.](#)

H

Holland, Philemon, [i. 154.](#)
 Hearne, Thomas, [iii. 185.](#)
 Horneck, Philip, [iii. 152.](#)
 Haywood, Eliza, [ii. 157.](#) &c.
 Howard, Edward, [i. 297.](#)
 Henley, John, the [Orator](#), [ii. 2.](#)
 425. [iii. 199.](#) &c.
 Huns, [iii. 90.](#)
 Heywood, John, [i. 98.](#)
 Harpsfield, [i. 153.](#)
 Hays, [iv. 560.](#)

I

John, King, [i. 252.](#)
 James [i.](#) [iv. 176.](#)
 Jacob, Giles, [iii. 149.](#)
 Janssen, a gamester, [iv. 326.](#)

K

Knight, Robert, [iv. 561.](#)
 Kuster, [iv. 237.](#)

L

Lintot, Bernard, [i. 40.](#) [ii. 52.](#)
 Law, William, [ii. 413.](#)
 Log, King, [i. lin. ult.](#)

M

More, James, [ii. 50.](#) &c.
 Morris, Besaleel, [ii. 126.](#) [iii. 168.](#)
 Mist, Nathaniel, [i. 208.](#)
 Milbourn, Luke, [ii. 349.](#)
 Mahomet, [iii. 97.](#)
 Mears, William, [ii. 125.](#) [iii. 28.](#)
 Motteux, Peter, [ii. 412.](#)
 Monks, [iii. 52.](#)
 Mandevil, [ii. 414.](#)
 Morgan, [ibid.](#)
 Montalto, [iv. 105.](#)
 Mummius, an antiquary, [iv. 371.](#)

N

Newcastle, Duchess of, [i. 141.](#)
 Nonjuror, [i. 253.](#)

O

Ogilvy, John, [i. 141.](#) [328.](#)
 Oldmixon, John, [ii. 283.](#)
 Ozell, John, [i. 285.](#)
 Ostrogoths, [iii. 93.](#)
 Omar, the Caliph, [iii. 81.](#)
 Owls, [i. 271.](#) [290.](#) [iii. 54.](#)
 — Athenian, [iv. 362.](#)
 Osborne, bookseller, [ii. 167.](#)
 Osborne, mother, [ii. 312.](#)

P

Prynn, William, [i. 103.](#)
 Philips, [Ambrose](#), [i. 105.](#) [iii. 326.](#)
 Paridel, [iv. 341.](#)

Q

Quarles, Francis, [i. 140.](#)
 Querno, Camillo, [ii. 15.](#)

R

Ralph, James, [i. 216.](#) [iii. 165.](#)
 Roome, Edward, [iii. 152.](#)
 Ridley, Tho. [iii. 327.](#)
 Ridpath, George, [i. 208.](#) [ii. 149.](#)

Roper

INDEX.

Roper, Abel, ii. [149](#).
 Rich, iii. [261](#).

S

Settle, Elkanah, [i. 90](#). [146](#). ii.
 37.
 Smedley, Jonathan, ii. 291, &c.
 Shadwell, Thomas, [i. 240](#). iii. [22](#).
 Scholiasts, iv. [231](#).
 Silenus, iv. 492.
 Sooterkins, [i. 126](#).

T

Tate, [i. 105](#). [238](#).
 Theobald, or Tibbald, [i. 133](#),
[286](#).
 Tutchin, John, ii. [148](#).
 Toland, John, ii. 399. iii. 212.
 Tindal, Dr. ii. 399. iii. 212. iv.
 492.
 Taylor, John, the Water-Poet,
 iii. [19](#).

V

Vandals, iii. [86](#).
 Visigoths, iii. [94](#).

W

Walpole, [late Sir Robert]
 praised by our Author, ii. [314](#).
 Withers, George, i. [296](#).
 Wynkin de Werde, [i. 149](#).
 Ward, Edward, [i. 233](#). iii. [34](#).
 Webster, ii. [258](#).
 Whitfield, *ibid*.
 Warner, Thomas, ii. [125](#).
 Wilkins, *ibid*.
 Welsted, Leonard, ii. [207](#). iii.
[170](#).
 Woolston, Thomas, iii. [212](#).
 Wormius, iii. [188](#).
 Wasse, iv. [237](#).
 Walker, Hat-bearer to Bentley,
 iv. [206](#). [273](#).



THAT the Reader may see at one view, the nature, conduct, and coherence of this Poem, how perfect it was in Three Books, and how much it suffered, and was disfigured, by a Fourth Book, and by a new hero, the Dunciad is here added, as it stood in the quarto edition, 1728.

WARTON.



THE
D U N C I A D:
TO
DR. JONATHAN SWIFT.
BOOK I.

ARGUMENT TO BOOK THE FIRST.

THE Proposition, the Invocation, and the Inscription. Then the Original of the great Empire of Dulness, and cause of the continuance thereof. The beloved seat of the Goddess is described, with her chief attendants and officers, her functions, operations, and effects. Then the Poem hastes into the midst of things, presenting her on the evening of a Lord Mayor's day, revolving the long succession of her sons, and the glories past and to come. She fixes her eye on Tibbald to be the instrument of that great event which is the subject of the Poem. He is described pensive in his study, giving up the cause, and apprehending the period of her empire from the old age of the present monarch Settle: Wherefore debating whether to betake himself to Law or Politicks, he raises an altar of proper books, and (making first his solemn prayer and declaration) purposes thereon to sacrifice all his unsuccessful writings. As the pile is kindled, the Goddess beholding the flame from her seat, flies in person, and puts it out, by casting upon it the poem of Thule. She forthwith reveals herself to him, transports him to her Temple, unfolds her arts, and initiates him into her mysteries; then announcing the death of Settle that night, anoints, and proclaims him Successor.

B O O K I.

BOOKS and the Man I sing, the first who brings
The Smithfield muses to the ear of kings.

Say, great Patricians ! (since yourselves inspire
These wond'rous works : so Jove and Fate require)
Say from what cause, in vain decry'd and curst, 5
Still Duncce the second reigns like Duncce the first.

In eldest time, e'er mortals writ or read,
E'er Pallas issu'd from the Thund'rer's head,
Dulness o'er all possess'd her ancient right,
Daughter of Chaos and eternal Night : 10
Fate in their dotage this fair idiot gave,
Gross as her sire, and as her mother grave,
Laborious, heavy, busy, bold, and blind,
She rul'd in native anarchy, the mind.

Still her old empire to confirm, she tries, 15
For born a goddess, Dulness never dies.

O THOU ! whatever title please thine ear,
Dean, Drapier, Bickerstaff, or Gulliver,
Whether thou chuse Cervantes' serious air,
Or laugh and shake in Rab'lais easy chair, 20
Or praise the court, or magnify mankind,
Or thy griev'd country's copper chains unbind ;

From thy Bæotia tho' her pow'r retires,
Grieve not, my SWIFT! at ought our realm acquires,
Here pleas'd behold her mighty wings outspread 25
To hatch a new Saturnian age of lead.

Where wave the tatter'd ensigns of Rag-fair,
A yawning ruin hangs and nods in air ;
Keen, hollow winds howl thro' the bleak recess,
Emblem of music caus'd by emptiness. 30
Here in one bed two shiv'ring sisters lye,
The cave of Poverty and Poetry.
This, the great mother dearer held than all
The clubs of Quidnunc's, or her own Guild-hall.
Here stood her opium, here she nurs'd her owls, 35
And destin'd here the imperial seat of fools.
Hence springs each weekly muse, the living boast
Of Curl's chaste press, and Lintot's rubric post,
Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lay,
Hence the soft sing-song on Cecilia's day, 40
Sepulchral lyes, our holy walls to grace,
And New-year odes, and all the Grub-street race.

'Twas here in clouded majesty she shone ;
Four guardian virtues, round, support her throne ;
Fierce champion Fortitude, that knows no fears 45
Of hisses, blows, or want, or loss of ears :
Calm Temperance, whose blessings those partake
Who hunger, and who thirst, for scribbling sake :
Prudence, whose glass presents th' approaching jayl :
Poetic Justice, with her lifted scale ; 50

Where,

Where, in nice balance, truth with gold she weighs,
And solid pudding against empty praise.

Here she beholds the chaos dark and deep,
Where nameless somethings in their causes sleep,
Till genial Jacob, or a warm third-day 55

Call forth each mass, a poem, or a play :
How hints, like spawn, scarce quick in embryo lie,
How new-born nonsense first is taught to cry,
Maggots half-form'd in rhyme exactly meet,
And learn to crawl upon poetic feet. 60

Here one poor word an hundred clenches makes,
And ductile Dulness new meanders takes ;
There motley images her fancy strike,
Figures ill-pair'd, and similies unlike.
She sees a mob of metaphors advance, 65
Pleas'd with the madness of the mazy dance :
How Tragedy and Comedy embrace ;
How Farce and Epic get a jumbled race ;
How Time himself stands still at her command,
Realms shift their place, and ocean turns to land. 70

Here gay Description Ægypt glads with show'rs,
Or gives to Zembla fruits, to Barca flow'rs ;
Glitt'ring with ice here hoary hills are seen,
There painted vallies of eternal green,
On cold December fragrant chaplets blow, 75
And heavy harvests nod beneath the snow.

All these and more, the cloud-compelling Queen
Beholds thro' fogs, that magnify the scene :

She,

She, tinsel'd o'er in robes of varying hues,
 With self-applause her wild creation views, 80
 Sees momentary monsters rise and fall,
 And with her own fools-colours gilds them all.

'Twas on the day, when Thorold, rich and grave,
 Like Cimon, triumph'd both on land and wave :
 (Pomps without guilt, of bloodless swords and maces,
 Glad chains, warm furs, broad banners, and broad
 faces) 86

Now night descending, the proud scene was o'er,
 But liv'd, in Settle's numbers, one day more.
 Now may'rs and shrieves all hush'd and satiate lay,
 Yet eat, in dreams, the custard of the day ; 90

While pensive poets painful vigils keep,
 Sleepless themselves to give their readers sleep.
 Much to the mindful Queen the feast recalls
 What city swans once sung within the walls ;
 Much she revolves their arts, their ancient praise, 95
 And sure succession down from *Heywood's* days.

She saw with joy the line immortal run,
 Each sire impress and glaring in his son ;
 So watchful Bruin forms with plastic care
 Each growing lump, and brings it to a bear. 100
 She saw old *Pryn* in restless *Daniel* shine,
 And *Eusden* eke out *Blackmore's* endless line ;
 She saw slow *Philips* creep like *Tate's* poor page,
 And all the mighty mad in *Dennis* rage.

In each she marks her image full exprest, 105
 But chief, in *Tibbald's* monster-breeding breast ;

Sees

Sees gods with dæmons in strange league engage,
And earth, and heav'n, and hell her battles wage.

She ey'd the bard, where supperless he sate,
And pin'd, unconscious of his rising fate ; 110
Studious he sate, with all his books around,
Sinking from thought to thought, a vast profound !
Plung'd for his sense, but found no bottom there ;
Then writ and flounder'd on, in mere despair.
He roll'd his eyes that witness'd huge dismay, 115
Where yet unpawn'd, much learned lumber lay :
Volumes, whose size the space exactly fill'd,
Or which fond authors were so good to gild,
Or where, by sculpture made for ever known,
The page admires new beauties not its own. 120
Here swells the shelf with Ogilby the great :
There, stamp'd with arms, *Newcastle* shines compleat :
Here all his suff'ring brotherhood retire,
And 'scape the martyrdom of jakes and fire ;
A *Gothic* Vatican ! of *Greece* and *Rome* 125
Well purg'd, and worthy *Withers*, *Quarles*, and *Blome*.

But, high above, more solid learning shone,
The classics of an age that heard of none ;
There *Caxton* slept, with *Wynkin* at his side, 129
One clasp'd in wood, and one in strong cow-hide,
There, sav'd by spice, like mummies, many a year,
Old bodies of philosophy appear :
De Lyra there a dreadful front extends,
And here the groaning shelves *Philemon* bends.

Of these, twelve volumes, twelve of amplest size,
Redeem'd from tapers and defrauded pyes, 136
Inspir'd he seizes: These an altar raise:
An hecatomb of pure, unsully'd lays
That altar crowns: A folio common-place
Founds the whole pyle, of all his works the base;
Quarto's, octavo's, shape the less'ning pyre; 141
And last, a little *Ajax* tips the spire.

Then he. Great Tamer of all human art!
First in my care, and nearest at my heart:
Dulness! whose good old cause I yet defend, 145
With whom my muse began, with whom shall end!
O thou! of business the directing soul,
To human heads like byass to the bowl,
Which as more pond'rous makes their aim more true,
Obliquely wadling to the mark in view. 150
O, ever gracious to perplex'd mankind!
Who spread a healing mist before the mind,
And, lest we err by wit's wild, dancing light,
Secure us kindly in our native night.
Ah! still o'er *Britain* stretch that peaceful wand, 155
Which lulls th' *Helvetian* and *Batavian* land;
Where rebel to thy throne if science rise,
She does but shew her coward face and dies;
There, thy good scholiasts with unweary'd pains
Make *Horace* flat, and humble *Maro's* strains: 160
Here studious I unlucky moderns save,
Nor sleeps one error in its father's grave,

Old

Old puns restore, lost blunders nicely seek,
And crucify poor *Shakespear* once a week.
For thee I dim these eyes, and stuff this head, 165
With all such reading as was never read ;
For thee supplying, in the worst of days,
Notes to dull books, and prologues to dull plays ;
For thee explain a thing till all men doubt it,
And write about it, Goddess, and about it ; 170
So spins the silk-worm small its slender store,
And labours, 'till it clouds itself all o'er.
Not that my quill to critiques was confin'd,
My verse gave ampler lessons to mankind ;
So gravest precepts may successful prove, 175
But sad examples never fail to move.
As forc'd from wind-guns, lead itself can fly,
And pond'rous slugs cut swiftly thro' the sky :
As clocks to weight their nimble motion owe,
The wheels above urg'd by the load below ; 180
Me, emptiness and dulness could inspire,
And were my elasticity and fire.
Had Heav'n decreed such works a longer date,
Heav'n had decreed to spare the *Grubstreet*-state.
But see great *Settle* to the dust descend, 185
And all thy cause and empire at an end !
Could *Troy* be sav'd by any single hand,
His grey-goose weapon must have made her stand.
But what can I ? my *Flaccus* cast aside,
Take up th' attorney's (once my better) guide ? 190

Or rob the *Roman* geese of all their glories,
 And save the state by cackling to the Tories?
 Yes, to my country I my pen consign,
 Yes, from this moment, mighty *Mist!* am thine,
 And rival, *Curtius!* of thy fame and zeal, 195
 O'er head and ears plunge for the publick weal:
 Adieu my children! better thus expire
 Unstall'd, unsold, thus glorious mount in fire
 Fair without spot; than greas'd by grocer's hands,
 Or ship'd with *Ward* to ape and monkey lands, 200
 Or wafting ginger, round the streets to go,
 And visit alehouse where ye first did grow.

With that, he lifted thrice the sparkling brand,
 And thrice he dropt it from his quiv'ring hand:
 Then lights the structure, with averted eyes; 205
 The rowling smokes involve the sacrifice.
 The opening clouds disclose each work by turns,
 Now flames old *Memnon*, now *Rodrigo* burns,
 In one quick flash see *Proserpine* expire,
 And last, his own cold *Æschylus* took fire. 210
 Then gush'd the tears, as from the *Trojan's* eyes
 When the last blaze sent *Iliou* to the skies.

Rouz'd by the light, old Dulness heav'd the head;
 Then snatch'd a sheet of *Thüle* from her bed,
 Sudden she flies, and whelms it o'er the pyre, 215
 Down sink the flames, and with a hiss expire.

Her ample presence fills up all the place;
 A veil of fogs dilates her awful face:

Great

Great in her charms ! as when on shrieves and may'rs
She looks, and breathes herself into their airs. 220

She bids him wait her to the sacred dome ;
Well-pleas'd he enter'd, and confess'd his home :
So spirits ending their terrestrial race,
Ascend, and recognize their native place.

Raptur'd, he gazes round the dear retreat, 225
And in sweet numbers celebrates the seat.

Here to her chosen all her works she shews ;
Prose swell'd to verse, verse loit'ring into prose ;
How random thoughts now meaning chance to find,
Now leave all memory of sense behind : 230

How prologues into prefaces decay,
And these to notes are fritter'd quite away.
How index-learning turns no student pale,
Yet holds the eel of science by the tail.

How, with less reading than makes felons' scape, 235
Less human genius than God gives an ape,
Small thanks to *France*, and none to *Rome* or *Greece*,
A past, vamp'd, future, old, reviv'd, new piece,

'Twixt *Plautus*, *Fletcher*, *Congreve*, and *Corneille*,
Can make a *Cibber*, *Johnson*, or *Ozell*. 240

The goddess then, o'er his anointed head,
With mystic words, the sacred opium shed ;
And lo ! her bird a monster of a fowl !
Something betwixt a *heideggre* and owl,
Perch'd on his crown. All hail ! and hail again, 245
My son ! the promis'd land expects thy reign.

Know, *Settle* cloy'd with custard, and with praise,
Is gather'd to the dull of ancient days,
Safe, where no critics damn, no duns molest,
Where wretched *Withers*, *Banks*, and *Gildon* rest,
And high-born *Howard*, more majestic sire, 251
Impatient waits, till * * grace the quire.
I see a chief, who leads my chosen sons,
All arm'd with points, antitheses and puns !
I see a monarch, proud my race to own ! 255
A nursing-mother, born to rock the throne !
Schools, courts, and senates shall my laws obey,
Till *Albion*, as *Hibernia*, bless my sway.
She ceas'd : her owls responsive clap the wing,
And *Grubstreet* garrets roar, God save the King. 260
So when *Jove's* block descended from on high,
(As sings thy great forefather *Ogilby*,)
Loud thunder to its bottom shook the bog,
And the hoarse nation croak'd, God save King Log.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

THE
D U N C I A D.

BOOK II.

A A 3

ARGUMENT TO BOOK THE SECOND.

THE King being proclaimed, the solemnity is graced with public games and sports of various kinds ; not instituted by the Hero, as by Æneas in Virgil, but for greater honour by the Goddess in person (in like manner as the games Pythia, Isthmia, &c. were anciently said to be by the Gods, and as Thetis herself appearing, according to Homer, Odyss. xxiv., proposed the prizes in honour of her son Achilles). Hither flock the Poets and Critics, attended, as is but just, with their Patrons and Booksellers. The Goddess is first pleased, for her disport, to propose games to the Booksellers, and setteth up the phantom of a Poet, which they contend to overtake. The Races described, with their divers accidents : next, the game for a Poetess. Then follow the exercises for the Poets, of tickling, vociferating, diving : The first holds forth the arts and practices of Dedicators, the second of Disputants, and fustian Poets, the third of profound, dark, and dirty Authors. Lastly, for the Critics, the Goddess proposes (with great propriety) an exercise, not of their parts, but their patience, in hearing the works of two voluminous Authors, one in verse and the other in prose, deliberately read, without sleeping : The various effects of which, with the several degrees and manners of their operation, are here set forth ; till the whole number, not of Critics only, but of spectators, actors, and all present, fall fast asleep ; which naturally and necessarily ends the games.

B O O K II.

HIGH on a gorgeous seat, that far outshone
Henley's gilt tub, or *Fleckno's Irish* throne,
 Or that, where on her *Curls* the public pours,
 All-bounteous, fragrant grains, and golden show'rs :
Great Tibbald nods : The proud *Parnassian* sneer, 5
 The conscious simper, and the jealous leer,
 Mix on his look. All eyes direct their rays
 On him, and crowds grow foolish as they gaze.
 Not with more glee, by hands pontific crown'd,
 With scarlet hats, wide-waving, circled round, 10
Rome in her capitol saw *Querno* sit,
 Thron'd on sev'n hills, the antichrist of wit.

To grace this honour'd day, the Queen proclaims
 By herald hawkers, high heroic games.
 She summons all her sons : An endless band 15
 Pours forth, and leaves unpeopled half the land.
 A motley mixture ! in long wigs, in bags,
 In silks, in crapes, in garters, and in rags,
 From drawing-rooms, from colleges, from garrets,
 On horse, on foot, in hacks, and gilded chariots : 20
 All

All who true dunces in her cause appear'd,
And all who knew those dunces to reward.

Amid that area wide she took her stand,
Where the tall may-pole once o'erlook'd the *Strand*.
But now, so ANNE and piety ordain, 25
A church collects the saints of *Drury-lane*.

With authors, stationers obey'd the call,
The field of glory is a-field for all ;
Glory, and gain, th' industrious tribe provoke ;
And gentle Dulness ever loves a joke. 30

A poet's form she plac'd before their eyes,
And bade the nimblest racer seize the prize ;
No meagre, muse-rid mope, adust and thin,
In a dun night-gown of his own loose skin ;
But such a bulk as no twelve bards could raise, 35
Twelve starveling bards of these degen'rate days.

All as a partridge plump, full-fed, and fair,
She form'd this image of well-bodied air ;
With pert flat eyes she window'd well its head ;
A brain of feathers, and a heart of lead, 40
And empty words she gave, and sounding strain,
But senseless, lifeless ! idol void and vain !

Never was dash'd out, at one lucky hit,
A fool, so just a copy of a wit ;
So like, that critics said, and courtiers swore, 45
A wit it was, and call'd the phantom *More*.

All gaze with ardour : some, a poet's name,
Others, a sword-knot and lac'd suit inflame.

But

But lofty *Lintot* in the circle rose ;

“ This prize is mine ; who tempt it, are my foes :
With me began this genius, and shall end.” 51

He spoke, and who with *Lintot* shall contend !

Fear held them mute. Alone untaught to fear

Stood dauntless *Curl*, “ Behold that rival here !

The race by vigor, not by vaunts, is won ; 55

So take the hindmost, Hell !”—He said, and run.

Swift as a bard the bailiff leaves behind,

He left huge *Lintot*, and out-strip’d the wind.

As when a dab-chick waddles thro’ the copse,

On feet, and wings, and flies, and wades, and hops ;

So lab’ring on, with shoulders, hands, and head, 61

Wide as a wind-mill all his figure spread,

With arms expanded *Bernard* urg’d the race,

And seem’d to emulate great *Jacob*’s pace.

Full in the middle way there stood a lake, 65

Which *Curl*’s *Corinna* chanc’d that morn to make :

(Such was her wont, at early dawn to drop

Her evening cates before his neighbour’s shop,)

Here fortun’d *Curl* to slide ; loud shout the band,

And *Bernard* ! *Bernard* ! rings thro’ all the *Strand*.

Obscene with filth the miscreant lies bewray’d, 71

Fall’n in the plash his wickedness had laid :

Then first (if poets aught of truth declare)

The caitiff Vaticide conceiv’d a prayer.

Hear, *Jove* ! whose name my bards and I adore,

As much at least as any god’s, or more ; 76

And

And him and his if more devotion warms,
Down with the Bible, up with the Pope's Arms.

A place there is, betwixt earth, air, and seas,
Where from *Ambrosia*, *Jove* retires for ease. 80
There in his seat two spacious vents appear,
On this he sits, to that he leans his ear,
And hears the various vows of fond mankind ;
Some beg an eastern, some a western wind :
All vain petitions, mounting to the sky, 85
With realms abundant this abode supply ;
Amus'd he reads, and then returns the bills
Sign'd with that ichor which from gods distils.

In office here fair *Clorinda* stands,
And ministers to *Jove* with purest hands ; 90
Forth from the heap she pick'd her vot'ry's pray'r,
And plac'd it next him, a distinction rare !
(Oft, as he fish'd her nether realms for wit,
The Goddess favour'd him, and favours yet).
Renew'd by ordure's sympathetic force, 95
As oil'd with magic juices for the course,
Vig'rous he rises, from th' effluvia strong
Imbibes new life, and scours and stinks along :
Re-passes *Lintot*, vindicates the race,
Nor heeds the brown dishonours of his face. 100

And now the victor stretch'd his eager hand
Where the tall Nothing stood, or seem'd to stand ;
A shapeless shade, it melted from his sight,
Like forms in clouds, or visions of the night !

To

To seize his papers, *Curl*, was next thy care ; 105
 His papers light, fly diverse, tost in air :
 Songs, sonnets, epigrams, the winds uplift,
 And whisk 'em back to *Evans*, *Younge*, and *Swift*.
 Th' embroider'd suit, at least, he deem'd his prey ;
 That suit, an unpay'd taylor snatch'd away ! 110
 No rag, no scrap, of all the beau, or wit,
 That once so flutter'd, and that once so writ.

Heav'n rings with laughter : Of the laughter vain,
 Dulness ; good Queen, repeats the jest again.
 Three wicked inns of her own *Grub-street* choir, 115
 She deck'd like *Congreve*, *Addison*, and *Prior* ;
Mears, *Warner*, *Wilkins* run : delusive thought !
Breval, *Besaleel*, *Bond*, the varlets caught.
Curl stretches after *Gay*, but *Gay* is gone,
 He grasps an empty *Joseph* for a *John* : 120
 So *Proteus*, hunted in a nobler shape,
 Became, when seiz'd, a puppy, or an ape.

To him the Goddess. Son ! thy grief lay down,
 And turn this whole illusion on the town.
 As the sage dame, experienc'd in her trade ; 125
 By names of toasts retails each batter'd jade,
 (Whence hapless Monsieur much complains at *Paris*
 Of wrongs from Duchesses and Lady *Mary's*)
 Be thine, my stationer ! this magic gift ;
Cook shall be *Prior*, and *Concanen*, *Swift* : 130
 So shall each hostile name become our own,
 And we too boast our *Garth* and *Addison*.

With

With that, she gave him (piteous of his case,
 Yet smiling at his rueful length of face)
 A shaggy tap'stry, worthy to be spread 135
 On *Codrus'* old, or *Dunton's* modern bed;
 Instructive work ! whose wry-mouth'd portraiture
 Display'd the fates her confessors endure.
 Ear-less on high, stood un-abash'd *Defoe*,
 And *Tuchin* flagrant from the scourge, below : 140
 There *Ridpath*, *Roper*, cudgell'd might ye view,
 The very worsted still look'd black and blue :
 Himself among the story'd chiefs he spies,
 As from the blanket high in air he flies, 144
 And oh ! (he cry'd) what street, what lane but knows
 Our purgings, pumpings, blanketings, and blows ?
 In ev'ry loom our labours shall be seen,
 And the fresh vomit run for ever green !

See in the circle next, *Eliza* plac'd ;
 Two babes of love close clinging to her waist ; 150
 Fair as before her works she stands confess'd,
 In flow'rs and pearls by bounteous *Kirkall* dress'd.
 The Goddess then : " Who best can send on high
 The salient spout, far-streaming to the sky :
 His be yon *Juno* of majestic size, 155
 With cow-like udders, and with ox-like eyes.
 This *China-Jordan*, let the chief o'ercome
 Replenish, not ingloriously, at home."

Chapman and *Curl* accept the glorious strife,
 (Tho' one his son dissuades, and one his wife) 160
 This

This on his manly confidence relies,
That on his vigour and superior size.
First *Chapman* lean'd against his letter'd post ;
It rose, and labour'd to a curve at most.
So *Jove's* bright bow displays its wat'ry round, 165
(Sure sign, that no spectator shall be drown'd)
A second effort brought but new disgrace,
The wild *Meander* wash'd the artist's face :
Thus the small jett, which hasty hands unlock,
Spirts in the gard'ner's eyes who turns the cock. 170
Not so from shameless *Curl* ; impetuous spread
The stream, and smoaking flourish'd o'er his head.
So, (fam'd like thee for turbulence and horns,)
Eridanus his humble fountain scorns ;
Thro' half the heav'ns he pours th' exalted urn ; 175
His rapid waters in their passage burn.

Swift as it mounts, all follow with their eyes ;
Still happy impudence obtains the prize.
Thou triumph'st, victor of the high-wrought day,
And the pleas'd dame, soft-smiling, leads away. 180
Chapman, thro' perfect modesty o'ercome,
Crown'd with the Jordan, walks contented home.

But now for authors nobler palms remain ;
Room for my Lord ! three jockeys in his train :
Six huntsmen with a shout precede his chair ; 185
He grins, and looks broad nonsense with a stare.
His honour'd meaning Dulness thus exprest ;
“ He wins this patron, who can tickle best.”

He chinks his purse, and takes his seat of state :
 With ready quills the dedicators wait, 190
 Now at his head the dext'rous task commence,
 And instant, fancy feels th' imputed sense ;
 Now gentle touches wanton o'er his face,
 He struts *Adonis*, and affects grimace :
Rolli the feather to his ear conveys, 195
 Then his nice taste directs our operas :
Bentley his mouth with classic flatt'ry opes,
 And the puff'd orator bursts out in tropes.
 But *Welsted* most the poet's healing balm
 Strives to extract, from his soft, giving palm ; 200
 Unlucky *Welsted* ! thy unfeeling master,
 The more thou ticklest, gripes his fist the faster.

While thus each hand promotes the pleasing pain,
 And quick sensations skip from vein to vein,
 A youth unknown to *Phabus*, in despair, 205
 Puts his last refuge all in heav'n and pray'r.
 What force have pious vows ? the Queen of Love
 His sister sends, her vot'ress, from above.
 As taught by *Venus*, *Paris* learnt the art
 To touch *Achilles'* only tender part ; 210
 Secure, thro' her, the noble prize to carry,
 He marches off, his Grace's secretary.

Now turn to diff'rent sports (the Goddess cries),
 And learn, my Sons, the wond'rous power of noise.
 To move, to raise, to ravish ev'ry heart, 215
 With *Shakespear's* nature, or with *Johnson's* art,
 . . . Let

Let others aim : 'Tis yours to shake the soul
With thunder rumbling from the mustard bowl,
With horns and trumpets now to madness swell,
Now sink in sorrows with a tolling bell, 220
Such happy arts attention can command,
When fancy flags, and sense is at a stand.
Improve we these. Three cat-calls be the bribe,
Of him, whose chatt'ring shames the monkey tribe,
And his this drum, whose hoarse heroic base 225
Drowns the loud clarion of the braying ass.

Now thousand tongues are heard in one loud din :
The monkey-mimics rush discordant in :
'Twas chatt'ring, grinning, mouthing, jabb'ring all,
And noise, and *Norton*, brangling, and *Breval*, 230
Dennis, and dissonance ; and captious art,
And snip-snap short, and interruption smart.
Hold (cry'd the Queen) a cat-call each shall win,
Equal your merits ! equal is your din !
But that this well-disputed game may end, 235
Sound forth, my Brayers, and the welkin rend.

As when the long-ear'd milky mothers wait
At some sick miser's triple-bolted gate,
For their defrauded, absent foals they make
A moan so loud, that all the guild awake ; 240
Sore sighs Sir *Gilbert*, starting, at the bray,
From dreams of millions, and three groats to pay !
So swells each wind-pipe ; ass intones to ass,
Harmonic twang, of leather, horn, and brass ;

Such, as from lab'ring lungs th' enthusiast blows,
High sounds, attempted to the vocal nose ; 246
But far o'er all, sonorous *Blackmore's* strain ;
Walls, steeples, skies, bray back to him again :
In *Tot'nam* fields, the brethren with amaze,
Prick all their ears up, and forget to graze ; 250
Long *Chanc'ry-lane* retentive rolls the sound,
And courts to courts return it round and round :
Thames wafts it thence to *Rufus'* roaring hall,
And *Hungerford* re-echoes bawl for bawl.
All hail him victor in both gifts of song, 255
Who sings so loudly, and who sings so long.

This labour past, by *Bridewell* all descend,
(As morning-pray'r, and flagellation end)
To where *Fleet-ditch* with disemboguing streams
Rolls the large tribute of dead dogs to *Thames*, 260
The king of dykes ! than whom no sluice of mud
With deeper sable blots the silver flood.
“ Here strip my children ! here at once leap in !
Here prove who best can dash thro' thick and thin,
And who the most in love of dirt excel, 265
Or dark dexterity of groping well.
Who flings most filth, and wide pollutes around
The stream, be his the weekly journals bound ;
A pig of lead to him who dives the best :
A peck of coals a-piece shall glad the rest.” 270

In naked majesty *Oldmixon* stands,
And *Milo-like*, surveys his arms and hands,

Then

Then sighing, thus. "And am I now threescore?
 Ah why, ye Gods! should two and two make four?"
 He said, and climb'd a stranded lighter's height, 275
 Shot to the black abyss, and plung'd down-right.
 The senior's judgment all the croud admire,
 Who but to sink the deeper, rose the higher.

Next *Smedley* div'd; slow circles dimpled o'er
 The quaking mud, that clos'd, and op'd no more.
 All look, all sigh, and call on *Smedley* lost; 281
Smedley in vain resounds thro' all the coast.

Then * essay'd; scarce vanish'd out of sight,
 He buoys up instant, and returns to light:
 He bears no token of the sabler streams, 285
 And mounts far off among the swans of *Thames*.

True to the bottom, see *Concanen* creep,
 A cold, long-winded, native of the deep!
 If perseverance gain the diver's prize,
 Not everlasting *Blackmore* this denies: 290
 No noise, no stir, no motion canst thou make,
 Th' unconscious flood sleeps o'er thee like a lake.

Not so bold *Arnall*; with a weight of skull,
 Furious he sinks, precipitately dull.
 Whirlpools and storms his circling arm invest, 295
 With all the might of gravitation blest.
 No crab more active in the dirty dance,
 Downward to climb, and backward to advance.
 He brings up half the bottom on his head,
 And loudly claims the journals and the lead. 300

Sudden, a burst of thunder shook the flood :
 Lo *Smedley* rose in majesty of mud !
 Shaking the horrors of his ample brows,
 And each ferocious feature grim with ooze.
 Greater he looks, and more than mortal stares ; 305
 Then thus the wonders of the deep declares.

First he relates, how sinking to the chin,
 Smit with his mien, the mud-nymphs suck'd him in :
 How young *Lutetia*, softer than the down,
Nigrina black, and *Merdamante* brown, 310
 Vy'd for his love in jetty bow'rs below ;
 As *Hylas* fair was ravish'd long ago.
 Then sung, how shown him by the nut-brown maids
 A branch of *Styx* here rises from the shades,
 That tinctur'd as it runs with *Lethe's* streams, 315
 And wafting vapours from the land of dreams,
 (As under seas *Alpheus'* secret sluice
 Bears *Pisa's* off'ring to his *Arethuse*)
 Pours into *Thames* : each city bowl is full
 Of the mixt wave, and all who drink grow dull. 320
 How to the banks where bards departed dose,
 They led him soft ; how all the bards arose ;
Taylor, sweet awan of *Thames*, majestic bows,
 And *Shadwell* nods the poppy on his brows ;
 While *Milbourn* there, deputed by the rest, 325
 Gave him the cassock, surcingle, and vest ;
 And " Take (he said) these robes which once were
 mine,
 Dulness is sacred in a sound divine."

He

He ceas'd, and show'd the robe ; the crowd confess
The rev'rend *Flamen* in his lengthen'd dress. 330
Slow moves the Goddess from the sable flood,
(Her priest preceding) thro' the gates of *Lud*.
Her critics there she summons, and proclaims,
A gentler exercise to close the games.

Here you ! in whose grave heads, as equal scales,
I weigh what author's heaviness prevails ; 336
Which most conduce to sooth the soul in slumbers,
My *Henley's* periods, or my *Blackmore's* numbers ?
Attend the trial we propose to make :
If there be man who o'er such works can wake, 340
Sleep's all-subduing charms who dares defy,
And boasts *Ulysses'* ear with *Argus'* eye ;
To him we grant our amplest pow'rs to sit
Judge of all present, past, and future wit,
To cavil, censure, dictate, right or wrong, 345
Full, and eternal privilege of tongue.

Three *Cambridge* sophs and three pert templars
came,
The same their talents, and their tastes the same,
Each prompt to query, answer, and debate,
And smit with love of pöesy and prate, 350
The pond'rous books two gentle readers bring,
The heroes sit ; the vulgar form a ring.
The clam'rous crowd is hush'd with mugs of mum,
Till all tun'd equal, send a gen'ral hum.
Then mount the clerks, and in one lazy tone, 355
Thro' the long, heavy, painful page drawl on ;
Soft

Soft creeping, words on words, the sense compose,
At ev'ry line they stretch, they yawn, they doze.
As to soft gales top-heavy pines bow low
Their heads, and lift them as they cease to blow ;
Thus oft they rear, and oft the head decline, 361
As breathe, or pause, by fits, the airs divine :
And now to this side, now to that, they nod,
As verse, or prose, infuse the drowzy god.
Thrice *Budgel* aim'd to speak, but thrice suppress
By potent *Arthur*, knock'd his chin and breast. 366
Toland and *Tindal*, prompt at priests to jeer,
Yet silent bow'd to Christ's No kingdom here.
Who sate the nearest, by the words o'ercome
Slept first, the distant nodded to the hum. 370
Then down are roll'd the books ; stretch'd o'er 'em
lies

Each gentle clerk, and mutt'ring seals his eyes.
At what a *Dutchman* plumps into the lakes,
One circle first, and then a second makes,
What Dulness dropt among her sons imprest 375
Like motion, from one circle to the rest ;
So from the mid-most the nutation spreads
Round, and more round, o'er all the sea of heads.
At last *Centlivre* felt her voice to fail,
Motteux himself unfinish'd left his tale, 380
Boyer the state, and *Law* the stage gave o'er,
Nor *Kelsey* talk'd, nor *Naso* whisper'd more ;
Norton, from *Daniel* and *Ostraa* sprung,
Bless'd with his father's front, and mother's tongue,
Hung

Hung silent down his never-blushing head ; 385
And all was hush'd, as Folly's self lay dead.

Thus the soft gifts of sleep conclude the day,
And stretch'd on bulks, as usual, poets lay.
Why should I sing, what bards the nightly muse
Did slumb'ring visit, and convey to stews : 390
Who prouder march'd, with magistrates in state,
To some fam'd round-house, ever open gate :
How *Laurus* lay inspir'd beside a sink,
And to mere mortals seem'd a priest in drink :
While others, timely, to the neighb'ring Fleet 395
(Haunt of the muses) made their safe retreat.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.



THE
DUNCIAD:
BOOK III.

ARGUMENT TO BOOK THE THIRD.

AFTER the other persons are disposed in their proper places of rest, the Goddess transports the King to her Temple, and there lays him to slumber with his head on her lap: a position of marvellous virtue, which causes all the Visions of wild enthusiasts, projectors, politicians, inamoratos, castle-builders, chymists, and poets. He is immediately carried on the wings of Fancy to the Elyzian shade, where, on the banks of Lethe, the souls of the dull are dipped by Bavius, before their entrance into this world. There he is met by the ghost of Settle, and by him made acquainted with the wonders of the place, and with those which he is himself destined to perform. He takes him to a Mount of Vision, from whence he shews him the past triumphs of the empire of Dulness, then the present, and lastly the future: how small a part of the world was ever conquered by Science, how soon those conquests were stopped, and those very nations again reduced to her dominion. Then distinguishing the Island of Great Britain, shews by what aids, and by what persons, it shall be forthwith brought to her empire. These he causes to pass in review before his eyes, describing each by his proper figure, character, and qualifications. On a sudden the scene shifts, and a vast number of miracles and prodigies appear, utterly surprizing and unknown to the King himself, till they are explained to be the wonders of his own reign now commencing. On this subject Settle breaks into a congratulation, yet not unmixed with concern, that his own times were but the types of these. He prophesies how first the nation shall be over-run with Farces, Operas, and Shows; and the throne of Dulness advanced over both the Theatres; then how her Sons shall preside in the seats of Arts and Sciences, till in conclusion all shall return to their original Chaos: A scene, of which the present action of the Dunciad is but a type or foretaste, giving a glympse, or Pisgah-sight of the promised Fulness of her Glory; the accomplishment whereof will, in all probability, hereafter be the theme of many other and greater Dunciads.

B O O K III.

BUT in her temple's last recess inclos'd,
 On Dulness' lap th' anointed head repos'd.
 Him close she curtain'd round with vapours blue,
 And soft besprinkled with *Cimmerian* dew.
 Then raptures high the seat of sense o'erflow, 5
 Which only heads refin'd from reason know.
 Hence, from the straw where *Bedlam's* prophet nods,
 He hears loud oracles, and talks with gods:
 Hence the fool's paradise, the statesman's scheme,
 The air-built castle, and the golden dream, 10
 The maid's romantic wish, the chymist's flame,
 And poet's vision of eternal fame.

And now, on Fancy's easy wing convey'd,
 The King descended to th' *Elyzian* shade.
 There, in a dusky vale where *Lethe* rolls, 15
 Old *Bavius* sits, to dip poetic souls,
 And blunt the sense, and fit it for a skull
 Of solid proof, impenetrably dull:
 Instant when dipt, away they wing their flight,
 Where *Brown* and *Mears* unbar the gates of light,

Demand new bodies, and in calf's array, 21
 Rush to the world, impatient for the day.
 Millions and millions on these banks he views,
 Thick as the stars of night, and morning dews,
 As thick as bees o'er vernal blossoms fly, 25
 As thick as eggs at *Ward* in pillory.

Wond'ring he gaz'd : when lo ! a sage appears,
 By his broad shoulders known, and length of ears,
 Known by the band and suit which *Settle* wore,
 (His only suit) for twice three years before : 30
 All as the vest, appear'd the wearer's frame,
 Old in new state, another yet the same.

Bland and familiar as in life, begun
 Thus the great father to the greater son :
 Oh born to see what none can see awake ! 35
 Behold the wonders of th' oblivious lake.

Thou, yet unborn, hast touch'd this sacred shore ;
 The hand of *Bavins* drench'd thee o'er and o'er.
 But blind to former, as to future fate,
 What mortal knows his pre-existent state ? 40
 Who knows how long, thy transmigrating soul
 Might from *Bæotian* to *Bæotian* roll !
 How many *Dutchmen* she vouchsaf'd to thrid ?
 How many stages thro' old Monks she rid ?
 And all who since, in mild benighted days, 45
 Mix'd the owl's ivy with the poet's bays ?
 As man's mæanders to the vital spring
 Roll all their tydes, then back their circles bring ;

Or

Or whirligigs, twirl'd round by skilful swain,
Suck the thread in, then yield it out again ; 50
All nonsense thus, of old or modern date,
Shall in thee centre, from thee circulate.
For this, our Queen unfolds to vision true
Thy mental eye, for thou hast much to view :
Old scenes of glory, times long cast behind 55
Shall first recall'd, rush forward to thy mind :
Then stretch thy sight o'er all her rising reign,
And let the past and future fire thy brain.

Ascend this hill, whose cloudy point commands
Her boundless empire over seas and lands. 60
See, round the poles where keener spangles shine,
Where spices smoke beneath the burning line,
(Earth's wide extreams) her sable flag display'd ;
And all the nations cover'd in her shade !

Far eastward cast thine eye, from whence the sun
And orient science at a birth begun. 66
One god-like monarch all that pride confounds,
He, whose long wall the wand'ring *Tartar* bounds.
Heav'ns ! what a pile ? whole ages perish there :
And one bright blaze turns learning into air. 70

Thence to the south extend thy gladden'd eyes ;
There rival flames with equal glory rise,
From shelves to shelves see greedy *Vulcan* roll,
And lick up all their physic of the soul.

How little, mark ! that portion of the ball, 75
Where, faint at best, the beams of science fall ;

Soon as they draw, from *Hyperborean* skies,
Embody'd dark, what clouds of *Vandals* rise !
Lo where *Mæotis* sleeps, and hardly flows
The freezing *Tanais* thro' a waste of snows, 80
The North by myriads pours her mighty sons,
Great nurse of *Goths*, of *Alans*, and of *Huns*.
See *Alaric's* stern port ! the martial frame
Of *Genserik* ! and *Attila's* dread name !
See, the bold *Ostrogoths* on *Latium* fall ; 85
See, the fierce *Visigoths* on *Spain* and *Gaul*.
See, where the morning gilds the palmy shore
(The soil that arts and infant letters bore)
His conqu'ring tribes th' *Arabian* prophet draws,
And saving ignorance enthrones by laws. 90
See Christians, Jews, one heavy sabbath keep ;
And all the western world believe and sleep.

Lo *Rome* herself, proud mistress now no more
Of arts, but thund'ring against heathen lore ;
Her grey-hair'd synods damning books unread, 95
And *Bacon* trembling for his brazen head ;
Padua with sighs behold her *Livy* burn,
And ev'n th' *Antipodes Virgilius* mourn.
See, the cirque falls, th' unpillar'd temple nods,
Streets pav'd with heroes, *Tyber* choak'd with gods :
Till *Peter's* keys some christ'ned *Jove* adorn, 101
And *Pan* to *Moses* lends his pagan horn ;
See graceless *Venus* to a virgin turn'd,
Or *Phidias* broken, and *Apelles* burn'd.

Behold

Behold yon' isle, by palmers, pilgrims trod, 105
Men bearded, bald, cowl'd, uncowl'd, shod, unshod,
Peel'd, patch'd, and pyebald, linsey-woolsey brothers,
Grave mummers ! sleeveless some, and shirtless others.
That once was *Britain*—Happy ! had she seen
No fiercer sons, had *Easter* never been ! 110
In peace, great Goddess, ever be ador'd ;
How keen the war, if Dulness draw the sword !
Thus visit not thy own ! on this blest age
Oh spread thy influence, but restrain thy rage.

And see, my Son ! the hour is on its way, 115
That lifts our Goddess to imperial sway ;
This fav'rite isle, long sever'd from her reign,
Dove-like, she gathers to her wings again.
Now look thro' fate ! behold the scene she draws !
What aids, what armies, to assert her cause ? 120
See all her progeny, illustrious sight !
Behold, and count them, as they rise to light.
As *Berecynthia*, while her offspring vye
In homage to the mother of the sky,
Surveys around her in the blest abode 125
An hundred sons, and ev'ry son a god :
Not with less glory mighty Dulness crown'd,
Shall take thro' Grub-street her triumphant round ;
And her *Parnassus* glancing o'er at once,
Behold an hundred sons, and each a dunce. 130

Mark first that youth who takes the foremost place,
And thrusts his person full into your face.

With all thy father's virtues blest, be born !
And a new *Cibber* shall the stage adorn.

A second see, by meeker manners known, 135
And modest as the maid that sips alone ;
From the strong fate of drams if thou get free,
Another *Durfey, Ward !* shall sing in thee.
Thee shall each ale-house, thee each gill-house mourn,
And answering gin-shops sower sicks return. 140

Lo next two slip-shod muses traipse along,
In lofty madness, meditating song,
With tresses staring from poetic dreams,
And never wash'd, but in *Castalia's* streams :
Haywood, Centlivre, glories of their race ! 145
Lo *Horneck's* fierce, and *Room's* funereal face ;
Lo sneering *Goode*, half malice and half whim,
A fiend in glee, ridiculously grim.

Jacob, the scourge of grammar, mark with awe,
Nor less revere him, blunderbuss of law. 150
Lo *Bond* and *Foxton*, ev'ry nameless name,
All crowd, who foremost shall be damn'd to fame.
Some strain in rhyme ; the muses, on their racks,
Scream like the winding of ten thousand jacks :
Some free from rhyme or reason, rule or check, 155
Break *Priscian's* head, and *Pegasus's* neck ;
Down, down they larum, with impetuous whirl,
The *Pindars*, and the *Miltons* of a *Curl*.

Silence, ye Wolves ! while *Ralph* to *Cynthia* howls,
And makes night hideous—Answer him ye Owls !

Scen

Sense, speech, and measure, living tongues and dead,
Let all give way—and *Morris* may be read.

Flow, *Welsted*, flow ! like thine inspirer, Beer,
Tho' stale, not ripe ; tho' thin, yet never clear ;
So sweetly mawkish, and so smoothly dull ; 165
Heady, not strong ; and foaming, tho' not full.

Ah *Dennis* ! *Gildon* ah ! what ill-starr'd rage
Divides a friendship long confirm'd by age ?
Blockheads with reason wicked wits abhor,
But fool with fool is barb'rous civil war. 170
Embrace, embrace, my Sons ! be foes no more !
Nor glad vile poets with true critics gore.

Behold yon pair, in strict embraces join'd ;
How like in manners, and how like in mind !
Fam'd for good nature, *Burnet*, and for truth ; 175
Ducket for pious passion to the youth.
Equal in wit, and equally polite,
Shall this a *Pasquin*, that a *Grumbler* write ;
Like are their merits, like rewards they share,
That shines a consul, this commissioner. 180

“ But who is he, in closet close y pent,
Of sober face, with learned dust besprent ?
Right well mine eyes arede the myster wight,
On parchment scraps y fed, and *Wormius* hight.”
To future ages may thy dulness last, 185
As thou preserv'st the dulness of the past !

There, dim in clouds, the poring scholiasts mark,
Wits, who like owls see only in the dark,

A lum-

A lumberhouse of books in ev'ry head,
For ever reading, never to be read ! 190

But, where each science lifts its modern type,
Hist'ry her pot, divinity his pipe,
While proud philosophy repines to show,
Dishonest sight ! his breeches rent below ;
Imbrown'd with native bronze, lo *Henley* stands, 195
Tuning his voice, and balancing his hands,
How fluent nonsense trickles from his tongue !
How sweet the periods, neither said nor sung !
Still break the benches, *Henley* ! with thy strain,
While *Kennet*, *Hare*, and *Gibson* preach in vain. 200
Oh great restorer of the good old stage,
Preacher at once, and *Zany* of thy age !
Oh worthy thou of *Ægypt*'s wise abodes,
A decent priest, where monkeys were the gods !
But fate with butchers plac'd thy priestly stall, 205
Meek modern faith to murder, hack, and mawl ;
And bade thee live, to crown *Britannia*'s praise,
In *Toland*'s, *Tindal*'s, and in *Woolston*'s days.

Yet oh, my Sons ! a father's words attend :
(So may the Fates preserve the ears you lend) 210
'Tis yours, a *Bacon* or a *Locke* to blame,
A *Newton*'s genius, or a *Milton*'s flame :
But O ! with one, immortal One dispense,
The source of *Newton*'s light, of *Bacon*'s sense !
Context, each emanation of his fires 215
That beams on earth, each virtue he inspires,

Each

Each art he prompts, each charm he can create,
Whate'er he gives, are giv'n for you to hate.
Persist, by all divine in man unaw'd,
But learn, ye Dunces! not to scorn your God. 220

Thus he, for then a ray of reason stole
Half thro' the solid darkness of his soul;
But soon the cloud return'd—and thus the sire:
See now, what Dulness and her sons admire!
See what the charms that smite the simple heart, 225
Not touch'd by nature, and not reach'd by art.

He look'd, and saw a sable sorc'rer rise,
Swift to whose hand a winged volume flies:
All sudden, gorgons hiss, and dragons glare,
And ten-horn'd fiends and giants rush to war. 230
Hell rises, heav'n descends; and dance on earth,
Gods, imps, and monsters, music, rage, and mirth,
A fire, a jigg, a battle, and a ball,
Till one wide conflagration swallows all.

Thence a new world to nature's laws unknown,
Breaks out refulgent, with a heav'n its own. 236
Another *Cynthia* her new journey runs,
And other planets circle other suns:
The forests dance, the rivers upward rise,
Whales sport in woods, and dolphins in the skies;
And last, to give the whole creation grace, 241
Lo! one vast egg produces human race.
Joy fills his soul, joy innocent of thought:
What pow'r, he cries, what pow'r these wonders
wrought?

Son ! what thou seek'st is in thee. Look, and find
Each monster meets his likeness in thy mind. 246
Yet would'st thou more ? In yonder cloud behold,
Whose sarcenet skirts are edg'd with flamy gold,
A matchless youth ! his nod these worlds controuls,
Wings the red lightning, and the thunder rolls. 250
Angel of Dulness, sent to scatter round
Her magic charms o'er all unclassic ground :
Yon stars, yon suns, he rears at pleasure higher,
Illumes their light, and sets their flames on fire.
Immortal *Rich* ! how calm he sits at ease 255
Mid snows of paper, and fierce hail of pease ;
And proud his mistress' orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.

But lo ! to dark encounter in mid air
New wizards rise : here *Booth*, and *Gibber* there : 260
Booth in his cloudy tabernacle shrin'd,
On grinning dragons *Gibber* mounts the wind :
Dire is the conflict, dismal is the din,
Here shouts all *Drury*, there all *Lincoln's Inn* ;
Contending theatres our empire raise, 265
Alike their labours, and alike their praise.

And are these wonders, Son, to thee unknown ?
Unknown to thee ? These wonders are thy own.
For works like these let deathless journals tell,
“ None but thyself can be thy parallel.” 270
These, fate reserv'd to grace thy reign divine,
Foreseen by me, but ah ! withheld from mine.

In

In *Lud*'s old walls tho' long I rul'd renown'd,
Far, as loud *Bow*'s stupendous bells resound ;
Tho' my own aldermen conferr'd my bays, 275
To me committing their eternal praise,
Their full-fed heroes, their pacific may'rs,
Their annual trophies, and their monthly wars :
Tho' long my party built on me their hopes,
For writing pamphlets, and for roasting Popes ; 280
(Diff'rent our parties, but with equal grace
The Goddess smiles on Whig and Tory race,
'Tis the same rope at several ends they twsit,
To Dulness, *Ridpath* is as dear as *Mist*.)
Yet lo ! in me what authors have to brag on ! 285
Reduc'd at last to hiss in my own dragon.
Avert it, Heav'n ! that thou or *Cibber* e'er
Should wag two serpent-tails in *Smithfield* fair.
Like the vile straw that's blown about the streets,
The needy poet sticks to all he meets, 290
Coach'd, carted, trod upon, now loose, now fast,
And carry'd off in some dog's tail at last.
Happier thy fortunes ! like a rolling stone,
Thy giddy dulness still shall lumber on,
Safe in its heaviness can never stray, 295
And licks up every blockhead in the way.
Thy dragons magistrates and peers shall taste,
And from each show rise duller than the last !
Till rais'd from booths to theatre, to court,
Her seat imperial, Dulness shall transport. 300
Already

Already opera prepares the way,
The sure fore-runner of her gentle sway.
To aid her cause, if Heav'n thou can'st not bend,
Hell thou shalt move ; for *Faustus* is thy friend :
Pluto with *Cato* thou for her shalt join, 305
And link the *Mourning Bride* to *Proserpine*.
Grub-street ! thy fall should men and gods conspire,
Thy stage shall stand, ensure it but from fire.
Another *Æschylus* appears ! prepare
For new abortions, all ye pregnant fair ! 310
In flames, like *Semele*'s, be brought to bed,
While opening hell spouts wild-fire at your head.

Now *Bavius* take the poppy from thy brow,
And place it here ! here all ye heroes bow !
This, this is he, foretold by ancient rhymes : 315
Th' *Augustus*, born to bring Saturnian times :
Beneath his reign, shall *Eusden* wear the bays,
Cibber preside, Lord Chancellor of plays.
Benson sole judge of architecture fit,
And *Ambrose Philips* be preferr'd for wit ! 320
While naked mourns the dormitory wall,
While *Jones* and *Boyle*'s united labours fall,
While *Wren* with sorrow to the grave descends,
Gay dies unpension'd with a hundred friends,
Hibernian politicks, O *Swift*, thy fate, 325
And *Pope*'s whole years to comment and translate.

Proceed great days ! till learning fly the shore,
Till Birch shall blush with noble blood no more,
Till

Till *Thames* see *Eton*'s sons for ever play,
 Till *Westminster*'s whole year be holiday ; 330
 Till *Isis*' elders reel, their pupils sport ;
 And *Alma Mater* lye dissolv'd in port !

Signs following signs lead on the mighty year ;
 See ! the dull star roll round and re-appear.
 She comes ! the cloud-compelling pow'r behold ! 335
 With Night primæval, and with Chaos old.
 Lo ! the great Anarch's ancient reign restor'd ;
 Light dies before her uncreating word.

As one by one, at dread *Medæa*'s strain,
 The sick'ning stars fade off th' æthereal plain ; 340

As *Argus*' eyes, by *Hermes*' wand opprest,
 Clos'd one by one to everlasting rest ;
 Thus at her felt approach, and secret might,
 Art after art goes out, and all is night.

See sculking Truth in her old cavern lye, 345
 Secur'd by mountains of heap'd casuistry :

Philosophy, that touch'd the heav'ns before,
 Shrinks to her hidden cause, and is no more :

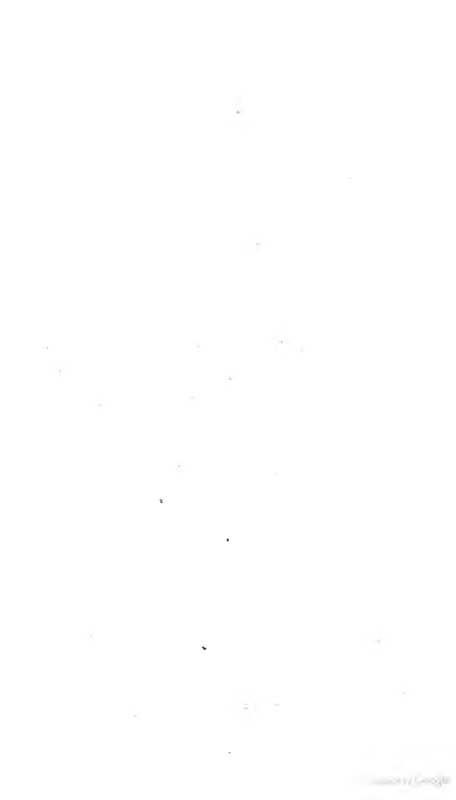
See Physic beg the Stagyrte's defence !
 See Metaphysic call for aid on sense ! 350

See Mystery to Mathematics fly ;
 In vain ! they gaze, turn giddy, rave, and die.
 Thy hand, great Dulness ! lets the curtain fall,
 And universal darkness buries all.

Enough ! enough ! the raptur'd Monarch cries ;
 And thro' the ivory gate the vision flies. 356



GUARDIANS.



G U A R D I A N S.

N^o 4.

MARCH 16, 1713.

THOUGH most things which are wrong in their own nature, are at once confessed and absolved in that single word, the custom; yet there are some, which as they have a dangerous tendency, a thinking man will the less excuse on that very account. Among these I cannot but reckon the common practice of *Dedications*, which is of so much the worse consequence as it is generally used by people of politeness, and whom a learned education for the most part ought to have inspired with nobler and juster sentiments. This prostitution of praise is not only a deceit upon the gross of mankind, who take their notion of characters from the learned; but also the better sort must by this means lose some part at least of that desire of fame which is the incentive to generous actions, when they find it promiscuously bestowed on the meritorious and undeserving. Nay, the author himself, let him be supposed to have ever so true a value for the patron, can find no terms to express it, but what have been already used, and rendered suspected by flatterers. Even truth itself in a dedication is like an honest man in a disguise or vizard-masque, and will appear a cheat by being drest so like one. Though the merit of the person is beyond dispute, I see no

reason, that, because one man is eminent, therefore another has a right to be impertinent, and throw praises in his face. It is just the reverse of the practice of the ancient Romans, when a person was advanced to triumph for his services: they hired people to rail at him in that circumstance, to make him as humble as they could; and we have fellows to flatter him, and make him as proud as they can. Supposing the writer not to be mercenary, yet the great man is no more in reason obliged to thank him for his picture in a dedication, than to thank the painter for that on a sign-post; except it be a less injury to touch the most sacred part of him, his character, than to make free with his countenance only. I should think nothing justified me in this point, but the patron's permission before-hand, that I should draw him as like as I could; whereas most authors proceed in this affair just as a dauber I have heard of, who, not being able to draw portraits after the life, was used to paint faces at random, and look out afterwards for people whom he might persuade to be like them. To express my notion of the thing in a word: to say more to a man than one thinks, with a prospect of interest, is dishonest; and without it, foolish. And whoever has had success in such an undertaking, must of necessity at once think himself in his heart a knave for having done it, and his patron a fool for having believed it.

I have sometimes been entertained with considering dedications in no very common light. By observing what qualities our writers think it will be most pleasing to others to compliment them with, one may form some judgment which are most so to themselves; and, in consequence, what sort of people they are. Without this view one can read very few dedications, but will give us cause to wonder, either how such things came to be said at all, or how they were said to such persons. I have known an hero complimented upon

the decent majesty and state he assumed after a victory : and a nobleman of a different character applauded for his condescension to inferiors. This would have seemed very strange to me but that I happened to know the authors : he who made the first compliment was a lofty gentleman, whose air and gait discovered when he had published a new book ; and the other tippled every night with the fellows who laboured at the press while his own writings were working off. It is observable of the female poets and ladies dedicatory, that there (as elsewhere) they far exceed us in any strain or rant. As beauty is the thing that sex are piqued upon, they speak of it generally in a more elevated style than is used by the men. They adore in the same manner as they would be adored. So when the authoress of a famous modern romance begs a young nobleman's permission to pay him her *kneeling adorations*, I am far from censuring the expression, as some critics would do, as deficient in grammar or sense ; but I reflect, that adorations paid in that posture are what a lady might expect herself, and my wonder immediately ceases. These, when they flatter most, do but as they would be done unto ; for as none are so much concerned at being injured by calumnies, as they who are readiest to cast them upon their neighbours ; so it is certain, none are so guilty of flattery to others, as those who most ardently desire it themselves.

What led me into these thoughts, was a dedication I happened upon this morning. The reader must understand, that I treat the least instances or remains of ingenuity with respect, in what places soever found, or under whatever circumstances of disadvantage. From this love to letters I have been so happy in my searches after knowledge, that I have found unvalued repositories of learning in the lining of band-boxes. I look upon these pasteboard edifices, adorned with the fragments of the ingenious, with the same veneration,

tion as antiquaries upon ruined buildings, whose walls preserve divers inscriptions and names, which are no where else to be found in the world. This morning, when one of Lady Lizard's daughters was looking over some hoods and ribbands, brought by her tire-woman with great care and diligence, I employed no less in examining the box which contained them; it was lined with certain scenes of a tragedy, written (as appeared by part of the title there extant) by one of the fair sex. What was most legible was the dedication; which, by reason of the largeness of the characters, was least defaced by those Gothic ornaments of flourishes and foliage, wherewith the compilers of these sort of structures do often industriously obscure the works of the learned. As much of it as I could read with any ease, I shall communicate to the reader as follows. * * * "Though it is a kind of prophana-
 "tion to approach your Grace with so poor an offer-
 "ing, yet when I reflect how acceptable a sacrifice
 "of first-fruits was to Heaven, in the earliest and
 "purest ages of religion, that they were honoured
 "with solemn feasts, and consecrated to altars by a
 "divine command; * * * Upon that consideration,
 "as an argument of particular zeal, I dedicate * * *
 "It is impossible to behold you without adoring;
 "yet dazzled and awed by the glory that surrounds
 "you, men feel a sacred power, that refines their
 "flames, and renders them pure as those we ought
 "to offer to the Deity. * * * The shrine is
 "worthy the divinity that inhabits it. In your Grace
 "we see what woman was before she fell, how nearly
 "allied to the purity and perfection of angels. And
 "we adore and bless the glorious work!"

Undoubtedly these, and other periods of this most pious dedication, could not but convince the Duchess of what the eloquent authoress assures her at the end, that she was her servant with most ardent devotion. I think this a pattern of a new sort of style, not yet

taken notice of by the critics, which is above the sublime, and may be called the celestial; that is, when the most sacred praises appropriated to the honour of the Deity, are applied to a mortal of good quality. As I am naturally emulous, I cannot but endeavour, in imitation of this lady, to be the inventor, or, at least, the first producer, of a new kind of dedication, very different from hers and most others, since it has not a word but what the author religiously thinks in it. It may serve for almost any book, either prose or verse, that has, is, or shall be published; and might run in this manner.

THE AUTHOR TO HIMSELF.

Most honoured Sir,

THESE labours, upon many considerations, so properly belong to none as to you: first, that it was your most earnest desire alone that could prevail upon me to make them public: then, as I am secure (from that constant indulgence you have ever shown to all which is mine) that no man will so readily take them into protection, or so zealously defend them. Moreover, there's none can so soon discover the beauties; and there are some parts which it is possible few besides yourself are capable of understanding. Sir, the honour, affection, and value I have for you are beyond expression; as great, I am sure, or greater, than any man else can bear you. As for any defects which others may pretend to discover in you, I do faithfully declare I was never able to perceive them; and doubt not but those persons are actuated purely by a spirit of malice or envy, the inseparable attendants on shining merit and parts, such as I have always esteemed yours to be. It may, perhaps, be looked upon as a kind of violence to modesty, to say this to you in public; but you may believe me, it is no more than

I have a thousand times thought of you in private. Might I follow the impulse of my soul, there is no subject I could launch into with more pleasure than your panegyric : but since something is due to modesty, let me conclude by telling you, that there is nothing I so much desire as to know you more thoroughly than I have yet the happiness of doing. I may then hope to be capable to do you some real service ; but till then, can only assure you, that I shall continue to be, as I am more than any man alive,

Dearest SIR,

Your affectionate friend, and

The greatest of your admirers.

Nº 11. TUESDAY, MARCH 24, 1719

Huc proprius me,

Dum doceo insanire omnes, vos ordine adito.

Hor. Sat. iii. lib. ii. ver. 80.

“ *To the GUARDIAN.*

“ SIR,

“ AS you profess to encourage all those who any
 “ way contribute to the public good, I flatter
 “ myself I may claim your countenance and protec-
 “ tion. I am by profession a mad-doctor, but of a
 “ peculiar kind, not of those whose aim it is to re-
 “ move phrenzies, but one who makes it my business
 “ to confer an agreeable madness on my fellow-crea-
 “ tures, for their mutual delight and benefit. Since
 “ it is agreed by the philosophers, that happiness
 “ and misery consist chiefly in the imagination, no-
 “ thing is more necessary to mankind in general than
 “ this pleasing delirium, which renders every one sa-
 “ tisfied with himself, and persuades him that all
 “ others are equally so.

“ I have for several years, both at home and
“ abroad, made this science my particular study,
“ which I may venture to say I have improved in
“ almost all the courts of Europe ; and have reduced
“ it into so safe and easy a method, as to practise it
“ on both sexes, of what disposition, age, or quality
“ soever, with success. What enables me to perform
“ this great work, is the use of my *Obsequium Catho-*
“ *licon*, or the *Grand Elixir*, to support the spirits
“ of human nature. This remedy is of the most
“ grateful flavour in the world, and agrees with all
“ tastes whatever. It is delicate to the senses, de-
“ lightful in the operation, may be taken at all hours
“ without confinement, and is as properly given at
“ a ball or playhouse as in a private chamber. It
“ restores and vivifies the most dejected minds, cor-
“ rects and extracts all that is painful in the know-
“ ledge of a man’s self. One dose of it will instantly
“ disperse itself through the whole animal system,
“ dissipate the first motions of distrust, so as never
“ to return, and so exhilarate the brain, and rarify
“ the gloom of reflection, as to give the patients a
“ new flow of spirits, a vivacity of behaviour, and a
“ pleasing dependence upon their own capacities.

“ Let a person be never so far gone, I advise him
“ not to despair ; even though he has been troubled
“ many years with restless reflections, which by long
“ neglect have hardened into settled consideration.
“ Those that have been stung with satire, may here
“ find a certain antidote, which infallibly disperses
“ all the remains of poison that has been left in the
“ understanding by bad cures. It fortifies the heart
“ against the rancour of pamphlets, the inveteracy of
“ epigrams, and the mortification of lampoons ; as
“ has been often experienced by several persons of
“ both sexes, during the seasons of *Tunbridge* and
“ the *Bath*.

“ I could, as further instances of my success, produce certificates and testimonials from the favourites and ghostly fathers of the most eminent princes of Europe ; but shall content myself with the mention of a few cures, which I have performed by this my *Grand Universal Restorative*, during the practice of one month only since I came to this city.

“ *Cures in the month of February, 1713.*

“ George Spondee, Esq. poet, and inmate of the parish of St. Paul’s Covent-Garden, fell into violent fits of the spleen upon a thin third night. He had been frightened into a vertigo by the sound of cat-calls on the first day ; and the frequent hissings on the second made him unable to endure the bare pronunciation of the letter S. I searched into the causes of his distemper ; and, by the prescription of a dose of my *Obsequium*, prepared *secundum artem*, recovered him to his natural state of madness. I cast in at proper intervals the words, *ill taste of the town, envy of critics, bad performance of the actors*, and the like. He is so perfectly cured, that he has promised to bring another play upon the stage next Winter.

“ A lady of professed virtue of the parish of St. James’s, Westminster, who hath desired her name may be concealed, having taken offence at a phrase of double meaning in conversation, undiscovered by any other in the company, suddenly fell into a cold fit of modesty. Upon a right application of praise of her virtue, I threw the lady into an agreeable waking dream, settled the fermentation of her blood into a warm charity, so as to make her look with patience on the very gentleman that offended.

“ Hilaria, of the parish of St. Giles’s in the Fields, a coquette of long practice, was, by the reprimand

“ of an old maiden, reduced to look grave in company, and deny herself the play of the fan. In short, she was brought to such melancholy circumstances, that she would sometimes unawares fall into devotion at church. I advised her to take a few *innocent freedoms, with occasional kisses*, prescribed her the *exercise of the eyes*, and immediately raised her to her former state of life. She on a sudden recovered her dimples, furlled her fan, threw round her glances, and for these two Sundays last past has not once been seen in an attentive posture. This the church-wardens are ready to attest upon oath.

“ Andrew Terror, of the Middle-Temple, Moot-hock, was almost induced, by an aged bencher of the same house, to leave off bright conversation, and pore over *Coke upon Littleton*. He was so ill that his hat began to flap, and he was seen one day in the last term at Westminster-hall. This patient had quite lost his spirit of contradiction; I, by the distillation of a few of my vivifying drops in his ear, drew him from his lethargy, and restored him to his usual vivacious misunderstanding. He is at present very easy in his condition.

“ I will not dwell upon the recital of the innumerable cures I have performed within twenty days last past; but rather proceed to exhort all persons of whatever age, complexion, or quality, to take as soon as possible of this my intellectual oil; which, applied at the ear, seizes all the senses with a most agreeable transport, and discovers its effects, not only to the satisfaction of the patient, but all who converse with, attend upon, or any way relate to him or her that receives the kindly infection. It is often administered by chamber-maids, valets, or any the most ignorant domestic; it being one peculiar excellence of this my oil, that it is most prevalent, the more unskilful the person is, or ap-

“ pears, who applies it. It is absolutely necessary
“ for ladies to take a dose of it just before they take
“ coach to go a visiting.

“ But I offend the public, as Horace said, when
“ I trespass on any of your time. Give me leave
“ then, Mr. Ironside, to make you a present of a
“ drachm or two of my oil; though I have cause to
“ fear my prescriptions will not have the effect upon
“ you I could wish: therefore I do not endeavour
“ to bribe you in my favour by the present of my
“ oil, but wholly depend upon your public spirit and
“ generosity; which, I hope, will recommend to the
“ world the useful endeavours of,

“ SIR,

“ Your most obedient, most faithful,

“ most devoted, most humble

“ Servant and admirer,

GNATHO.”

“ *†* Beware of counterfeits, for such are abroad.

“ N. B. I teach the arcana of my art at reasonable
“ rates to gentlemen of the universities, who desire
“ to be qualified for writing dedications; and to
“ young lovers and fortune-hunters, to be paid at
“ the day of marriage. I instruct persons of bright
“ capacities to flatter others, and those of the meanest
“ to flatter themselves.

“ I was the first inventor of pocket looking-
“ glasses.”

N^o 40. MONDAY, APRIL 27, 1713.

Being a Continuation of some former Papers on the
Subject of PASTORALS.

*Compulerantque greges Corydon et Thyrsis in unum :
Ex illo Corydon, Corydon est tempore nobis.*

1. **I** DESIGNED to have troubled the reader with no further discourses of Pastoral ; but being informed that I am taxed of partiality in not mentioning an author whose eclogues are published in the same volume with Mr. Philips's, I shall employ this paper in observations upon him, written in the free spirit of criticism, and without any apprehension of offending that gentleman, whose character it is, that he takes the greatest care of his works before they are published, and has the least concern for them afterwards.

2. I have laid it down as the first rule of Pastoral, that its idea should be taken from the manners of the Golden Age, and the moral formed upon the representation of innocence ; 'tis therefore plain, that any deviations from that design degraded a poem from being truly pastoral. In this view it will appear, that Virgil can only have two of his Eclogues allowed to be such : his first and ninth must be rejected, because they describe the ravages of armies, and oppressions of the innocent : Corydon's criminal passion for Alexis throws out the second : the calumny and railing in the third, are not proper to that state of concord : the eighth represents unlawful ways of procuring love by enchantments, and introduces a shepherd whom an inviting precipice tempts to self-murder : As to the fourth, sixth, and tenth, they are

given up by Heinsius^a, Salmasius, Rapin, and the critics in general. They likewise observe, that but eleven of all the Idyllia of Theocritus are to be admitted as Pastorals: and even out of that number the greater part will be excluded for one or other of the reasons above-mentioned. So that when I remarked in a former paper, that Virgil's Eclogues, taken altogether, are rather select poems than pastorals; I might have said the same thing, with no less truth, of Theocritus. The reason of this I take to be yet unobserved by the critics, viz. they never meant them all for Pastorals.

Now it is plain Philips hath done this, and in that particular excelled both Theocritus and Virgil.

3. As simplicity is the distinguishing characteristic of Pastoral, Virgil hath been thought guilty of too courtly a style; his language is perfectly pure, and he often forgets he is among peasants. I have frequently wondered, that since he was so conversant in the writings of Ennius, he had not imitated the rusticity of the Doric as well by the help of the old obsolete Roman language, as Philips has by the antiquated English: For example, might he not have said *quoi* instead of *cui*; *quoijum* for *cujum*; *vold* for *vult*, etc. as well as our modern hath *welladay* for *alas*, *whileome* for *of old*, *make mock* for *deride*, and *witless younglings* for *simple lambs*, etc. by which means he had attained as much of the air of Theocritus, as Philips hath of Spencer?

4. Mr. Pope hath fallen into the same error with Virgil. His clowns do not converse in all the simplicity proper to the country: his names are borrowed from Theocritus and Virgil, which are improper to the scene of his pastorals. He introduces Daphnis,

^a See Rapin, de Carm. par. iii.

Alexis, and Thyrsis on British plains, as Virgil hath done before him on the Mantuan: whereas Philips, who hath the strictest regard to propriety, makes choice of names peculiar to the country, and more agreeable to a reader of delicacy; such as Hobbinol, Lobbin, Cuddy, and Collin Clout.

5. So easy as Pastoral writing may seem (in the simplicity we have described it) yet it requires great reading, both of the ancients and moderns, to be a master of it. Philips hath given us manifest proofs of his knowledge of books. It must be confessed his competitor hath imitated *some single thoughts* of the ancients well enough (if we consider he had not the happiness of an university education); but he hath dispersed them here and there, without that order and method which Mr. Philips observes, whose *whole* third pastoral is an instance how well he hath studied the fifth of Virgil, and how judiciously reduced Virgil's thoughts of the standard of Pastoral; as his contention of Collin Clout and the Nightingale shows with what exactness he hath imitated every line in Strada.

6. When I remarked it as a principal fault, to introduce fruits and flowers of a foreign growth, in descriptions where the scene lies in our own country, I did not design that observation should extend also to animals, or the sensitive life; for Mr. Philips hath with great judgment described wolves in England in his first Pastoral. Nor would I have a poets lavishly confine himself (as Mr. Pope hath done) to one particular season of the year, one certain time of the day, and one unbroken scene in each eclogue. It is plain Spencer neglected this pedantry, who, in his Pastoral of November, mentions the mournful song of the Nightingale,

“Sad Philomel her song in tears doth steep.”

And Mr. Philips, by a poetical creation, hath raised up finer beds of flowers than the most industrious gardeners; his roses, endives, lilies, kingcups, and daffidils, blow all in the same season.

7. But the better to discover the merits of our two contemporary Pastoral-writers, I shall endeavour to draw a parallel of them, by setting several of their particular thoughts in the same light, whereby it will be obvious how much Philips hath the advantage. With what simplicity he introduces two shepherds singing alternately?

HOBBS.

- " Come, Rosalind, O come, for without thee
- " What pleasure can the country have for me?
- " Come, Rosalind, O, come; my brindled kine,
- " My snowy sheep, my farm, and all, is thine.

LANQ.

- " Come, Rosalind, O come; here shady bowers,
- " Here are cool fountains, and here springing flowers.
- " Come, Rosalind; here ever let us stay,
- " And sweetly waste out live-long time away."

Our other Pastoral-writer, in expressing the same thought, deviates into downright poetry:

STREPH.

- " In Spring the fields, in Autumn hills I love,
- " At morn the plains, at noon the shady grove,
- " But Delia always; forc'd from Delia's sight,
- " Nor plains at morn, nor groves at noon delight.

DAPH.

- " Sylvia's like Autumn ripe, yet mild as May,
- " More bright than noon, yet fresh as early day;
- " Ev'n Spring displeases, when she shines not here;
- " But blest with her, 'tis Spring throughout the year."

In the first of these authors, two shepherds thus innocently describe the behaviour of their mistresses.

HOBB.

" As Marian bath'd, by chance I passed by,
 " She blush'd, and at me cast a side-long eye :
 " Then swift beneath the crystal wave she try'd
 " Her beauteous form, but all in vain, to hide.

LANQ.

" As I to cool me bath'd one sultry day,
 " Fond Lydia lurking in the sedges lay.
 " The wanton laugh'd, and seem'd in haste to fly ;
 " Yet often stopp'd, and often turn'd her eye."

The other modern (who it must be confessed hath
 a knack of versifying) hath it as follows :

STREPH.

" Me gentle Delia beckons from the plain,
 " 'Tben, hid in shades, eludes her eager swain ;
 " But feigns a laugh, to see me search around,
 " And by that laugh the willing fair is found.

DAPH.

" The sprightly Sylvia trips along the green,
 " She runs, but hopes she does not run unseen ;
 " While a kind glance at her pursuer flies,
 " How much at variance are her feet and eyes !"

There is nothing the writers of this kind of poetry
 are fonder of than descriptions of Pastoral presents.
 Philips says thus of a sheep-hook :

" Of season'd elm ; where studs of brass appear,
 " To speak the giver's name, the month and year ;
 " The hook of polish'd steel, the handle turn'd,
 " And richly by the graver's skill adorn'd."

The other of a bowl emboss'd with figures :

" where wanton ivy twines,
 " And swelling clusters bend the curling vines ;
 " Four figures rising from the work appear,
 " The various seasons of the rolling year ;
 " And, what is that which binds the radiant sky,
 " Where twelve bright signs in beauteous order lie ?"

The simplicity of the swain in this place, who forgets the name of the Zodiac, is no ill imitation of Virgil : but how much more plainly and unaffectedly would Philips have dressed this thought in his Doric ?

“ And what that height, which girds the welkin sheen,
 “ Where twelve gay signs in meet array are seen ?”

If the reader would indulge his curiosity any further in the comparison of particulars, he may read the first Pastoral of Philips with the second of his contemporary, and the fourth and sixth of the former with the fourth and first of the latter ; where several parallel places will occur to every one.

Having now shown some parts, in which these two writers may be compared, it is a justice I owe to Mr. Philips to discover those in which no man can compare with him. First, that beautiful rusticity, of which I shall only produce two instances out of a hundred not yet quoted :

“ O woeful day ! O day of woe ! quoth he,
 “ And woeful I, who live the day to see !”

The simplicity of diction, the melancholy flowing of the numbers, the solemnity of the sound, and the easy turn of the words in this dirge (to make use of our author's expression) are extremely elegant.

In another of his Pastorals, a shepherd utters a dirge not much inferior to the former, in the following lines :

“ Ah me the whi'e ! ah me ! the luckless day,
 “ Ah luckless lad ! the rather might I say ;
 “ Ah silly I ! more silly than my sheep,
 “ Which on the flow'ry plains I once did keep.”

How he still charms the ear with these artful repetitions of the epithets ; and how significant is the last verse ! I defy the most common reader to repeat them, without feeling some motions of compassion.

In the next place I shall rank his proverbs, in which I formerly observed he excels : for example,

- “ A rolling stone is ever bare of moss ;
- “ And, to their cost, green years old proverbs cross.
- “ He that late lies down, as late will rise,
- “ And sluggish-like, till noon-day snoring lies.
- “ Against ill-luck all cunning foresight fails ;
- “ Whether we sleep or wake, it nought avails :
- “ Nor fear, from upright sentence, wrong.”

Lastly, his elegant dialect, which alone might prove him the eldest born of Spencer, and our only true Arcadian. I should think it proper for the several writers of Pastoral, to confine themselves to their several counties. Spencer seems to have been of this opinion : for he hath laid the scene of one of his Pastorals in Wales ; where, with all the simplicity natural to that part of our island, one shepherd bids the other good-morrow, in an unusual and elegant manner :

- “ Diggon Davy, I bid hur god-day :
- “ Or Diggon hur is, or I mis-say.”

Diggon answers :

- “ Hur was hur, while it was day-light ;
- “ But now hur is a most wretched wight,” etc.

But the most beautiful example of this kind that I ever met with, is in a very valuable piece which I chanced to find among some old manuscripts, entitled, *A Pastoral Ballad* : which I think, for its nature and simplicity, may (notwithstanding the modesty of the title) be allowed a perfect Pastoral. It is composed in the Somersetshire dialect, and the names such as are proper to the country people. It may be observed, as a further beauty of this Pastoral, the words *Nymph*, *Dryad*, *Naiad*, *Fawn*, *Cupid*, or *Satyr*, are not once mentioned throughout the whole. I shall make no apology for inserting some few lines of this

excellent piece. Cicily breaks thus into the subject, as she is going a-milking :

CICILY.

" Rager, go vetch tha ^b Kee, or else tha Zun

" Will quite bego, bevore c'have half a don.

ROGER.

" Thou shouldst not ax ma tweece, but I've a bee

" To dreve our bull to bull tha Parson's kee."

It is to be observed, that this whole dialogue is formed upon the passion of *jealousy* ; and his mentioning the parson's kine naturally revives the jealousy of the shepherdess Cicily, which she expresses as follows :

CICILY.

" Ah Rager, Rager, ches was zore avraid,

" When in you yeld you kiss'd tha parson's maid :

" Is this the love that once to me you zed,

" When from the wake thou brought'st me gingerbread ?

ROGER.

" Cicily, thou charg'st me valse — I'll swear to thee,

" Tha parson's maid is still a maid vor me."

In which answer of his, are expressed at once that spirit of religion, and that innocence of the Golden Age, so necessary to be observed by all writers of Pastoral.

At the conclusion of this piece, the author reconciles the lovers, and ends the eclogue the most simply in the world :

" So Rager parted vor to vetch tha kee,

" And vor her bucket in went Cicily."

I am loth to shew my fondness for antiquity so far as to prefer this ancient British author to our present English writers of Pastoral ; but I cannot avoid making this obvious remark, that Philips hath hit

^b That is, the kine or cows. "

into the same road with this old West-country bard of ours.

After all that hath been said, I hope none can think it any injustice to Mr. Pope that I forbore to mention him as a Pastoral-writer; since, upon the whole, he is of the same class with Moschus and Bion, whom we have excluded that rank; and of whose Eclogues, as well as some of Virgil's, it may be said, that (according to the description we have given of this sort of poetry) they are by no means Pastorals, but something better.

N^o 61.

MAY 21, 1713.

“ *Primoque a cæde ferarum
Incaluisse putem maculatum sanguine ferrum.*”

OVID.

I CANNOT think it extravagant to imagine, that mankind are no less, in proportion, accountable for the ill use of their dominion over creatures of the lower rank of beings, than for the exercise of tyranny over their own species. The more entirely the inferior creation is submitted to our power, the more answerable we should seem for our mismanagement of it; and the rather, as the very condition of nature renders these creatures incapable of receiving any recompence in another life for their ill treatment in this.

'Tis observable of those noxious animals, which have qualities most powerful to injure us, that they naturally avoid mankind, and never hurt us unless provoked or necessitated by hunger. Man, on the other hand, seeks out and pursues even the most inoffensive animals, on purpose to persecute and destroy them.

Montaigne thinks it some reflection upon human nature itself that few people take delight in seeing beasts caress or play together, but almost every one is pleased to see them lacerate and worry one another. I am sorry this temper is become almost a distinguishing character of our own nation, from the observation which is made by foreigners of our beloved pastimes, bear-baiting, cock-fighting, and the like. We should find it hard to vindicate the destroying of any thing that has life, merely out of wantonness; yet in this principle our children are bred up, and one of the first pleasures we allow them is the licence of inflicting pain upon poor animals: almost as soon as we are sensible what life is ourselves, we make it our sport to take it from other creatures. I cannot but believe a very good use might be made of the fancy which children have for birds and insects. Mr. Locke takes notice of a mother who permitted them to her children, but rewarded or punished them as they treated them well or ill. This was no other than entering them betimes into a daily exercise of humanity, and improving their very diversion to a virtue.

I fancy too, some advantage might be taken of the common notion, that 'tis ominous or unlucky to destroy some sorts of birds, as swallows and martins. This opinion might possibly arise from the confidence these birds seem to put in us by building under our roofs, so that it is a kind of violation of the laws of hospitality to murder them. As for robin-red-breasts in particular, 'tis not improbable they hold their security to the old ballad of *The Children in the Wood*. However it be, I don't know, I say, why this prejudice, well improved and carried as far as it would go, might not be made to conduce to the preservation of many innocent creatures, which are now exposed to all the wantonness of an ignorant barbarity.

There are other animals that have the misfortune, for no manner of reason, to be treated as common

enemies wherever found. The conceit that a cat has nine lives, has cost at least nine lives in ten of the whole race of them: scarce a boy in the streets but has in this point outdone Hercules himself, who was famous for killing a monster that had but three lives. Whether the unaccountable animosity against this useful domestic be any cause of the general persecution of owls (who are a sort of feathered cats), or whether it be only an unreasonable pique the moderns have taken to a serious countenance, I shall not determine. Though I am inclined to believe the former; since I observe the sole reason alleged for the destruction of frogs is because they are like toads. Yet amidst all the misfortunes of these unfriended creatures, 'tis some happiness that we have not yet taken a fancy to eat them: for should our countrymen refine upon the French never so little, 'tis not to be conceived to what unheard-of torments owls, cats, and frogs may be yet reserved.

When we grow up to men, we have another succession of sanguinary sports; in particular, hunting. I dare not attack a diversion which has such authority and custom to support it; but must have leave to be of opinion, that the agitation of that exercise, with the example and number of the chasers, not a little contribute to resist those checks, which compassion would naturally suggest in behalf of the animal pursued. Nor shall I say with Monsieur Fleury, that this sport is a remain of the Gothic barbarity; but I must animadvert upon a certain custom yet in use with us, and barbarous enough to be derived from the Goths, or even the Scythians; I mean that savage compliment our huntsmen pass upon ladies of quality, who are present at the death of a stag, when they put the knife in their hands to cut the throat of a helpless, trembling, and weeping creature:

*Questuque cruentus
Atque imploranti similis,—*

But if our sports are destructive, our gluttony is more so, and in a more inhuman manner. Lobsters roasted alive, pigs whipped to death, fowls sewed up, are testimonies of our outrageous luxury. Those, who (as Seneca expresses it) divide their lives betwixt an anxious conscience, and a nauseated stomach, have a just reward of their gluttony in the diseases it brings with it: for human savages, like other wild beasts, find snares and poison in the provisions of life, and are allured by their appetite to their destruction. I know nothing more shocking, or horrid, than the prospect of one of their kitchens covered with blood, and filled with the cries of creatures expiring in tortures. It gives one an image of a giant's den in a romance, bestrewed with the scattered heads and mangled limbs of those who were slain by his cruelty.

The excellent Plutarch (who has more strokes of good-nature in his writings than I remember in any author) cites a saying of Cato to this effect: "That 'tis no easy task to preach to the belly which has no ears. Yet if (says he) we are ashamed to be so out of fashion as not to offend, let us at least offend with some discretion and measure. If we kill an animal for our provision, let us do it with the meltings of compassion, and without tormenting it. Let us consider, that 'tis in its own nature cruelty to put a living creature to death; we at least destroy a soul that has sense and perception." In the life of Cato the Censor, he takes occasion, from the severe disposition of that man, to discourse in this manner: "It ought to be esteemed a happiness to mankind, that our humanity has a wider sphere to exert itself in, than bare justice. It is no more than the obligation of our very birth to practise equity to our own kind; but humanity may be extended through the whole order of creatures, even to the meanest; such actions of charity are the over-flowings of a mild good-nature on all below

“ us. It is certainly the part of a well-natured man
 “ to take care of his horses and dogs, not only in
 “ expectation of their labour while they are foals and
 “ whelps, but even when their old age has made them
 “ incapable of service.”

History tells us of a wise and polite nation, that rejected a person of the first quality, who stood for a judiciary office, only because he had been observed in his youth to take pleasure in tearing and murdering of birds. And of another, that expelled a man out of the senate for dashing a bird against the ground which had taken shelter in his bosom. Every one knows how remarkable the Turks are for their humanity in this kind. I remember an Arabian author, who has written a treatise to shew, how far a man, supposed to have subsisted in a desert island, without any instruction, or so much as the sight of any other man, may, by the pure light of nature, attain the knowledge of philosophy and virtue. One of the first things he makes him observe is, that universal benevolence of nature in the protection and preservation of its creatures. In imitation of which, the first act of virtue he thinks his self-taught philosopher would of course fall into is, to relieve and assist all the animals about him in their wants and distresses.

Ovid has some very tender and pathetic lines applicable to this occasion :

Quid meruistis, oves, placidum pecus, inque tegendos
 Natum homines, pleno quæ fertis in ubere nectar ?
 Mollia quæ nobis vestras velamina lanas
 Præbetis ; vitæque magis quam morte juvatis.
 Quid meruere boves, animal sine fraude dolisque,
 Innocuum, simplex, natum tolerare labores ?
 Immemor est demum, nec frugum munere dignus,
 Qui potuit, curvi dempto modo pondere aratri,
 Ruricolam mactare suum —
 Quam male consuevit, quam se parat ille cruori
 Impius humano, vituli qui guttura cultro
 Rumpit, et immotas præbet mugitibus aures !
 Aut qui vagitus similes puerilibus hædum
 Edentem jugulare potest ! —

Perhaps that voice or cry so nearly resembling the human, with which Providence has endued so many different animals, might purposely be given them to move our pity, and prevent those cruelties we are too apt to inflict on our fellow-creatures.

There is a passage in the book of Jonas, when God declares his unwillingness to destroy Nineveh, where, methinks, that compassion of the Creator, which extends to the meanest rank of his creatures, is expressed with wonderful tenderness—"Should I not spare Nineveh the great city, wherein are more than six-score thousand persons—and also much cattle?" And we have in Deuteronomy a precept of great good nature of this sort, with a blessing in form annexed to it in those words: "If thou shalt find a bird's nest in the way, thou shalt not take the dam with the young: but thou shalt in any wise let the dam go, that it may be well with thee, and that thou may'st prolong thy days."

To conclude, there is certainly a degree of gratitude owing to those animals that serve us; as for such as are mortal or noxious, we have a right to destroy them; and for those that are neither of advantage nor prejudice to us, the common enjoyment of life is what I cannot think we ought to deprive them of.

This whole matter with regard to each of these considerations, is set in a very agreeable light in one of the Persian fables of Pilpay, with which I shall end this paper.

A traveller passing through a thicket, and seeing a few sparks of a fire, which some passengers had kindled as they went that way before, made up to it. On a sudden the sparks caught hold of a bush, in the midst of which lay an adder, and set it in flames. The adder intreated the traveller's assistance, who tying a bag to the end of his staff reached it, and drew him out: he then bid him go where he pleased, but never more be hurtful to men, since he owed his

life to a man's compassion. The adder, however, prepared to sting him, and when he expostulated how unjust it was to retaliate good with evil, I shall do no more (said the adder) than what you men practise every day, whose custom it is to requite benefits with ingratitude. If you can deny this truth, let us refer it to the first we meet. The man consented, and seeing a tree, put the question to it, in what manner a good turn was to be recompensed? If you mean according to the usage of men (replied the tree), by its contrary. I have been standing here these hundred years to protect them from the scorching sun, and in requital, they have cut down my branches, and are going to saw my body into planks. Upon this the adder insulting the man, he appealed to a second evidence, which was granted, and immediately they met a cow. The same demand was made, and much the same answer given, that among men it was certainly so: I know it, said the cow, by woeful experience; for I have served a man this long time with milk, butter, and cheese, and brought him besides a calf every year: but now I am old, he turns me into this pasture, with design to sell me to a butcher, who will shortly make an end of me. The traveller upon this stood confounded, but desired of courtesy one trial more, to be finally judged by the next beast they should meet. This happened to be the fox, who, upon hearing the story in all its circumstances, could not be persuaded it was possible for the adder to get into so narrow a bag. The adder, to convince him, went in again; the fox told the man he had now his enemy in his power, and with that he fastened the bag, and crushed him to pieces.

N^o 78.

JUNE 10, 1713.

— *Doccebo**Unde parentur opes ; quid alat, formetque poetam.*

HOR. ARS POET. v. 306.

— I will teach to write,

Tell what the duty of a poet is,

Wherein his wealth and ornament consist,

And how he may be form'd, and how improv'd.

ROSCOMMON.

IT is no small pleasure to me, who am zealous in the interests of learning, to think I may have the honour of leading the town into a very new and uncommon road of criticism. As that kind of literature is at present carried on, it consists only in a knowledge of mechanic rules, which contribute to the structure of different sorts of poetry ; as the receipts of good housewives do to the making puddings of flour, oranges, plums, or any other ingredients. It would, methinks, make these my instructions more easily intelligible to ordinary readers, if I discoursed of these matters in the style in which ladies learned in æconomics dictate to their pupils for the improvement of the kitchen and larder.

I shall begin with Epic poetry, because the critics agree it is the greatest work human nature is capable of. I know the French have already laid down many mechanical rules for compositions of this sort ; but at the same time they cut off almost all undertakers from the possibility of ever performing them : for the first qualification they unanimously require in a poet, is a genius. I shall here endeavour (for the benefit of my countrymen) to make it manifest, that epic poems may be made ‘ without a genius,’ nay, without learning or much reading. This must necessarily be of

great use to all those poets who confess they never read, and of whom the world is convinced they never learn. What Moliere observes of making a dinner, that any man can do it with money, and if a professed cook cannot without, he has his art for nothing; the same may be said of making a poem, it is easily brought about by him that has a genius, but the skill lies in doing it without one. In pursuance of this end I shall present the reader with a plain and certain recipe, by which even sonneteers and ladies may be qualified for this grand performance.

I know it will be objected, that one of the chief qualifications of an epic poet, is to be knowing in all arts and sciences. But this ought not to discourage those that have no learning, as long as indexes and dictionaries may be had, which are the compendium of all knowledge. Besides, since it is an established rule, that none of the terms of those arts and sciences are to be made use of, one may venture to affirm, our poet cannot impertinently offend in this point. The learning which will be more particularly necessary to him, is the ancient geography of towns, mountains, and rivers: for this let him take Cluverius, value fourpence.

Another quality required is a complete skill in languages. To this I answer, that it is notorious persons of no genius have been oftentimes great linguists. To instance in the Greek, of which there are two sorts; the original Greek, and that from which our modern authors translate. I should be unwilling to promise impossibilities; but, modestly speaking, this may be learned in about an hour's time with ease. I have known one, who became a sudden professor of Greek, immediately upon application of the left-hand page of the Cambridge Homer to his eye. It is, in these days, with authors as with other men, the well-bred are familiarly acquainted with them at first sight; and as it is sufficient for a good general to have sur-

vayed the ground he is to conquer, so it is enough for a good poet to have seen the author he is to be master of. But to proceed to the purpose of this paper.

A RECIPE TO MAKE AN EPIC POEM.

FOR THE FABLE.

Take out of any old poem, history-book, romance, or legend (for instance, Geffry of Monmouth, or Don Belianis of Greece,) those parts of story which afford most scope for long descriptions; put these pieces together, and throw all the adventures you fancy into one tale. Then take a hero whom you may choose for the sound of his name, and put him into the midst of these adventures: there let him work for twelve books; at the end of which you may take him out, ready prepared to conquer or to marry; it being necessary that the conclusion of an epic poem be fortunate.

To make an Episode.—Take any remaining adventure of your former collection, in which you could no way involve your hero; or any unfortunate accident that was too good to be thrown away; and it will be of use, applied to any other person, who may be lost and evaporate in the course of the work, without the least damage to the composition.

For the Moral and Allegory.—These you may extract out of the fable afterwards at your leisure. Be sure you strain them sufficiently.

FOR THE MANNERS.

For those of the hero, take all the best qualities you can find in all the best celebrated heroes of antiquity; if they will not be reduced to a consistency, lay them all on a heap upon him. But be sure they are qualities which your patron would be thought to have; and, to prevent any mistake which the world may be

subject to, select from the alphabet those capital letters that compose his name, and set them at the head of a dedication before your poem. However, do not absolutely observe the exact quantity of these virtues, it not being determined whether or no it be necessary for the hero of a poem to be an honest man. For the under characters, gather them from Homer and Virgil, and change the names as occasion serves.

FOR THE MACHINES.

Take of Deities, male and female, as many as you can use. Separate them into two equal parts, and keep Jupiter in the middle. Let Juno put him in a ferment, and Venus mollify him. Remember, on all occasions, to make use of volatile Mercury. If you have need of devils, draw them out of Milton's Paradise, and extract your spirits from Tasso. The use of these machines is evident; for since no epic poem can possibly subsist without them, the wisest way is to reserve them for your greatest necessities. When you cannot extricate your hero by any human means, or yourself by your own wits, seek relief from Heaven, and the gods will do your business very readily. This is according to the direct prescription of Horace in his Art of Poetry—

*Nec Deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus
Inciderit*——— v. 191.

Never presume to make a god appear,
But for a business worthy of a god. ROSCOMMON.

That is to say, a poet should never call upon the gods for their assistance, but when he is in great perplexity.

FOR THE DESCRIPTIONS.

For a Tempest.—Take Eurus, Zephyr, Auster, and Boreas, and cast them together in one verse. Add to these of rain, lightning, and of thunder, (the loudest you can,) *quantum sufficit*. Mix your clouds

and billows well together until they foam, and thicken your description here and there with a quicksand. Brew your tempest well in your head, before you set it a blowing.

For a Battle.—Pick a large quantity of images and descriptions from Homer's *Iliads*, with a spice or two of Virgil; and if there remain any overplus, you may lay them by for a skirmish. Season it well with similes, and it will make an excellent battle.

For burning a Town.—If such a description be necessary, because it is certain there is one in Virgil, Old Troy is ready burnt to your hands. But if you fear that would be thought borrowed, a chapter or two of the *Theory of the Conflagration*, well circumstanced, and done into verse, will be a good succedaneum.

As for Similes and Metaphors, they may be found all over the creation, the most ignorant may gather them, but the danger is in applying them. For this advise with your bookseller.

FOR THE LANGUAGE.

(I mean the diction.) Here it will do well to be an imitator of Milton; for you will find it easier to imitate him in this than in any thing else. Hebraisms and Grecisms are to be found in him, without the trouble of learning the languages. I knew a painter, who (like our poet) had no genius, make his daubings to be thought originals, by setting them in the smoke: you may in the same manner give the venerable air [of antiquity to your piece, by darkening it up and down with Old English. With this you may be easily furnished, upon any occasion, by the dictionary commonly printed at the end of Chaucer.

I must not conclude, without cautioning all writers without genius in one material point; which is, never to be afraid of having too much fire in their works. I should advise rather to take their warmest thoughts,

and spread them abroad upon paper; for they are observed to cool before they are read*.

Nº 91.

JUNE 25, 1713.

“ ——— inest sua gratia parvis.”

VIRG.

It is the great rule of behaviour to follow nature. The author of the following letter is so much convinced of this truth, that he turns what would render a man of little soul exceptious, humoursome, and particular in all his actions, to a subject of raillery and mirth. He is, you must know, but half as tall as an ordinary man, but is contented to be still at his friend's elbow, and has set up a club, by which he hopes to bring those of his own size into a little reputation.

To NESTOR IRONSIDE, *Esq.*

SIR,

“ I REMEMBER a saying of yours concerning
 “ persons in low circumstances of stature, that their
 “ littleness would hardly be taken notice of, if they
 “ did not manifest a consciousness of it themselves
 “ in all their behaviour. Indeed the observation that
 “ no man is ridiculous for being what he is, but only
 “ for the affectation of being something more, is
 “ equally true in regard to the mind and the body.

“ I question not but it will be pleasing to you to
 “ hear, that a set of us have formed a society, who
 “ are sworn to dare to be short, and boldly bear out
 “ the dignity of littleness under the noses of those
 “ enormous engrossers of manhood, those hyperbo-

* The principal part of this paper was afterwards incorporated in the “ Art of Sinking in Poetry.”

“ lical monsters of the species, the tall fellows that
“ overlook us.

“ The day of our institution was the tenth of
“ December, being the shortest in the year, on which
“ we are to hold an annual feast over a dish of
“ shrimps.

“ The place we have chosen for this meeting is in
“ the Little Piazza, not without an eye to the neigh-
“ bourhood of Mr. Powel’s opera, for the per-
“ formers of which, we have, as becomes us, a brotherly affection.

“ At our first resort hither, an old woman brought
“ her son to the club-room, desiring he might be
“ educated in this school, because she saw here were
“ finer boys than ordinary. However this accident
“ no way discouraged our designs. We began with
“ sending invitations to those of a stature not exceed-
“ ing five foot to repair to our assembly ; but the
“ greater part returned excuses, or pretended they
“ were not qualified.

“ One said, he was indeed but five foot at present,
“ but represented that he should soon exceed that
“ proportion, his periwig-maker and shoe-maker
“ having lately promised him three inches more be-
“ twixt them.

“ Another alleged he was so unfortunate as to
“ have one leg shorter than the other, and whoever
“ had determined his stature to five foot, had taken
“ him at a disadvantage ; for when he was mounted
“ on the other leg, he was at least five foot two inches
“ and a half.

“ There were some who questioned the exactness
“ of our measures, and others, instead of complying,
“ returned us informations of people yet shorter than
“ themselves. In a word, almost every one recom-
“ mended some neighbour or acquaintance, whom he
“ was willing we should look upon to be less than he.
“ We were not a little ashamed, that those who are

“ past the years of growth, and whose beards pronounce them men, should be guilty of as many unfair tricks, in this point, as the most aspiring children when they are measured.

“ We therefore proceeded to fit up the club-room, and provide conveniencies for our accommodation. In the first place, we caused a total removal of all the chairs, stools, and tables, which had served the gross of mankind for many years.

“ The disadvantages we had undergone while we made use of these, were unspeakable. The president’s whole body was sunk in the elbow chair, and when his arms were spread over it, he appeared (to the great lessening of his dignity) like a child in a go-cart: it was also so wide in the seat, as to give a wag occasion of saying, that notwithstanding the president sat in it, there was a *sede vacante*.

“ The table was so high, that one who came by chance to the door, seeing our chins just above the pewter-dishes, took us for a circle of men that sat ready to be shaved, and sent in half a dozen barbers.

“ Another time, one of the club spoke in a ludicrous manner of the president, imagining he had been absent, when he was only eclipsed by a flask of Florence, which stood on the table in a parallel line before his face.

“ We therefore now furnished the room in all respects proportionably to us; and had the door made lower, so as to admit no man of above five foot high, without brushing his foretop, which whoever does is utterly unqualified to sit among us.

“ Some of the statutes of the club are as follow :

“ I. If it be proved upon any member, though never so duly qualified, that he strives as much as possible to get above his size, by stretching, cocking, or the like; or that he hath stood on tip-toe

“ in a crowd, with design to be taken for as tall a
“ man as the rest ; or hath privily conveyed any large
“ book, cricket, or other device, under him, to exalt
“ him on his seat : every such offender shall be sen-
“ tenced to walk in pumps for a whole month.

“ II. If any member shall take advantage from
“ the fulness or length of his wig, or any part of his
“ dress, or the immoderate extent of his hat, or other-
“ wise, to seem larger or higher than he is, it is or-
“ dered he shall wear red heels to his shoes, and a red
“ feather in his hat ; which may apparently mark and
“ set bounds to the extremities of his small dimension,
“ that all people may readily find him out between
“ his hat and his shoes.

“ III. If any member shall purchase a horse for
“ his own riding, above fourteen hands and a half in
“ height; that horse shall forthwith be sold, a Scotch
“ galloway bought in its stead for him, and the over-
“ plus of the money shall treat the club.

“ IV. If any member, in direct contradiction to
“ the fundamental laws of the society, shall wear the
“ heels of his shoes exceeding one inch and a half ; it
“ shall be interpreted as an open renunciation of little-
“ ness, and the criminal shall instantly be expelled.
“ Note, The form to be used in expelling a member
“ shall be in these words ; “ Go from among us, and
“ be tall if you can !”

“ It is the unanimous opinion of our whole society,
“ that since the race of mankind is granted to have
“ decreased in stature, from the beginning to this
“ present, it is the intent of nature itself, that men
“ should be little ; and we believe, that all human
“ kind shall at last grow down to perfection ; that is

“ to say, be reduced to *our own measure*. I am very
 “ literally your humble servant,

“ BOB SHORT.”

Nº 92.

JUNE 26, 1713.

Homunculi quanti sunt, cum recogito!

PLAUT.

To NESTOR IRONSIDE, *Esq.*

“ YOU are now acquainted with the nature and
 “ design of our institution ; the character of the
 “ members, and the topicks of our conversation, are
 “ what remain for the subject of this epistle.

“ The most eminent persons of our assembly are
 “ a little poet, a little lover, a little politician, and
 “ a little hero. The first of these, Dick Distich by
 “ name, we have elected president : not only as he is
 “ the shortest of us all, but because he has enter-
 “ tained so just a sense of his stature, as to go gene-
 “ rally in black, that he may appear yet less. Nay,
 “ to that perfection is he arrived, that he stoops as
 “ he walks. The figure of the man is odd enough ;
 “ he is a lively little creature, with long arms and
 “ legs : a spider is no ill emblem of him : he has been
 “ taken at a distance for a small windmill. But in-
 “ deed what principally moved us in his favour was
 “ his talent in poetry ; for he hath promised to un-
 “ dertake a long work in short verse to celebrate the
 “ heroes of our size. He has entertained so great a
 “ respect for Statius, on the score of that line,

Major in exiguo regnabat corpore virtus,

“ that he once designed to translate the whole The-
 “ baid for the sake of little Tydeus.

“ Tom Tiptoe, a dapper black fellow, is the most
“ gallant lover of the age. He is particularly nice
“ in his habiliments; and to the end justice may be
“ done him in that way, constantly employs the same
“ artist who makes attire for the neighbouring
“ princes and ladies of quality at Mr. Powell’s. The
“ vivacity of his temper inclines him sometimes to
“ boast of the favours of the fair. He was the other
“ night excusing his absence from the club on ac-
“ count of an assignation with a lady (and, as he had
“ the vanity to tell us, a tall one too) who had con-
“ sented to the full accomplishment of his desires that
“ evening: but one of the company, who was his
“ confident, assured us she was a woman of humour,
“ and made the agreement on this condition, that his
“ toe should be tied to hers.

“ Our politician is a person of real gravity, and
“ professed wisdom: Gravity in a man of this size,
“ compared with that of one of an ordinary bulk,
“ appears like the gravity of a cat compared with
“ that of a lion. This gentleman is accustomed to
“ talk of himself, and was once overheard to compare
“ his own person to a little cabinet, wherein are
“ locked up all the secrets of state, and refined schemes
“ of princes. His face is pale and meagre, which
“ proceeds from much watching and studying for
“ the welfare of Europe, which is also thought to
“ have stunted his growth; for he hath destroyed his
“ own constitution with taking care of that of the
“ nation. He is what Mons. Balzac calls a great
“ distiller of the maxims of Tacitus: when he speaks,
“ it is slowly, and word by word, as one that is loth
“ to enrich you too fast with his observations; like
“ a limbeck, that gives you, drop by drop, an ex-
“ tract of the little that is in it.

“ The last I shall mention is, Tim. Tuck, the
“ hero. He is particularly remarkable for the length
“ of his sword, which intersects his person in a cross

“ line, and makes him appear not unlike a fly that
 “ the boys have run a pin through, and set a walk-
 “ ing. He once challenged a tall fellow for giving
 “ him a blow on the pate with his elbow, as he passed
 “ along the street. But what he especially values
 “ himself upon is, that in all the campaigns he has
 “ made, he never once ducked at the whizz of a
 “ cannon ball. Tim. was full as large at fourteen
 “ years old as he is now. This we are tender of
 “ mentioning, your little heroes being generally
 “ cholerick.

“ These are the gentlemen that mostly enliven our
 “ conversation. The discourse generally turns upon
 “ such accidents, whether fortunate or unfortunate,
 “ as are daily occasioned by our size : these we faith-
 “ fully communicate, either as matter of mirth, or of
 “ consolation to each other. The president had
 “ lately an unlucky fall, being unable to keep his legs
 “ on a stormy day ; whereupon he informed us it was
 “ no new disaster, but the same a certain ancient poet
 “ had been subject to ; who is recorded to have been
 “ so light, that he was obliged to poise himself against
 “ the wind, with lead on one side and his own works
 “ on the other. The lover confessed the other night
 “ that he had been cured of love to a tall woman, by
 “ reading over the legend of Ragotine in Scarron,
 “ with his tea, three mornings successively. Our
 “ hero rarely acquaints us with any of his unsucces-
 “ ful adventures : and as for the politician, he de-
 “ clares himself an utter enemy to all kind of bur-
 “ lesque, so will never discompose the austerity of
 “ his aspect by laughing at our adventures, much less
 “ discover any of his own in this ludicrous light.
 “ Whatever he tells of any accidents that befall him,
 “ is by way of complaint, nor is he ever laughed at
 “ but in his *absence*.

“ We are likewise particularly careful to com-
 “ municate in the club all such passages of history,

“ or characters of illustrious personages, as any way
 “ reflect honour on little men. Tim. Tuck. having
 “ but just reading enough for a military man, perpe-
 “ tually entertains us with the same stories of little
 “ David that conquered the mighty Goliath, and little
 “ Luxembourg that made Louis XIV. a grand mo-
 “ narque, never forgetting little Alexander the Great.
 “ Dick Distich celebrates the exceeding humanity of
 “ Augustus, who called Horace *lepidissimum homun-
 “ ciolum*; and is wonderfully pleased with Voiture
 “ and Scarron, for having so well described their
 “ diminutive forms to posterity. He is peremptorily
 “ of opinion, against a great reader and all his
 “ adherents, that Æsop was not a jot properer or
 “ handsomer than he is represented by the common
 “ pictures. But the soldier believes with the learned
 “ person above-mentioned; for he thinks none but
 “ an impudent tall author could be guilty of such an
 “ unmannerly piece of satire on little warriors, as his
 “ battle of the mouse and the frog. The politician
 “ is very proud of a certain king of Egypt, called
 “ Bocchor, who, as Diodorus assures us, was a per-
 “ son of a very low stature, but far exceeded all that
 “ went before him in discretion and politicks.

“ As I am secretary to the club, 'tis my business,
 “ whenever we meet, to take minutes of the trans-
 “ actions: this has enabled me to send you the fore-
 “ going particulars, as I may hereafter other memoirs:
 “ We have spies appointed in every quarter of the
 “ town, to give us informations of the misbehaviour
 “ of such refractory persons as refuse to be subject
 “ to our statutes. Whatsoever aspiring practices any
 “ of these our people shall be guilty of in their
 “ amours, single combats, or any indirect means to
 “ manhood, we shall certainly be acquainted with,
 “ and publish to the world, for their punishment and
 “ reformation. For the president has granted me
 “ the sole propriety of exposing and shewing to the

“ town all such intractable dwarfs, whose circum-
 “ stances exempt them from being carried about in
 “ boxes: reserving only to himself, as the right of
 “ a poet, those smart characters that will shine in
 “ epigrams. Venerable Nestor, I salute you in the
 “ name of the club.

“ BOB SHORT, *Secretary.*”

Nº 173.

SEPTEMBER 29, 1713.

Nec sera comantem

Narcissum, aut flexi tacuissem vimen Acanthi,
 Pallentesque hederas, at amantes littora myrtos.

VIRG.

I LATELY took a particular friend of mine to my house in the country, not without some apprehension that it could afford little entertainment to a man of his polite taste, particularly in architecture and gardening, who had so long been conversant with all that is beautiful and great in either. But it was a pleasant surprize to me, to hear him often declare he had found in my little retirement that beauty which he always thought wanting in the most celebrated seats (or, if you will, villas) of the nation. This he described to me in those verses with which Martial begins one of his epigrams :

Baiana nosti villa, Basse, Faustini,
 Non otiosis ordinata myrtetis,
 Viduaque platano, tonsilique buxeto,
 Ingrata lati spatia detinet campi;
 Sed rure vero, barbaroque lætatur.

There is certainly something in the amiable simplicity of unadorned nature, that spreads over the mind a more noble sort of tranquillity, and a loftier sensation of pleasure, than can be raised from the nicer scenes of art.

This was the taste of the ancients in their gardens, as we may discover from the descriptions extant of them. The two most celebrated wits of the world have each of them left us a particular picture of a garden; wherein those great masters being wholly unconfined, and painting at pleasure, may be thought to have given a full idea of what they esteemed most excellent in this way. These (one may observe) consist entirely of the useful part of horticulture, fruit trees, herbs, water, etc. The pieces I am speaking of are Virgil's account of the garden of the old Corycian, and Homer's of that of Alcinous in the seventh *Odyssey*, to which I refer the reader.

Sir William Temple has remarked, that this garden of Homer contains all the justest rules and provisions which can go toward composing the best gardens. Its extent was four acres, which, in those times of simplicity, was looked upon as a large one, even for a prince. It was inclosed all round for defence; and for conveniency joined close to the gates of the palace.

He mentions next the trees, which were standards, and suffered to grow to their full height. The fine description of the fruits that never failed, and the eternal zephyrs, is only a more noble and poetical way of expressing the continual succession of one fruit after another throughout the year.

The vineyard seems to have been a plantation distinct from the garden; as also the beds of greens mentioned afterwards at the extremity of the inclosure, in the usual place of our kitchen gardens.

The two fountains are disposed very remarkably. They rose within the inclosure, and were brought in by conduits or ducts; one of them to water all parts of the gardens, and the other underneath the palace into the town, for the service of the public.

How contrary to this simplicity is the modern practice of gardening? We seem to make it our study to

recede from nature, not only in the various tonsure of greens into the most regular and formal shapes, but even in monstrous attempts beyond the reach of the art itself: we run into sculpture, and are yet better pleased to have our trees in the most awkward figures of men and animals, than in the most regular of their own.

Hinc et nexilibus videas e frondibus hortos,
Implexos late muros, et mœnia circum
Porrigere, et latas e ramis surgere turres;
Deflexam et myrtum in puppes, atque ærea rostra;
In buxisque undare fretum, atque e rore rudentes.
Parte alia frondere suis tentoria castris;
Scutaque, spiculaque, et jaculantia citria vallos.

I believe it is no wrong observation, that persons of genius, and those who are most capable of art, are always most fond of nature; as such are chiefly sensible, that all art consists in the imitation and study of nature: on the contrary, people of the common level of understanding are principally delighted with little niceties and fantastical operations of art, and constantly think that finest which is the least natural.

A citizen is no sooner proprietor of a couple of yews, but he entertains the thought of erecting them into giants, like those of Guildhall. I know an eminent cook, who beautified his country-seat with a coronation-dinner in greens, where you see the champion flourishing on horseback at one end of the table, and the queen in perpetual youth at the other.

For the benefit of all my loving countrymen of this curious taste, I shall here publish a catalogue of greens to be disposed of by an eminent town-gardener, who has lately applied to me on this head. He represents, that for the advancement of a politer sort of ornament in the villas and gardens adjacent to this great city, and in order to distinguish those places from the mere barbarous countries of gross nature, the world stands much in need of a virtuoso gardener,

who has a turn to sculpture, and is thereby capable of improving upon the ancients, in the imagery of ever-greens. I proceed to his catalogue.

Adam and Eve in yew ; Adam a little shattered by the fall of the tree of knowledge in the great storm ; Eve and the serpent very flourishing.

Noah's ark in holly, the ribs a little damaged for want of water.

The tower of Babel, not yet finished.

St. George in box ; his arm scarce long enough, but will be in a condition to stick the dragon by next April.

A green dragon of the same, with a tail of ground-ivy for the present.

N. B. These two not to be sold separately.

Edward the Black Prince in cypress.

A laurustine bear in blossom, with a juniper hunter in berries.

A pair of giants stunted, to be sold cheap.

A Queen Elizabeth in phyllirea, a little inclining to the green sickness, but of full growth.

Another Queen Elizabeth in myrtle, which was very forward, but miscarried by being too near a savine.

An old maid of honour in wormwood.

A topping Ben Jonson in laurel.

Divers eminent modern poets in bays, somewhat blighted, to be disposed of a pennyworth.

A quick-set hog shot up into a porcupine, by being forgot a week in rainy weather.

A lavender pig, with sage growing in his belly.

A pair of maidenheads in fir, in great forwardness.

He also cutteth family pieces of men, women, and children, so that any gentleman may have his lady's effigies in myrtle, or his own in hornbeam.

Thy wife shall be as the fruitful vine, and thy children as olive-branches round thy table.

P R E F A C E

TO THE

WORKS OF SHAKESPEAR.



P R E F A C E

TO THE

WORKS OF SHAKESPEAR.

IT is not my design to enter into a criticism upon this author ; though to do it effectually and not superficially, would be the best occasion that any just writer could take to form the judgment and taste of our nation. For of all English poets, Shakespear must be confessed to be the fairest and fullest subject for criticism, and to afford the most numerous, as well as most conspicuous instances, both of beauties and faults of all sorts. But this far exceeds the bounds of a preface, the business of which is only to give an account of the fate of his works, and the disadvantages under which they have been transmitted to us. We shall hereby extenuate many faults which are his, and clear him from the imputation of many which are not : a design which, though it can be no guide to future criticks to do him justice in one way, will at least be sufficient to prevent their doing him an injustice in the other.

I cannot, however, but mention some of his principal and characteristick excellencies, for which (notwithstanding his defects) he is justly and universally elevated above all other dramattick writers. Not that

this is the proper place of praising him, but because I would not omit any occasion of doing it.

✓ If ever any author deserved the name of an *original*, it was Shakespear. Homer himself drew not his art so immediately from the fountains of nature; it proceeded through Egyptian strainers and channels, and came to him not without some tincture of the learning, or some cast of the models, of those before him. The poetry of Shakespear was inspiration indeed: he is not so much an imitator, as an instrument, of nature; and it is not so just to say that he speaks from her, as that she speaks through him.

His *characters* are so much nature herself, that it is a sort of injury to call them by so distant a name as copies of her. Those of other poets have a constant resemblance which shews that they received them from one another, and were but multipliers of the same image; each picture, like a mock-rainbow, is but the reflection of a reflection. But every single character in Shakespear is as much an individual, as those in life itself; it is as impossible to find any two alike; and such as from their relation or affinity in
✓ any respect appear most to be twins, will, upon comparison, be found remarkably distinct. To this life and variety of character, we must add the wonderful preservation of it; which is such throughout his plays, that had all the speeches been printed without the very names of the persons, I believe one might have applied them with certainty to every speaker.

The *power* over our *passions* was never possessed in a more eminent degree, or displayed in so different instances. Yet all along, there is seen no labour, no pains to raise them; no preparation to guide or guess to the effect, or be perceived to lead toward it: but the heart swells, and the tears burst out, just at the proper places: we are surprised the moment we weep; and yet upon reflection, find the passion so just, that

we should be surprised if we had not wept, and wept at that very moment.

How astonishing is it again, that the passions directly opposite to these, laughter and spleen, are no less at his command ! that he is not more a master of the *great* than the *ridiculous* in human nature ; of our noblest tendernesses, than of our vainest foibles ; of our strongest emotions, than of our idlest sensations !

Nor does he only excel in the passions : in the coolness of reflection and reasoning he is full as admirable. His *sentiments* are not only in general the most pertinent and judicious upon every subject ; but by a talent very peculiar, something between penetration and felicity, he hits upon that particular point on which the bent of each argument turns, or the force of each motive depends. This is perfectly amazing, from a man of no education or experience in those great and public scenes of life which are usually the subject of his thoughts : so that he seems to have known the world by intuition, to have looked through human nature at one glance, and to be the only author that gives ground for a very new opinion, That the philosopher, and even the man of the world, may be *born*, as well as the poet.

It must be owned, that with all these great excellencies, he has almost as great defects ; and that as he has certainly written better, so he has perhaps written worse, than any other. But I think I can in some measure account for these defects, from several causes and accidents ; without which it is hard to imagine that so large and so enlightened a mind could ever have been susceptible of them. That all these contingencies should unite to his disadvantage seems to me almost as singularly unlucky, as that so many various (nay contrary) talents should meet in one man, was happy and extraordinary.

It must be allowed that stage-poetry, of all other, is more particularly levelled to please the *populace*,

and its success more immediately depending upon the *common suffrage*. One cannot therefore wonder, if Shakespear, having at his first appearance no other aim in his writings, than to procure a subsistence, directed his endeavours solely to hit the taste and humour that then prevailed. The audience was generally composed of the meaner sort of people; and therefore the images of life were to be drawn from those of their own rank: accordingly we find, that not our author's only, but almost all the old comedies have their scene among *tradesmen*, and *mechanicks*: and even their historical plays strictly follow the common *old stories*, or *vulgar traditions* of that kind of people. In tragedy, nothing was so sure to *surprize* and cause *admiration*, as the most strange, unexpected, and consequently most unnatural, events and incidents; the most exaggerated thoughts; the most verbose and bombast expression; the most pompous rhymes, and thundering versification. In comedy, nothing was so sure to *please*, as mean buffoonery, vile ribaldry, and unmannerly jests of fools and clowns. Yet even in these, our author's wit buoys up, and is borne above his subject: his genius in those low parts is like some prince of a romance in the disguise of a shepherd or peasant; a certain greatness and spirit now and then break out, which manifest his higher extraction and qualities.

It may be added, that not only the common audience had no notion of the rules of writing, but few even of the better sort piqued themselves upon any great degree of knowledge or nicety that way; till Ben Jonson getting possession of the stage, brought critical learning into vogue: and that this was not done without difficulty, may appear from those frequent lessons (and indeed almost declamations) which he was forced to prefix to his first plays, and put into the mouth of his actors, the *Grex*, *Chorus*, etc. to remove the prejudices, and inform the

judgment of his hearers. Till then, our authors had no thoughts of writing on the model of the ancients: their tragedies were only histories in dialogue; and their comedies followed the thread of any novel as they found it, no less implicitly than if it had been true history.

To judge, therefore, of Shakespear by Aristotle's rules, is like trying a man by the laws of one country, who acted under those of another. He writ to the *people*; and writ at first without patronage from the better sort, and therefore without aims of pleasing them: without assistance or advice from the learned, as without the advantage of education or acquaintance among them; without that knowledge of the best of models, the ancients, to inspire him with an emulation of them: in a word, without any views of reputation, and of what poets are pleased to call immortality: some or all of which have encouraged the vanity, or animated the ambition, of other writers.

Yet it must be observed, that when his performances had merited the protection of his prince, and when the encouragement of the court had succeeded to that of the town, the works of his riper years are manifestly raised above those of his former. The dates of his plays sufficiently evidence that his productions improved, in proportion to the respect he had for his auditors. And I make no doubt this observation would be found true in every instance, were but editions extant, from which we might learn the exact time when every piece was composed, and whether writ for the town or the court.

Another cause (and no less strong than the former) may be deduced from our author's being a *player*, and forming himself first upon the judgments of that body of men whereof he was a member. They have ever had a standard to themselves, upon other principles than those of Aristotle. As they live by the majority, they know no rule but that of pleasing the pre-

sent humour, and complying with the wit in fashion ; a consideration which brings all their judgment to a short point. Players are just such judges of what is *right*, as tailors are of what is *graceful*. And in this view it will be but fair to allow, that most of our author's faults are less to be ascribed to his wrong judgment as a poet, than to his right judgment as a player.

By these men it was thought a praise to Shakespear, that he scarce ever *blotted a line*. This they industriously propagated, as appears from what we are told by Ben Jonson in his *Discoveries*, and from the preface of Heminges and Condell to the first folio edition. But in reality (however it has prevailed) there never was a more groundless report, or to the contrary of which there are more undeniable evidences ; as the comedy of the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, which he entirely new writ ; the *History of Henry VI.* which was first published under the title of *The Contention of York and Lancaster* ; and that of *Henry V.* extremely improved ; that of *Hamlet* enlarged to almost as much again as at first, and many others. I believe the common opinion of his want of learning proceeded from no better ground. This too might be thought a praise by some, and to this his errors have as injudiciously been ascribed by others. For it is certain, were it true, it could concern but a small part of them ; the most are such as are not properly defects ; but superfoetations ; and arise not from want of learning or reading, but from want of thinking or judging : or rather (to be more just to our author) from a compliance to those wants in others. As to a wrong choice of the subject, a wrong conduct of the incidents, false thoughts, forced expressions, etc. if these are not to be ascribed to the aforesaid accidental reasons, they must be charged upon the poet himself, and there is no help for it. But I think the two disadvantages which I have mentioned, (to be obliged to

please the lowest of people, and to keep the worst of company,) if the consideration be extended as far as it reasonably may, will appear sufficient to mislead and depress the greatest genius upon earth. Nay, the more modesty with which such a one is endued, the more he is in danger of submitting and conforming to others against his own better judgment.

But as to his *want of learning*, it may be necessary to say something more: there is certainly a vast difference between *learning* and *languages*. How far he was ignorant of the latter, I cannot determine; but it is plain he had much reading at least, if they will not call it learning. Nor is it any great matter, if a man has knowledge, whether he has it from one language or from another. Nothing is more evident than that he had a taste of natural philosophy, mechanics, ancient and modern history, poetical learning and mythology: we find him very knowing in the customs, rights, and manners of antiquity. In *Coriolanus* and *Julius Caesar*, not only the spirit, but manners of the Romans are exactly drawn; and still a nicer distinction is shown, between the manners of the Romans in the time of the former, and of the latter. His reading in the ancient historians is no less conspicuous, in many references to particular passages: and the speeches copied from Plutarch in *Coriolanus* may, I think, as well be made an instance of his learning, as those copied from Cicero in *Catiline*, of Ben Jonson's. The manners of other nations in general, the Egyptians, Venetians, French, etc. are drawn with equal propriety. Whatever object of nature, or branch of science, he either speaks of or describes; it is always with competent, if not extensive knowledge: his descriptions are still exact; all his metaphors appropriated, and remarkably drawn from the true nature and inherent qualities of each subject. When he treats of ethic or politic, we may constantly observe a wonderful justness of distinction, as well as

extent of comprehension. No one is more a master of the poetical story, or has more frequent allusions to the various parts of it : Mr. Waller (who has been celebrated for this last particular) has not shewn more learning this way than Shakespear. We have translations from Ovid published in his name, among those poems which pass for his, and for some of which we have undoubted authority (being published by himself, and dedicated to his noble patron the Earl of Southampton) : he appears also to have been conversant in Plautus, from whom he has taken the plot of one of his plays : he follows the Greek authors, and particularly Dares Phrygius, in another : (although I will not pretend to say in what language he read them.) The modern Italian writers of novels he was manifestly acquainted with ; and we may conclude him to be no less conversant with the ancients of his own country, from the use he has made of Chaucer in *Troilus and Cressida*, and in the *Two Noble Kinsmen*, if that play be his, as there goes a tradition it was ; (and indeed it has little resemblance of Fletcher, and more of our author than some of those that have been received as genuine).

I am inclined to think, this opinion proceeded originally from the zeal of the partizans of our author and Ben Jonson ; as they endeavoured to exalt the one at the expence of the other. It is ever the nature of parties to be in extremes ; and nothing is so probable, as that because Ben Jonson had much the more learning, it was said, on the one hand, that Shakespear had none at all ; and because Shakespear had much the most wit and fancy, it was retorted, on the other, that Jonson wanted both. Because Shakespear borrowed nothing, it was said that Ben Jonson borrowed every thing. Because Jonson did not write extempore, he was reproached with being a year about every piece ; and because Shakespear wrote with ease and rapidity, they cried, he never once made a blot.

Nay, the spirit of opposition ran so high, that whatever those of the one side objected to the other, was taken at the rebound, and turned into praises; as injudiciously as their antagonists before had made them objections.

Poets are always afraid of envy; but sure they have as much reason to be afraid of admiration. They are the Scylla and Charybdis of authors; those who escape one, often fall by the other. *Pessimus genus inimicorum laudantes*, says Tacitus: and Virgil desires to wear a charm against those who praise a poet without rule or reason:

Si ultra placitum laudârit, baccare frontem
Cingite, ne vati noceat.

But however this contention might be carried on by the partizans on either side, I cannot help thinking these two great poets were good friends, and lived on amicable terms, and in offices of society with each other. It is an acknowledged fact that Ben Jonson was introduced upon the stage, and his first works encouraged by Shakespear. And after his death, that author writes *To the memory of his beloved Mr. William Shakespear*, which shews as if the friendship had continued through life. I cannot, for my own part, find any thing *invidious* or *sparing* in those verses, but wonder Mr. Dryden was of that opinion. He exalts him not only above all his contemporaries, but above Chaucer and Spenser, whom he will not allow to be great enough to be ranked with him; and challenges the names of Sophocles, Euripides, and Æschylus, nay, all Greece and Rome at once, to equal him; and (which is very particular) expressly vindicates him from the imputation of wanting *art*, not enduring that all his excellencies should be attributed to *nature*. It is remarkable too, that the praise he gives him in his *Discoveries* seems to proceed from a *personal kindness*; he tells us, that he loved the man

as well as honoured his memory ; celebrates the honesty, openness, and frankness of his temper ; and only distinguishes, as he reasonably ought, between the real merit of the author, and the silly and derogatory applauses of the players. Ben Jonson might indeed be sparing in his commendations, (though certainly he is not so in this instance,) partly from his own nature, and partly from judgment. For men of judgment think they do any man more service in praising him justly than lavishly. I say, I would fain believe they were friends, though the violence and ill-breeding of their followers and flatterers were enough to give rise to the contrary report. I would hope that it may be with *parties*, both in wit and state, as with those monsters described by the poets ; and that their heads at least may have something human, though their *bodies* and *tails* are wild beasts and serpents.

As I believe that what I have mentioned gave rise to the opinion of Shakespear's want of learning ; so what has continued it down to us may have been the many blunders and illiteracies of the first publishers of his works. In these editions their ignorance shines almost in every page ; nothing is more common than *Actus tertia. Exit omnes. Enter three witches solus.* Their French is as bad as their Latin, both in construction and spelling ; their very Welsh is false. Nothing is more likely than that those palpable blunders of Hector's quoting Aristotle, with others of that gross kind, sprung from the same root : it not being at all credible that these could be the errors of any man who had the least tincture of a school, or the least conversation with such as had. Ben Jonson (whom they will not think partial to him) allows him at least to have had *some* Latin ; which is utterly inconsistent with mistakes like these. Nay the constant blunders in proper names of persons and places, are such as must have proceeded from a man, who had

not so much as read any history, in any language : so could not be Shakespear's.

I shall now lay before the reader some of those almost innumerable errors, which have risen from one source, the ignorance of the players, both as his actors, and as his editors. When the nature and kinds of these are enumerated and considered, I dare to say, that not Shakespear only, but Aristotle or Cicero, had their works undergone the same fate, might have appeared to want sense as well as learning.

It is not certain that any one of his plays was published by himself. During the time of his employment in the theatre, several of his pieces were printed separately in quarto. What makes me think that most of these were not published by him, is the excessive carelessness of the press : every page is so scandalously false spelled, and almost all the learned or unusual words so intolerably mangled, that it is plain there either was no corrector to the press at all, or one totally illiterate. If any were supervised by himself, I should fancy the two parts of *Henry IV.* and *Midsummer Night's Dream* might have been so : because I find no other printed with any exactness ; and (contrary to the rest) there is very little variation in all the subsequent editions of them. There are extant two prefaces to the first quarto edition of *Troilus and Cressida* in 1609, and to that of *Othello* ; by which it appears, that the first was published without his knowledge or consent, and even before it was acted, so late as seven or eight years before he died ; and that the latter was not printed till after his death. The whole number of genuine plays which we have been able to find printed in his life-time, amounts but to eleven. And of some of these we meet with two or more editions by different printers, each of which has whole heaps of trash different from the other ; which I should fancy was occasioned by their being

taken from different copies, belonging to different playhouses.

The folio edition (in which all the plays we now receive as his were first collected) was published by two players, Heminges and Condell, in 1623, seven years after his decease. They declare, that all the other editions were stolen and surreptitious, and affirm theirs to be purged from the errors of the former. This is true as to the literal errors, and no other; for in all respects else it is far worse than the quartos.

First, because the additions of trifling and bombast passages are in this edition far more numerous. For whatever had been added since those quartos, by the actors, or had stolen from their mouths into the written parts, were from thence conveyed into the printed text, and all stand charged upon the author. He himself complained of this usage in *Hamlet*, where he wishes that *those who play the clowns would speak no more than is set down for them.* (Act iii. Sc. iv.) But as a proof that he could not escape it, in the old editions of *Romeo and Juliet*, there is no hint of a great number of the mean conceits and ribaldries now to be found there. In others, the low scenes of mobs, plebeians, and clowns, are vastly shorter than at present: and I have seen one in particular (which seems to have belonged to their playhouse, by having the parts divided with lines, and the actors' names in the margin) where several of those very passages were added in a written hand, which are since to be found in the folio.

In the next place, a number of beautiful passages which are extant in the first single editions, are omitted in this: as it seems without any other reason, than their willingness to shorten some scenes: these men (as it was said of Procrustes) either lopping, or stretching an author, to make him just fit for their stage.

This edition is said to be printed from the *original copies*. I believe they meant those which had lain ever since the author's days in the playhouse, and had from time to time been cut, or added to, arbitrarily. It appears that this edition, as well as the quartos, was printed (at least partly) from no better copies than the *prompter's book*, or *piece-meal parts*, written out for the use of the actors: for in some places their very names are through carelessness set down instead of the *personæ dramatis*: and in others the notes of direction to the *property-men* for their *moveables*, and to the *players* for their *entries*, are inserted into the text, through the ignorance of the transcribers.

The plays not having been before so much as distinguished by *acts* and *scenes*, they are in this edition divided according as they played them; often where there is no pause in the action, or where they thought fit to make a breach in it, for the sake of music, masques, or monsters.

Sometimes the scenes are transposed and shuffled backward and forward; a thing which could no otherwise happen, but by their being taken from separate and piece-meal written parts.

Many verses are omitted entirely, and others transposed; from whence invincible obscurities have arisen, past the guess of any commentator to clear up, but just where the accidental glimpse of an old edition enlightens us.

Some characters were confounded and mixed, or two put into one, for want of a competent number of actors. Thus in the quarto edition of *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act v. Shakespear introduces a kind of a master of the revels, called Philostrate; all whose part is given to another character (that of Egeus) in the subsequent editions: so also in *Hamlet* and *King Lear*. This too makes it probable, that the

prompter's books were what they called the original copies.

From liberties of this kind, many speeches also were put into the mouths of wrong persons, where the author now seems chargeable with making them speak out of character : or sometimes perhaps for no better reason, than that a governing player, to have the mouthing of some favourite speech himself, would snatch it from the unworthy lips of an underling.

Prose from verse they did not know, and they accordingly printed one for the other throughout the volume.

Having been forced to say so much of the players, I think I ought in justice to remark, that the judgment, as well as condition, of that class of people was then far inferior to what it is in our days. As then the best playhouses were inns and taverns, (the Globe, the Hope, the Red Bull, the Fortune, etc.) so the top of the profession were then mere players, not gentlemen of the stage : they were led into the buttery by the steward, not placed at the lord's table, or lady's toilette : and consequently were entirely deprived of those advantages they now enjoy, in the familiar conversation of our nobility, and an intimacy (not to say dearness) with people of the first condition.

From what has been said, there can be no question but had Shakespear published his works himself, (especially in his latter time, and after his retreat from the stage,) we should not only be certain which are genuine, but should find in those that are, the errors lessened by some thousands. If I may judge from all the distinguishing marks of his style, and his manner of thinking and writing, I make no doubt to declare that those wretched plays, *Pericles*, *Lochrine*, *Sir John Oldcastle*, *Yorkshire Tragedy*, *Lord Cromwell*, *The Puritan*, and *London Prodigal*, cannot be

admitted as his. And I should conjecture of some of the others (particularly *Love's Labour Lost*, *The Winter's Tale*, and *Titus Andronicus*) that only some characters, single scenes, or perhaps a few particular passages, were of his hand. It is very probable, what occasioned some plays to be supposed Shakespear's, was only this, that they were pieces produced by unknown authors, or fitted up for the theatre while it was under his administration ; and no owner claiming them, they were adjudged to him, as they give strays to the lord of the manor : a mistake which (one may also observe) it was not for the interest of the house to remove. Yet the players themselves, Heminges and Condell, afterwards did Shakespear the justice to reject those eight plays in their edition ; though they were then printed in his name, in every body's hands, and acted with some applause (as we learn from what Ben Jonson says of *Pericles*, in his Ode on the *New Inn*). That *Titus Andronicus* is one of this class. I am the rather induced to believe, by finding the same author openly express his contempt of it in the *Induction to Bartholomew-Fair*, in the year 1614, when Shakespear was yet living. And there is no better authority for these latter sort, than for the former, which were equally published in his life-time.

If we give into this opinion, how many low and vicious parts and passages might no longer reflect upon this great genius, but appear unworthily charged upon him ? And even in those which are really his, how many faults may have been unjustly laid to his account from arbitrary additions, expunctions, transpositions of scenes and lines, confusion of characters and persons, wrong application of speeches, corruptions of innumerable passages by the ignorance, and wrong corrections of them again by the impertinence of his first editors ? From one or other of these considerations, I am verily persuaded, that the greatest and the grossest part of what are thought his errors

would vanish, and leave his character in a light very different from that disadvantageous one in which it now appears to us.

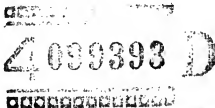
This is the state in which Shakespear's writings lie at present; for, since the above-mentioned folio edition, all the rest have implicitly followed it, without having recourse to any of the former, or ever making the comparison between them. It is impossible to repair the injuries already done him; too much time has elapsed, and the materials are too few. In what I have done, I have rather given a proof of my willingness and desire, than of my ability, to do him justice. I have discharged the dull duty of an editor, to my best judgment, with more labour than I expect thanks, with a religious abhorrence of all innovation, and without any indulgence to my private sense or conjecture. The method taken in this edition will shew itself. The various readings are fairly put in the margin, so that every one may compare them; and those I have preferred into the text, are constantly *ex fide codicum*, upon authority. The alterations or additions which Shakespear himself made, are taken notice of as they occur. Some suspected passages which are excessively bad (and which seem interpolations, by being so inserted that one can entirely omit them without any chasm, or deficiency in the context) are degraded to the bottom of the page, with an asterisk referring to the places of their insertion. The scenes are marked so distinctly, that every removal of place is specified; which is more necessary in this author than in any other, since he shifts them more frequently: and sometimes without attending to this particular, the reader would have met with obscurities. The more obsolete or unusual words are explained. Some of the most shining passages are distinguished by commas in the margin: and where the beauty lay not in particulars, but in the whole, a star is prefixed to the scene. This seems to me a

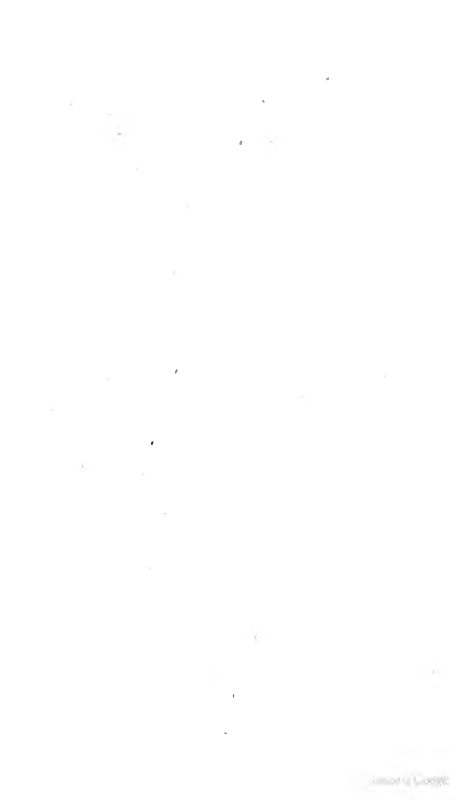
shorter and less ostentatious method of performing the better half of criticism (namely, the pointing out an author's excellencies) than to fill a whole paper with citations of fine passages, with *general applauses*, or *empty exclamations*, at the tail of them. There is also subjoined a catalogue of those first editions, by which the greater part of the various readings and of the corrected passages are authorised (most of which are such as carry their own evidence along with them). These editions now hold the place of originals, and are the only materials left to repair the deficiencies, or restore the corrupted sense, of the author: I can only wish that a greater number of them (if a greater were ever published) may yet be found, by a search more successful than mine, for the better accomplishment of this end.

I will conclude by saying of Shakespear, that with all his faults, and with all the irregularity of his *drama*, one may look upon his works, in comparison of those that are more finished and regular, as upon an ancient and majestic piece of Gothic architecture, compared with a neat modern building: the latter is more elegant and glaring, but the former is more strong and more solemn. It must be allowed, that in one of these there are materials enough to make many of the other. It has much the greater variety, and much the nobler apartments; though we are often conducted to them by dark, odd, and uncouth passages. Nor does the whole fail to strike us with greater reverence, though many of the parts are childish, ill-placed, and unequal to its grandeur.

END OF THE FOURTH VOLUME.

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393



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